IN THE MIKADO'S SERVICE

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

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BOOKS BY

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

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In the Mikado's Service.

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"DOWN THROUGH THE GATEWAY . . . . THE PROCESSION WENDED."

In the Mikado's Service

A Story of Two Battle Summers in China

BY

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

AUTHOR OF THE "ROMANCE OF AMERICAN HISTORY" SERIES, "THE PATHFINDERS OF THE REVOLUTION," "BRAVE LITTLE HOLLAND," ETC.

Illustrated by William F. Stecher

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IN THE MIKADO'S SERVICE.

Dedicated

To FRANCES

91391

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IN THE MIKADO'S SERVICE.

CHAPTER I.

JAPANESE POLITICS AND DYNAMITE.

"SO that is what comes of teaching these Japanese English and chemistry, is it?"

The question was asked in the dining room of the International Hotel on the Bund, or street facing the water, in Yokohama, the port set between the white cone of Fuji San and the sapphire waters of Mississippi Bay. The questioner was Arthur Van Velsor, a New York lawyer and also a "new American," fresh from the steamer. On a vacation trip round the world, he was visiting his quondam college mate in Rutgers College years ago, now well tanned by twenty years of Japan's sunshine.

Roofed as to his head with what looked like a white sugar scoop banded with buff linen, and neatly cased in a Chinese tailor's suit, was the one questioned. He made explanation thus: —

"Yes, Jozuna was the brightest student among the freshmen, in his class, in the Imperial University of

Tokio. He beat all his fellows in the laboratory. He was always thinking out some new device. He was a superb penman, draughtsman, and artist; withal, a man of fine sentiment and a patriot. Might have become an inventor and made a fortune if he hadn't gone into violent politics."

"But what made him want to blow up cabinet ministers with dynamite?"

"Well, you see I'm not certain that he did. But in Japan here, where the old feudal system has been abolished less than twenty-five years ago, 'the passionate instincts of clanship' furnish mightier motives than real patriotism, as we understand that word."

"What is the point of that remark?"

"Well, the Japanese profess to have a written Constitution, go by majorities, rule by party government, and all that, according to the latest political improvements. Yet when the Nagato clansmen were ousted and a new cabinet, made up chiefly of Satsuma politicians, came in, Jozuna took it as a personal matter. He began to lay in ammunition and make ready for two funerals, one in state in Tokio and one less stately for himself."

"How did he go about it?"

"Well, his shining exemplar was that 'Jap of the period' who, in evening dress suit, silk hat, patent leathers, and immaculate shirt linen, used his silk umbrella to hold a gaspipe dynamite cartridge. He

hurled the tube at the Mikado's minister of foreign affairs, when that worthy was riding in his carriage."

"With what success?"

"Don't you know? The assassin killed no one but himself, but the emperor's minister, who was supposed to favor foreigners too much, has only one leg now."

"But are you sure that your pupil Jozuna, whom you incubated in science, really meant to break shell as a full-fledged dynamiter?"

"Certainly; not a particle of doubt in the matter. Why, he was seen by the government spies here in Yokohama entering a hong —"

"A what?"

"Why, you tenderfoot, don't you know the distinction — the great gulf fixed on all holy British ground between a 'merchant' and a 'shopkeeper'? The former never hangs out a sign bearing anything except the name of the firm or individual. He is clubbable in society — a pewholder who prays in his hat — a veritable microcosm of all Britain. At the antipodes — yes, the nadir — is the 'shopkeeper,' who retails under a sign. A 'hong' and a 'shop' are as different as Heaven and Hades. Why, man, even if there were but two white women in a newly opened heathen seaport of China, dying of homesickness, a merchant's wife would no more call on the shop-

keeper's wife than a star would drop in a well. A 'hong,' mark you, is a merchant's sanctum."

"I see. But how did the spies get evidence of intent of crime?"

"Why, in this way. The hong of Mixer & Co. was the only one in the settlement that sold the stuff now so fashionable in Japan for demolishing unpopular railway stations and obnoxious politicians. What else could the fellow have gone into this particular hong for?"

"Well, that is no proof that your friend, Jo-Jo — what do you call him? — really wanted to buy the compound for evil intent, or had murder in his heart. Was he tried in court?"

"Tried? Why, man, you don't know this country; at least, in this year of grace 1893, and of Meiji, or civilization, the twenty-sixth. No, sir; his steps were dogged, and when once on the streets, he was arrested."

"Tortured and made to confess, I suppose? I've read frightful accounts of barbarities practised on the accused in Japanese prisons. Quite equal to the horrors of the Inquisition and the Middle Ages."

"Yes; once it was so. What is more, I have seen them in my time; but, thank God, Japan is past such savagery now. The torturing of prisoners is twenty years out of date. No; Jozuna was the nephew of a high officer; his uncle, still in office in the imperial

cabinet, used his influence to get his nephew off to America, on condition of his never coming back to these shores. So the lad was shipped off on the Pacific Mail steamer, and is now living quietly in New York, I think."

"Do you believe him guilty?"

"How can I believe otherwise? The evidence is all against the boy."

"Nonsense! all circumstantial, with suspicion and malice in the heat of politics behind the charge, I'll wager!" said the lawyer, with warmth. "While clan government by irresponsible ministers rules this country, I despair of its civilization. The idea of Japan's wanting recognition by Western and Christian nations as an equal! Bah! But, tell me, did you see Jozuna before he was spirited away?"

"No, except for a half minute. Hadn't seen him for years. When he left school, which he had to do early in his course, he was engaged for a while in railway surveying, and I lost sight of him; but one day, while on the hatoba, or landing stage, a sampan was putting off for the *City of Peking*, which had steam up for San Francisco — "

"Sampan? Remember, old chum, I don't carry a dictionary of Pidgin-English. Explain."

"Oh, yes. A sampan is — well, literally, 'three boards.' I might be scientific and call it a 'fortuitous concourse' of planks in the form of a boat.

But, really, a Japanese sampan is pretty and clean, driven by sculls and, with expert fellows, a racer."

"All right; go ahead."

"Well, where was I? Oh, yes. In the sampan sat an elderly officer of some sort with Jozuna. Suddenly, seeing me, the young man bade the scullers rest their bent oars on the wooden pins a moment. Then he called out in English, 'Teacher! teacher! please accept this, and think of me!' putting in my hand a scroll of paper. 'Believe that I am a goose. I'll ask no more.'

"That was all. In a moment more the sculls churned the water and the boat shot off. I knew not what was meant, for I had then heard nothing of the accusation, though from the Japanese standing around I soon learned the whole story thus ending in banishment and exile. A half hour later I secured all the details from the returned government officer, whom I recognized as an old acquaintance."

"And believed the story, I suppose? What was in the scroll he handed you?"

"I have it hung up on my wall, mounted on silk as kakémono and memento. It is a picture of a squadron of wild geese sailing across the night sky under the full moon. Come up in my room and see it."

Even from the view point of one familiar with the matchless creations of native artists, from the days

of Kano to those of Hokusai, the sketch of Jozuna (it was from the young man's hand and so signed) was a fair one. Certainly it was very spirited. In the centre, the great silver luminary had emerged in full orb from the shadowy mass of clouds on the left, making full splendor in a summer night's sky. The moon hung far above the outlines of mountains and forest and the glint of rippling streams below. There were in the landscape suggestions of habitations and of watchers of the great mirror hung in the sky. These lent a human interest to the scene.

But the charm and potency of the picture was in the movement depicted. Far off to the right was the scarcely recognizable rear of a line of passionate and winged life, making a bridge between inky night and day-like splendor. Buried at one end in the blackness of darkness, the van emerged into momentary resurrection of flashing silver. It was a serried array of wild geese. One by one appearing from the dexter side, these trumpeters of the air bathed themselves in the glory of the sun's reflector. Then they disappeared into sinister oblivion, as of life from death. In that one moment of white glory, their flashing plumage seemed to excel even the serene radiance which they borrowed. Yet the intensity was but for a moment, for it was immediately lost in the deepest blue.

"By Jove, that's fine! What did he mean by giving you a picture like this? Any personal significance?" asked the visiting friend.

"Oh, he did nothing more than what his countrymen do habitually. It is their custom to make pretty little gifts on all occasions, especially at parting with a friend."

"Yes, but was there not some sentiment in the subject itself, apart from the gift?"

"Hardly," responded the owner and pedagogue, to whom, to speak plainly, art was a dead language. To him the value of a picture was chiefly in the frame. As to the rich symbolism of Japanese art, despite long residence in the "Land of Dainty Decoration" and of passionate and purifying love of nature, he was a total stranger.

"No; the painters have painted, and the poets have raved over the moonlight for ages. On bright nights, you'll find thousands of Japs —"

"Hold on there, don't say that abominable word 'Jap' again. Now, chum, you will acknowledge it isn't fair to the Japanese. Why don't we say 'Brit' for British, 'Eng' for English, or 'Germ' for German. Do say Japanese."

"Beg pardon, you're right, my legal friend. I'll swear off from saying 'Jap' and be less curt and more polite. Well, to resume, you'll find thousands of Japanese down on the bridges and up on their

balconies, gazing at the moon. And, I must say, there seems nothing more graceful in their eyes than a wild goose. Nor are they far wrong. But as to any special meaning in the gift, apart from friendship, I don't suspect any."

"Kuruma!" This was the word shouted into the room by the hotel "boy," who announced further that two jin-riki-shas were in waiting.

The conversation ceased, and as the two went out they saw standing a brace of men in the shafts, each of whom was reënforced by two lithe runners to go tandem. Kamakura, with the great image of Dai Butsu and all of nature's glories on hill, plain, and seashore, and the relics of Japan's mediæval capital, was to be visited and "done" before evening.

That night the friends parted, the pedagogue to resume his daily grind at school, and the globe-trotter to steam away for Hong Kong, India, and around the world indeed, but by way of Kobe and Nagasaki. He would visit Royal Seymour Burnham, an old friend, a silk merchant, and, like himself and his late comrade at the hotel table, one of the several Rutgers graduates in Japan.

On "the natty little treaty port" of Kobe, as his old classmate had first described it in his letters years ago, Arthur Van Velsor, the New York lawyer, looked with amazement. Instead of one row of foreign houses, fresh and staring new, near the

native town of respectable size, as the photograph once showed, he now looked on a glorious city.

Awaiting him with hearty welcome was a portly gentleman well into his forties, who shook his hand warmly. The two friends had not met since "on the banks of the old Raritan" they had two decades ago drunk cider at the Piscataway press, rowed with the Septem Virs on the river, and sung college songs on the campus. Burnham, — "luckiest fellow in the class," as Van Velsor dubbed him, — had won (away from him) and wedded the prettiest girl in New Jersey's fairest county. Then, lured by the tales of the Japanese in Rutgers of the wonders of the silkworm, he sailed for the Land of the Rising Sun soon after graduation. Beginning modestly, he had learned the ways of the natives and the aliens, had watched the markets on both sides of the sea, and had slowly but steadily reached prosperity. As the Japanese say, he had "raised a mountain." His oldest son, Clarence, now nineteen, had left him to cross the sea and come under Alma Mater's wings at New Brunswick.

"You ask me about your boy Clarence? Well, he is in the same class with mine," said Van Velsor, "and thriving finely. His tastes are markedly literary. Shouldn't wonder if he turned out a famous author, Mrs. Burnham," he added, turning to the hostess.

"Why?" does some one ask.

With so many topics of mutual interests the conversation prolonged itself until well into the middle of the morning. Then the two friends went out for a stroll to the Nunobiki waterfalls, still chatting over things American. In the afternoon after lunch, or "tiffin" as they call it in Japan, the two old college friends took a trip to Kioto to see the sights. Indeed, Royal Burnham gave up business and everything else to entertain his friend during the several days which they happily spent together.

Van Velsor resumed his functions of globe-trotter and sight-seer by mounting again the deck of one of the Japanese steamers plying to Nagasaki. He was to go to Hong Kong, expecting thence to sail northward to Shanghai, visiting the ports, and after seeing Peking to get home if possible through Asia and Europe by way of Siberia and Russia.

Let us now look at Jozuna and Clarence Burnham, who had before this travelled in the other direction, and part way, at least, around the world.

CHAPTER II.

JOZUNA CROSSES THE PACIFIC.

WE must now tell the story of the young Japanese, Jozuna, and of his adventures on sea and land.

He had often, in his student days, when all the boys in Japan were in a fever of excitement about seeing America, dreamed of crossing the Pacific. Now, in Japanese dreams, the dragon is the engine of locomotion. More than once, while asleep, he had imagined himself astride of one of the soaring monsters, careering over mountain-tops and across seas, but as often woke up and found himself inside the quilts, instead of on the salt water.

To-day, on real shipboard, he was moving to America, a lonely exile. Apparently, he knew not a soul on board. Long and eagerly he gazed on his home land, upon the peerless Mount Fuji, then capped with gathering vapors. After his native shores had vanished below the earth's curve, and even Fuji's crest was under the horizon, Jozuna's heart sank, and for an hour he was in the depths of

misery, yet only to rise up again in the joy of hope and with the determination of a stoic.

"For," said he to himself, "now I am free. I am more my own master than if I remained at home. I shall, at least, not be obliged to serve in the army as conscript, like so many of my schoolmates and fellow-countrymen. Nevertheless, I hope some day to follow the flag of sunshine. Many of my friends would give a finger if they had my privilege of travelling across the great deep to the Western world. Have I not heard how, in the old days, not a few risked their lives to get on board an American ship to see what they called the 'barbarian' countries?"

"Why, you are thinking out loud, old fellow, and still calling us Americans 'barbarians' too, are you?"

Jozuna felt a gentle slap on his shoulder, and, turning halfway round in mild anger, was greeted with a hearty laugh. At once he recognized his young American friend, Clarence Burnham, with whom he had grown up as an almost constant playmate when he and his parents had lived in Hiogo, the great Japanese city adjoining Kobe.

"So we are fellow-voyagers and shipmates, are we?" said Jozuna. "I am glad of it."

"Yes, old fellow; but what made you talk about 'barbarians'?"

"Well, I was only thinking aloud. Seeing Mount

Fuji sink below the horizon made me go down very low in my mind. It was like catching cold in the heart. Then the thought that I was going to see America so raised me up again, that my story is like that which they tell in the province of Omi. There, they say that the earth sunk down to form Lake Biwa, while the land rose up to make Fujiyama," and again Jozuna laughed.

"Come, come, Jozuna, that won't do, you can't get out of it in that way. Explain about that word 'barbarian.' I thought you were civilized. You know you do not like us Americans ever to use the word 'native' when speaking of you Japanese, though we ourselves think it good English, and are not ashamed of it."

"I will, and I beg a thousand pardons of you. I was thinking, how when your Commodore Perry's ship first came to Shimoda, our famous Shoin risked his life to get on board the frigate *Mississippi*, and how, when he failed, he was caught and imprisoned in a cage. Of course, I had to think in the language of that day, when our fathers never spoke of Americans as anything but 'hairy foreigners' and 'barbarians'; yes, and 'crab-writing barbarians' too, because they seemed to us Japanese to write backward. Of course, in those dark ages, we Japanese thought everything done in our country was exactly right, and that what you Americans did was upside down. But you forgive me, don't you?"

"Why, certainly, Jo," said Clarence Burnham, resuming his old boyish familiarity as to names. "I'll forgive you. 'Put it thar and shake,' as the sailors say," and they shook hands, both laughing.

From that time forth the two lads were true shipmates. Each one tried to add to the other's amusement and to make the sixteen days' passage as pleasant as possible. After hours spent in reading, games, telling stories, or other amusements, or in long walks on the ship's cleanly scoured deck, Jozuna, who seemed to have sharper eyes than his American friend, or who loved nature better, pointed out many things that no one else seemed to notice. It was he that first discovered the tremendous fleet of little jellyfish, or "Portuguese men-of-war," through which the steamer was ploughing or churning its way. The deep greenish blue of the ocean was handsomely set off by millions of these spreaders of opaline and translucent sails, through which the sunlight sifted.

"What do you call these tiny kuragé?" asked Jozuna.

"Oh, our common name is the 'Portuguese men-of-war,'" said Clarence, who at once became interested in looking at the blues, reds, and greens of these creatures that seem to be made up of gelatine and water.

"Portuguese men-of-war?" asked Jozuna, "what a name! Why do you call them that?"

"Don't know," said Clarence, "unless it be because they carry powerful batteries of nettles. If you should ever get a broadside of the poison of these jellyfishes while you're out swimming, you'd think it was a round of grape-shot fired into you."

"No doubt. I never felt it myself, but I remember a fisherman howling with pain. He had been attacked, or shall I say, rammed, or fired upon by one of these 'men-of-war,' as you call them. But oh, look there!"

Jozuna's sharp eyes had again caught the prize sight of the day. It was a school of whales seen over the port side of the steamer, three-quarters of a mile away, perhaps. A mother-whale had come up to blow. It was the spouting of the aerated water that first attracted Jozuna's attention. But while they were looking the two cubs, or little whales, began to appear, blowing their tiny geyser-like streams as if for dear life. Soon, in their frolic, they were leaping over their mother's back.

"How I wish our Tosa whale catchers were here with their nets. They'd have three prizes at least."

"Nets?" said a bystander. "What can they do with nets, without harpoons or bomb lances?"

Then Jozuna went on to tell the story of how, when a boy, he had visited his uncle in Tosa, a whaling master who employed scores of fishermen in capturing whales with great nets made of ropes, four

inches thick, and with meshes four feet square. The great Black Tide, the Gulf Stream of the Pacific, which runs up from below the Philippines, passes Japan and bends over toward the Aleutian and Kurile islands, is the great highway, the feeding and play-ground of the whales. The sentinels in the fishing villages, watching on the cliffs, would give the signal to the fleet of boats, which were rapidly sculled out to the scene of action. While the scullers looked after the management of the craft, the net men joined forces and, quickly paying out the seine, formed a semicircle. Then rapidly moving toward the shore, they were pretty sure to enclose one of the monsters of the deep, which, when in shoal water, was quickly finished with lances and heavy arrows skilfully shot into vital parts.

Jozuna then went on to tell how, after landing the whale, they cut up the blubber and made oil, and how the meat was chopped up and sold in the shops. The titbits were sent to the officers of the castle town; for, strange to say, while many of the gentry considered sweet potatoes as vulgar and beneath the diet of a gentleman, there were some who really delighted in whale flesh, and, as to certain cuts of it, thought themselves epicures.

"Will you explain to me, sir, something I was told in Tokio?" said one of the gentlemen tourists on

board, as he adjusted his eyeglasses and gave a quizzing look at the Japanese.

"With pleasure," promptly replied Jozuna.

"I was told by a friend to go to a Japanese restaurant and call for 'Mountain Whale,' well cooked, and seasoned with soy."

At this Jozuna laughed uproariously.

"I don't wonder you laugh," said the gentleman; "I did the same before I went, wondering what a whale could be doing up in the mountains. But when the whale steak was served to me, I found it was venison, and of good quality, too. But why in the world do they call it 'mountain whale'?"

"Oh," said Jozuna, "my friend Mr. Burnham here tells me that you have people in America who profess never to taste meat on Friday. But don't you suppose that once in a while a man might possibly eat flesh, though he called it fish, or swallowed it under some other name?"

"I shouldn't wonder," laughed the tourist questioner. "One touch of nature, you know. Does that explain the situation in Japan?"

"Well, this I know," said Jozuna, "many of our Buddhists believe it is perfectly right to partake of whale, or fish, or the flesh of certain wild animals, who deem it wicked to eat deer or any domestic creature. Yet they know how to get over the difficulty by calling their venison 'mountain whale.'"

"Yes," said Clarence Burnham, "that kind of a trick must have been in vogue a good while ago, for I have read the sign on the Japanese restaurants in every place in Japan I have visited. You can get 'mountain whale' almost anywhere, but I'll wager it is not always venison. Sometimes it's wild boar, and if it isn't sometimes common beef, then I don't know anything."

The conversation was interrupted here by a perfect storm of yells. These proceeded from the steerage, where hundreds of Chinamen were being brought over as passengers to America. It sounded as if a great riot of some sort had broken out. The young men rushed forward to look down the hatchways and see what was going on.

Getting a coign of vantage, they were able to look upon what resembled in its sights and sounds a pandemonium. Scores of Chinese men were throwing about their wooden dishes, upsetting tubs of boiled rice and bowls of cooked fish, meanwhile yelling and shouting at the top of their throats. A number of the lustier fellows seemed to be trying to batter down the doors that shut them in, and which, when open, led into the gangway by which one could reach other parts of the ship.

"What's the matter?" asked Clarence of one of the ship's officers, who did not seem in the least disturbed.

"Oh, nothing but what always happens when we put on board a green lot of Chinamen just off the paddy fields. Old passengers know better, but these fellows, only a few days ago, were tramping in their rice swamps, toiling outdoors from morning till night. They come on board and, for the first time in their lives, have all they want to eat or can possibly stow away. Their eyes are bigger than their bellies, and after four or five days of stuffing without any regular exercise, they lose their appetites, which, for them, is a new thing. Not knowing what is the matter with them, they loathe their food. Then, at once, they think that something has been put in their 'chow' to make them sick, and that the ship's officers are doing this to make money off them.

"But, look!" said the officer, as he pointed to the storeroom where the clean rice, the dried fish, and various other indescribable articles, wholesome but uninviting, that make up the ordinary Chinese diet, were stored; "these are bought from honest Chinese purveyors, and we give these passengers better than what they are accustomed to, and all they can possibly want. Dyspepsia is a new disease to people of this sort. Indeed, it is almost as aristocratic as the gout. Then there are 'lawyers' among them that stir up the crowd and excite them. We always know what is coming and prepare for it by shutting the gangway and getting the hose ready. All of a sudden

there is an explosion, just as you see now, but it is all right, the water will be turned on in a minute."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Oh, we have only to bring the hose to bear and give them a wetting with cold water, and they will cool off. Here they come. Stand aside, please."

Jozuna and Clarence turned aside just in time, for along hurried two burly sailors dragging the hose tipped with a brass branch pipe, which they pointed toward the doors, then well belabored on the other side by the angry leaders of the mob.

"All ready!" cried the officer.

"Ay, ay, sir," said the man with the branch pipe.

Two other sailors now went forward in readiness to lift the iron hasp that should open the door quickly. The water already turned on was issuing in a lively stream, which the pipe-holder temporarily turned into a scupper.

"Open!" cried the officer.

Thereupon each jacky, turning the hasp, threw back his half of the double door, then stood deftly behind it. So suddenly did the doors fly apart that a half-dozen Chinamen, pressed by their pushing comrades behind them, fell forward pell-mell in a heap in the gangway. It was as if a sausage had suddenly been squeezed of its contents. At the same moment the pipe-holder turned the stream of cold water full into the faces and all over the crowd.

The effect was electric. The yells ceased. The Chinamen literally turned tail. They began to rush back again, while the sprawling fellows picked themselves up and tried to get inside. The pipe-holder, directed by the officer, seeing the results of the first hydropathic application, raised the stream and began to sprinkle and douse the crowd far inside, so that, scattering like sheep, they quickly relieved the pressure. Then, dragging the hose and branch pipe clear inside the door, the hoseman was able to play skilfully over the entire mass. The fun did not last very long, for the dyspeptic rebels quickly turned into cool-headed men and sought their berths and the space below. In five minutes the battle was won. It was a new sort of prescription for indigestion.

"Well, that is a water cure," said one of the passengers. "Is it always infallible?"

"Never knew it to fail," said the officer. "This is my seventh experience, and our men seem to like the job."

Evidently the old sailors, however, took it more as a matter of routine duty than of novelty, for on the face of only one was there a grin, and he was a new man. The others quickly and quietly opened the scuppers and turning off the water began to swab the deck, not only of the extra moisture, but of the broken dishes and pecks of rice and boiled fish which the surfeited Chinamen had kicked over in their dis-

"THEY BEGAN TO RUSH BACK."

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content. Heaved into the ocean, Neptune and all his mermaids profited by the feast.

Thus day by day passed, until at last the four thousand miles of brine had been traversed, and already in propitiation of the gods of land and sea, the Chinese pagans were casting overboard sham money made of gilt paper and other offerings.

"What fools their gods must be to be deceived by such stuff. Why, it isn't even good gold-leaf, but only 'Dutch metal,' downright brass," said Jozuna, who had not attended the Christian missionary schools in vain.

All were expecting a glorious landfall, hoping to see the Golden Gate. Yet as not every one first recognizes Japan by catching a glimpse of the peerless mountain or the superb summer green of the landscape, as not every one first descries the Emerald Isle in a robe worthy of its name, so, California, the "Land of the Mountain of Gold," of which Jozuna had so often dreamed, was first discerned as a low strip of yellow mud partly visible through overhanging fog. Before the vapory pall lifted, they were well into San Francisco Bay; but soon landmarks, spires, and stately edifices were clear to the view.

CHAPTER III.

A RIDE ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

IN spite of all that he had heard and expected to see in San Francisco, Jozuna was amazed at the vast size and altitude of the structures around him. The many-storied edifices and the long line of imposing dwellings overpowered him. He almost refused to believe that these were the results of human industry. To him they seemed rather the work of the gods. He wanted to walk in the middle of the streets, in fear lest they should fall down upon him. The cornices seemed to frown at him.

As the two young men travelled across the country, they resolved, instead of taking the "long haul," going from one end of the country to the other, like an "original package" of freight, from consignor to consignee, to break their journey and see some of the places by the way.

"I can't tell you about these Western cities," said his fellow-traveller to Jozuna. "They are not like those old ones on the Atlantic coast, where Boston goes for brains, New York for money, Philadelphia

for family stock, and Washington for political company, though I know that in Chicago they always ask what you can do. By the way, I heard an Australian at the ticket-office to-day asking to be booked to Chick-a-go. So prepare, old fellow, to be inquired of a good deal. You are in a land where they ask questions, though I'll warrant you nobody will inquire, as you Japanese always do, especially if it's a woman, 'How old are you?' Please don't fire that interrogation at any American lady."

"Yes," said Jozuna, "they have already poked curious questions at me in the street cars. One man said, 'Hello, Washee!' I thought at first he meant to call me an eagle, thinking of our Japanese word (washi), which sounds that way; but, when he asked whether I was going out to get the Monday's wash, I said, 'I beg your pardon, sir, to what do you refer?' and he said, 'Oh, why, John, aren't you in the laundry business?' and I told him 'no.' Why did he ask me that question?"

Then Clarence explained to his friend how expert the Chinese had become with soap and starch, water and the washboard. Coming first to this country and washing clothes for the miners, they had by sheer force of conservatism kept in the same groove of business, "especially," as Clarence said, "when they thus run in opposition to women more than to men."

"But almost every one takes me for a Chinaman. One man asked me if I had cut off my queue, which we Japanese never wore, for we were never conquered by Manchus or any other foreigners. Our fathers used to have top-knots on their noddles; but Japanese of to-day do not wear them, unless it may be a good ways back in the country."

The truth was that the indiscriminating American, who was somewhat off in his geography and weak in his ethnology, even went so far as to talk to Jozuna about opium-smoking — a habit unknown in Japan. One lady asked him if his sisters had their feet bound. In a word, Jozuna, though his stature, complexion, and even eyes were sufficiently different from a Chinaman's, was usually taken for one.

"But perhaps I'll be able to show them that I am not a Chinaman, but a loyal subject of our emperor," said Jozuna, one day, to Clarence Burnham.

At Rochester the two friends parted, for Jozuna wished to visit a fellow-countryman, very artistic in his tastes, at Slatington, Pennsylvania, and to do so, took the Lehigh Valley Railroad. Clarence Burnham, who had a through ticket, and could not change his route, bade his young friend good-by, expecting to meet him in New Brunswick.

Jozuna had no trouble with the tickets, but the baggagemen had anti-Chinese prejudices which they did not hesitate to show. They were so slow, and

even insolent, about taking off the old and putting on the new checks, that Jozuna remonstrated with the baggage-master.

"How is it? I have crossed your country and at all the stations the railway men were polite to me. What's the reason that here in Rochester they are gruff?"

"Oh!" said the surly man of leather straps and bits of brass, "we have no use for Chinese."

"But I am not a Chinese," said Jozuna.

"Not a Chinese? Come now, little John, what are you, then?" leered the baggage-master.

"I am a Japanese," said Jozuna, proudly.

"Oh! you are a Japanese, are you? Why, give us your hand. We like your country's people," and the trunk man seized Jozuna's hand and gave it such a hearty squeeze that the owner hoped such an experience would not soon happen again. It positively hurt him.

"There you are," and a clean white card check, in place of the dirty brass, was placed in Jozuna's hand. "We'll serve you better the next time you come. Good-by," and the train pulled out, soon leaving behind Rochester's mid-air image of Mercury standing on a chimney, as if like Santa Claus he was about to soar again for other places of business.

More lonely than ever, Jozuna rode through the lovely lake region of New York, which along Cayuga

reminded him of Lake Biwa, but without the white-walled feudal castles of his native land.

From Slatington, after a brief visit, he rode to New York. He had not spoken a word to Clarence Burnham as to why he had left Japan, nor had his comrade asked him. He was now desirous of avoiding his countrymen, either at New Brunswick or in New York, as far as possible.

On Manhattan Island Jozuna found temporary employment as draughtsman in an engineer's office. He occupied his spare time by mastering the mysteries of the great Suspension Bridge, and of electricity, and in working in houses and the machine shops so far as he could get entrance and be free from annoyance.

It was at the Imperial Consulate of Japan that he amazed those who knew him, by declaring his intention of descending voluntarily from the social grade of Shizoku, or gentleman, to that of heimin, or commoner. As such he was so enrolled.

He struck them with equal surprise by requesting a fellow-countryman, skilful with the tattooing needle and color, to work upon his breast a design drawn for him by his artist friend at Slatington. Many weeks were necessary to prick and stain in the design, but when finished it was clear and startling in its realism.

It was the old picture, hung æons ago, in the night

skies of Japan, by the Creator, and for ages His children there have loved the divine original.

Out of the inky-blue sky, and from deeps upon deeps of shadow, the emerging line of plumed trumpeters of air moved into the silver light of the full moon, flashing, careering, bathed in silver, transfigured for a moment, only to retreat into the caverns of darkness.

Here was a triumph of art upon the human cuticle. It reminded one of the old philosopher in Kioto, who envied the tattooer that could so permanently decorate the bodies of men, while he, the penman, though seeking mind and heart, had to be content to write only on paper.

So months moved on and years slipped by. As in a prison, "a dead man out of mind," a distant bird invisible in the inky night sky, Jozuna, cut off from his countrymen, unknown save to very few, passed months in toil. Yet all the time his eyes burned with a fierce resolve. He waited for an opportunity to prove himself — a goose.

Meanwhile, let us look at Clarence Burnham's environment and adventures.

CHAPTER IV.

THE JAPANESE INVASION OF NEW JERSEY.

IT was a mysterious invasion, that of the Japanese of the old college town of New Brunswick on the Raritan, in 1868.

The place was famous for visits. The New Hampshire Yankee and the New Jersey Dutchman had here met and fused together long ago, compromising by giving the town a German name. The Hessians and the Continentals had later come to stay, or to chase each other backward and forward.

Indeed, even yet the fields, in the Raritan valley are redolent of army rations of a German sort. Are not the meadows well sprinkled with the garlic that completely falsifies Longfellow's attribution in "Evangeline" of sweet breath to "the kine of the meadows"? Nay, does not spring butter taste strongly of the struggle for freedom? Moreover, is not a local insect still called the Hessian fly? In the far interior do not mothers still terrorize rebellious Jerseymen of tender years, with the threat of the Hessian alleged to be coming again?

Yes, the old town had had many visitors. Later had swarmed in the ebony sons of freedom, for here had been a station on the Underground, as well as on the Camden and Amboy, and the railway later named after the state of Pennsylvania. Both Emancipation Day and the Fifteenth Amendment had been celebrated by the blacks, many times over.

Tradition told even of redmen, and the names of their villages are still reëchoed on the maps. Last of all came the little brown fellows from over the sea.

They arrived at first by twos and threes. In old Japan, in Tycoonal days, American professors and engineers had been reckoned as mechanics, and there were searchings of hearts in the Yedo palaces as to whether these men were pundits, or only "base mechanicals," and it was debated whether they should be awarded audience. So also in American homes, the tables whereon were daily served students' hash and coffee quivered with the question whether these new Asians were "colored people," or could sit down side by side with white folks. Christianity and common sense won the day, and the first two brown boys were welcomed.

Still, in a certain house one nervous old lady who had read about hara-kiri (nearly always spelled Harry Karry) was "glad these strangers had a seat at a good distance from the carving-knife," lest being

suddenly offended they might commit the "happy despatch" there and then. The Japanese, she had read, had a habit of taking revenge on those who insulted them that was quite reflex and recurved. "They usually killed themselves to spite others," she was told.

But what a covert missionary retort they did give, even though their English was so scanty, and on etiquette they said not a word. They seemed not only very polite, but they wore their courtesy like an easy garment, to which they had long been used. It was too genuine, too much like native air, to have been "learned in America," or elsewhere than home.

True, because *l* is Chinese and *r* Japanese they asked for a "ramp" to light themselves to bed. Again, one nearly scared the spinster landlady out of her wits, ploughing for a moment in her bosom a deep furrow of regret that she had even taken the boys in at all, when one lad, who wanted to pay her a compliment, asked her how old she was. She afterward learned that one of the first questions in the Sunrise Land, after an introduction, is the friendly one, "Your honorable years, how many?"

Indeed, it seemed almost like a moral box on the ears, or a nudge in the back, or a hunch, such as people give each other in church when the sermon is pat, that these brown boys had a hard finish of elegant manners that quite outshone that of the boys

even of Somerset County, fairest of the fair counties of New Jersey.

The mystery deepened when, instead of two, there came ten, twenty, thirty Japanese lads, and still the wonder grew that they were all polite, polished gentlemen. "How strange," thought Mrs. Gunders, who kept a students' boarding-house, and yet with her sister attended every meeting in the First Reformed Church. "These young men come from Japan where we send missionaries, and yet how polite they are! I don't know what to make of it."

Still further the wonder grew; for within two years after the first pair of restless, black, penetrating eyes had gazed upon the unwonted sights of dashing locomotives and long freight trains, of troops of pigs rooting up suburban sods, of roosters high up on church spires, and what not, there were already three-score and ten young Japanese in the city on the Raritan and the villages adjoining. Evidently they had not discovered the United States in general, but only New Brunswick in particular.

Behind this mysterious movement there must be some powerful force, perhaps some striking personality, pushing these young men on and on, yes, seven thousand miles from home; and there was at Nagasaki a mighty man, but a modest one, who, incarnating in himself the best traditions of brave little Holland and the great American nation, was per-

suading the hermits to send their sons abroad. Taking his advice, many a lion "cast his cub into the valley," which is Japanese thought for letting the pet son travel abroad.

Perhaps all these lads, some of them with their top-knots hardly cut yet, came to the capital of the Reformed Church in America, because they did not know that there were in the great United States other schools and colleges, and, indeed, how should they in 1867? As soon as they did learn the reality, they and the Jersey towns were relieved of congestion, and Young Japan was more healthfully and profitably distributed. For nothing was better for the mastery of the English language than that they should not be together and talk Japanese.

But the scattering did not take place before, in Willow Grove cemetery, white tombs of marble showed how, in noble thirst for truth and knowledge, some of the eager students had found honored resting-places in alien soil. Our American climate resents familiarities. The habit of young Asians of relieving themselves of underclothing, especially of abhorred woollen, during a January thaw, or a balmy day in March, did not tend to lengthen life. Even an American summer is not made by one swallow.

It was Clarence Burnham's good fortune on reaching "Japanese town," as some jealous and envious Princetonians — sixteen miles away — called New

Brunswick, to find what were advertised as "rooms and board" at the Misses Hilary's house. The first attacks of homesickness were hardly over before Clarence could write home to his parents, speaking most warmly in praise of his hostesses, and his "home away from home" as he called it. Eight students received their daily sustenance at the Misses Hilary's table, four of whom were "roomers," two being Japanese, one from Satsuma, and the other from Echizen. Pious, elderly, sedate, the maiden ladies were sometimes nearly shocked at the hilarity of the young fellows. Having both been school-teachers in their earlier days, their tendency to be precise, and to correct the young roisterers, often issued in strained situations. It took Clarence some time to find out the safe channel of speech, in order to steer clear both of the rocks of impropriety and the mud banks of dulness, on which the ship of conversation would be hopelessly stranded.

Sometimes the zeal of certain old ladies in New Brunswick to have the whole batch of lonely pagans in the city converted at once, passed beyond bounds of wisdom. Many and various were the traps set for these little flies to walk into the various parlors of the sectarian spiders. Once, too, when a Christian of the real sort, a manly classmate, had come to talk with one of the brown lads, now pallid and wasted with consumption from over-study, the reply which

the Oriental made kindled intensest admiration, even when it wrought pain.

"No," said the sick one, "life is like a candle in the wind. Mine is nearly blown out, and I shall not offer to your God and Christ only the snuff of my existence. I never insult my friends, and if half of what I have read or have been told about Jesus is true, then he is my friend, and I want my people to know him. If I had my life to live over again and had been taught, as you have been, I might believe and act differently. Good-by, classmate."

These were nearly the last words of the boy for whom a lonely widower-father was sorrowing under the shadow of Japan's lordly mountain of Hakusan. There, under the shelter roofs and over the heavy pedestals of masonry, built by the government, had hung for centuries the edicts of the Emperor's Supreme Council commanding that "charity be shown to widowers, widows, orphans, the childless and sick," and also the ban laid upon the "corrupt sect" of Jashiu (Jesus), for these were the days of "the frogs in the well that know not the great ocean."

The Japanese first compelled and then won popularity, for they made themselves winsome lads among us. Funny indeed are the ways in which the American shows his likes and dislikes. Of course, not only the society faddists, but also those having Japanese to board or entertain, desired to show their

spoil. Exploiting their conquest, they at first introduced the little brown fellows as "princes." If "daimio" had been a little easier on the tongue, or more facile in the spelling, they would have been content with this rank for their protégés.

Quite occasionally the "princes" would fall short of revenue, and then it was a pitiable spectacle which human nature exhibited. Men and women vain in society and "liberal" in opinions would, as a rule, give no help, while those called "bigots" made up a generous fund from their own purses. For months and years, they poured out their money unstintingly to aid the makers of new Japan to come to get their American education. They did not know at the time whether their bread cast upon the waters would return again or not, though it all did. Such unexpected kindness had the effect of thoroughly opening the eyes of the Japanese statesmen to the real feelings of our people toward Japan. In this manner, far more than through bombardment, did Americans thus conquer the heart of Japan.

It was great fun and constant delight in those days to watch the ways of the future admiral in the Japanese navy, the coming envoy of the Mikado at Washington or to the European capitals, the governors of provinces, and the embryo captains and generals in the army that in 1894 annihilated China's drilled troops and astonished the world by

conquering in Asia an area larger than the Japanese Empire.

They played football, rowed on the river, went duck-shooting, and climbed up hotel stairs for the thrilling sensation of descending on the elevator. To see them get themselves acquainted with American ways and peoples, to say nothing of local peculiarities, was an edifying lesson in human nature. The average Caucasian lacks discrimination, indeed, very much as a Chinaman does, and so it came to pass that even the sons of Japan's prime minister were asked on the street car if they were out seeking laundry orders. Indeed, the questions fired at them about starch and soap puzzled them as much in New York as those in San Francisco bothered Jozuna.

Young Nippon could not at once interpret all the phenomena, nor appreciate all the sweet reasonableness of the American's glorious civilization. Furthermore, the clay of his own feudalism stuck to him. It is a tradition at New Brunswick that even on the public street, as well as in private, not the low-born (for there were then no such) but the low-rank lad would cringe before his blue-blooded or high-ranked superior. Once, when a son of the Empire State had, as a little peppery Japanese thought, insulted him, the Asian gravely asked permission of his American teacher to be allowed to kill the offender. Surprise was great when permission was denied.

CHAPTER V.

COLLEGE DAYS ON THE RARITAN.

WE must now see what kind of a student Clarence Burnham was making while in old Rutgers' halls. It is needless to say he was very happy.

College life seemed to him a new world. The earnestness of the professors, who were always ready to help a faithful student, the real kindness of his precise and matter-of-fact, but warm-hearted hostesses, the society of student comrades, and of the city people, the glorious beauty of the river, valley, and hills, the marvellous color effects of the red soil and the clover, the wonderful shaped evergreens and deciduous trees, and especially the gorgeousness of their autumnal coloring — so different from anything he had seen in Japan — filled his days with delight.

His tasks were very congenial, for he was by inheritance and tastes a born student. Faithful alike in preparatory study and in the class room, he was the pride of his instructors. To some he was as olive oil on the waters to calm, when others in the class, dull or lazy, were as petroleum on the flames.

There was an irascible professor, whose breakfasts seemed to have a habit of chronic disagreement with him, civil war going on continually between brain and stomach, with little hope of truce. The fellows nicknamed him "Tenpenny," in reference to his supposed ability, when in a rage, to bite off the head of a nail of that weight. One day when a chronic "flunk," who had dishonored the plough by leaving it, not like Cincinnatus, or Putnam, for duty's sake, but for the law, in hopes of fat fees and social honors, had tortured Tacitus into pitiable English, old Tenpenny threw down his book and stormed out: —

"Mr. Jacks, go back to the plough whence you came. You'll never make the Raritan flow back, nor earn your salt at law. Mr. Burnham, read."

Thereupon, as Clarence rendered the passage, old Tenpenny's wrinkles smoothed out visibly. He seemed another man, his face oozing out joy until Jacks, with dogged perseverance, or lawyer-like pertinacity, asked a question.

Still unreconciled to have the plough deserted by any one but a Putnam bound for Bunker Hill, old Tenpenny's wrath was again excited by Mr. Jacks's query.

"Mr. Jacks, it is said that one fool can ask more questions than ten wise men can answer."

"Oh!" mumbled Jacks inaudibly, "that's why we poor fellows flunk so often."

Fortunately, old Tenpenny did not hear the remark, but it was the talk of the fellows for days.

It was not only in the classics that Clarence Burnham excelled, but in our glorious English mother-tongue he forged ahead, excelling in composition, platform speaking, and debate. In the library of the Literary Society, Philoclean by name, he revelled in the treasures of books, old and new.

"It would be a calamity to make a business man of you, as your father expects, according to what you tell me. I hear excellent things of you from the professor of rhetoric," said Prex to Clarence Burnham one day, as they walked up the blue shale path on the campus.

Prophetic words!

How things "on the banks of the old Raritan" looked to Clarence Burnham may be seen in some of his letters home, especially in those when, as he once penned the phrase, he "mounted on stilts." His professor of rhetoric rather encouraged him to do this occasionally. He wrote: —

"What traveller on the Atlantic coast does not know New Brunswick? In prehistoric days, after Cromwell had cut off the head of one King Charles and then had his own corpse uncoffined and stuck on a spike by another King Charles, the site of our college town was called somebody's swamp. When the first of the young Georges came on the throne — the

British, varying their varied line of French, Dutch, Spanish, and other kings by a German variety — the settlement in the swamp shared the fate of many towns and streets in America. It took on, in actual fact, a German but not a Hanoverian name.

"At the head of navigation of the river and at the end of a canal coming out of the coal regions of Pennsylvania, it is a mighty place of boats and steamers. You can see it, as the lightning train flies up from Philadelphia, or down from New York. The grassy slopes of the campus reach almost to the steel rails, kept polished by endless swift wheels. Flanking the path up to the quaint and venerable main college building, called after some queen, are two hollow rings or cylinders of upright iron railings, set as a gateway. These remind me of a certain musical instrument, used by the Mikado's musicians, made of a bundle of upright bamboos. Simply because of a president's whim, they have weakly replaced with ugliness ancient strength and beauty, in the form of oldtime masonry with ball top.

"Everywhere the red shale soil is in bright evidence. Indeed, it so clings, with the tenacity of an old friend, to the shoe uppers or soles, that denizens of the New Red Sandstone belt in New Jersey are betrayed even in the metropolis. As the train shoots over the river, one sees the dull, copper-colored cliffs, on which the windflower blows and the saxifrage

waves. These cliffs skirt the canal and tell a geological story.

"Over on the hills to the left and northwest rises an august edifice. It is the theological mill, out of which are ground both the grist and the millers for the little church, historic, venerable, and noble, that kindles its beacon lights of hope and salvation chiefly along the river valleys of New York and New Jersey. Heavenly seems the beauty of the springtime and autumn to my student eyes, so long used to a different sort of beauty and landscape in Japan.

"I have read Ruskin much, and hope some day to see the Swiss wonders of the sky, the Italian sunsets, and the empyrean that vaults the Mediterranean. Yet I cannot imagine any more glorious caverns of light and color than those which, from the banks of the Raritan, I witness at least fifty times a year."

It was a hoary tradition on the campus by the Raritan that no freshman should carry a cane or wear a high hat. It was expected also, unless it were his sisters or kinswomen, no freshman should keep public company with the ladies. Indeed, it was the unanimous decision of the college corporation, in its august whole, and in all its parts, — patrons, trustees, faculty, alumni, and undergraduates, — that no freshman must fall in love; or even think of such a thing. Such indiscretion was, in the eyes of the seniors, little more than a crime.

Something of the same sentiment and unwritten law prevailed at the Young Ladies' Schools in the city. It might be true that "New Brunswick is the mother of the Reformed Church," and that these girls' schools, as the little sister of a senior, seeing one of them, in a picture, so near the Theological Seminary naïvely suggested, "Here is where the young ladies go to be ministers' wives"; but no such purpose was confessed. At one of the girls' schools it was a rule that no inmate should go riding with a gentleman unless he were her father, brother, or affianced. When a certain damsel in pupilage applied for the privilege of accepting an invitation to ride out, the following was the version of a shorter catechism: —

"Is he your father?"

"No."

"Is he your brother?"

"No."

"Then, since you have asked, knowing the rules, you must be engaged."

"No, I am not yet, but I expect to be before I get back."

She was allowed to ride. Clarence Burnham, freshman, had, of like expectations, none. Yet one day there was a brilliant wedding in the Second Reformed Church, and the result proved that "nothing is so certain as the unexpected."

The daughter of one of his mother's old friends was to be married, so Clarence was invited. As the bridal train of six white-robed virgins gathered in the vestibule of the church, where they prepared to move up the middle aisle with fashionable and funereal slowness, there and then and for the first time Clarence Burnham felt a peculiar inward thrill as he looked upon fair Marian Hopewell. Her comparatively simple costume only heightened her color and loveliness. She wore "a dress of some snowy tissue, gathered into puffs, on which lay bright green leaves" — his description of a lady's dress usually, for some reason he never could explain, caused smiles among his women friends; but to his eyes the maiden's whole appearance seemed as natural as a white rose with its accompanying foliage. Under a wealth of golden hair shone a pair of blue eyes that so seemed to rain influence on him that he wondered if they ever thus affected any other mortal. Fairest of the fair seemed her face. He thought he had never seen aught on earth so lovely. It was for him the discovery of another new world, for Clarence Burnham had never known before that the universe contained anything so entrancingly lovely as Marian Hopewell.

"Now," said he to himself, yet almost out loud, "I can understand what the poet of Japan meant, though I thought it was only fancy —

"One glance at her eye,
And you lose your city,
Another, and you would
Forfeit a kingdom.

"Yes, those eyes! They pierced me. No wonder the same country's poet spoke of soldiers winning their blood victories with sword and dagger, while women pierce with an eye glance and shed no blood."

Slight interest had Burnham in the nuptial ceremony itself, save as a type and premonition; but again, as the bridal procession moved down the aisle, that vision dazzled his eyes and fired his soul.

Alas for his hopes! He met Marian Hopewell only for a moment at the reception, and again it seemed as if his breast had become too small to hold his heart, as with a smile she told him that she must leave town for her home far up on the Hudson River that afternoon, but — oh joy! she would be back again for several days at Commencement. Her younger brother Victor was then to enter Rutgers as freshman, and she would come for a visit of several days.

Here begins a story that cannot be told, save only in issues and results. Clarence waited through weeks that seemed leaden-footed, until first the wind-flower and anemone and then the June roses bloomed, and at last the day of glory, music, flowers, beauty, and thrilling sensations was in view, when she was to come.

It was a day of tremendous fuss and bustle all through the town, and even in the surrounding country, when the initial hours of commencement day had fully come. Every pretty girl, so fortunate as to have a student friend in Queen's College, was to wear her very best gown, and to balance reposefully on her head the most absolutely unique creation of the milliner. A brass band from the metropolis on Manhattan Island had been engaged, months before, to come over, and of course to sound its very sweetest strains. There was to be music galore at the exhibition the night before, at the Commencement exercises in the great white church in the morning, and at the college ball in the evening. Besides this triple task of the men of wind, strings, and percussion, each musician must serve as fragment or attachment to various interludes, class dinners, serenades, etc., so that when the total episode was over, each man of brass, catgut, or drumsticks looked very much like a derelict drifting on the ocean of exhaustion.

At the Commencement exercises, the band was expected to play all the popular music that was not only "new" but "up-to-date," besides giving a funny sort of a hodge-podge of college airs with occasional toots and whistles in between. For the sandwiching of favorite pieces in between the speeches, every student had his choice and nominated his favorite composer. In those days pretty much every one in the

class that wanted to, could speak, and there was music with every speech.

On that day of the seniors' culmination, the holy songs of the Sabbath and the solid old tunes of Dundee and St. Stephens and Dennis, gave way in the white meeting-house to the flimsy strains of Strauss, Offenbach, and Sousa. It was the custom, too, for all the friends of the young orators to furnish bouquets, wreaths, floral monograms, and society badges in flowers, sometimes with gold-stamped ribbons, and in every case a card attached, so that every "culminator," as the orator and graduate was called, did seem literally to reach the pinnacle of glory, when his head barely appeared over the mountain of offerings. Then as a veritable walking flower garden, he moved off and away with heaps of perfume and color in his arms, and, to confess it, sometimes clear over his head. Indeed, it looked Shakespearian, as if the very woods of Birnam were moving to Macbeth and Dunsinane.

For months previous, the teapot tempest of college politics had been brewing. About the first day in the month of roses, its spout fairly puffed like an engine, for then the "marshal president" was elected. This was an honor for which all students strove. When won, it seemed almost visibly to add to the stature of the possessor of that pretty little wand, a foot long, and tipped with a gilded acorn, which descended from time immemorial to the winner of the prize of office.

It was plaited over with the colors of the literary society and the Greek letter fraternity to which the proud owner belonged.

With its ribbons fluttering in the wind, the marshal president arranged his forces for the procession from college door to church, into which were to pass the Prex, the trustees, the dignified visitors, and eminent platform ornaments. After these, first in the serried lines of student fry, the gowned seniors, looking in their black robes like white-throated crows, were ranged. Next came the juniors and sophomores, and, last of all, the freshmen, or, rather we should say, the freshmen came first right after the brass band, but not to remain at the head of the line. The tactics in vogue, which at first delightedly surprised and later deeply humiliated Mr. Greenie Fresh, who supposed he was to go in first, were on this wise.

First of all in the campus parade, after the brass band, duly arrayed in lines by the marshal-president, came the prospective freshmen and the wandering "peris outside of paradise," who, in the local slang, were called "rats," but who, as grammar school seniors, hoped in the autumn to enter the college halls. Some of these youthful sons of hope and enthusiasm, despite apparent shyness, not knowing local history and precedents, were highly elated at heading the procession, wondering why such honor had been thrust upon them. After these temporarily first, who

were to become last, followed in double lines the freshmen, sophomores, juniors, the sacred and gowned seniors, and after them the adult dignitaries. When all was ready, the marshal-president gave the signal to the brass band leader.

Thereupon broke out a tempest of delightful noise from every instrument of wind and percussion, and the column swung forward to the movement of the music. Down through the gateway and past houses lined at the windows with admiring or critical spectators, the procession wended its way into the street, and then, within the churchyard gate, through the summer snowstorm of white tombstones and the billowy sea of grassy mounds to the church door.

There it halted and then the grammar school "rats" and the inexperienced freshmen found that the last was first and the first was last. At one wave of the marshal-president's wand, down sank freshman pride and hope, like the band of Roderick Dhu. The column opened and widened, and up and through the perspective of the two long lines of young men facing each other, the dignitaries and seniors moved. These entering the church took their places on the platform, the undergraduates and upper class men finding places in the reserved part of the house or bestrewing themselves among the groups, where pretty girls and boon companions or admiring relatives were gathered. The freshmen were lost in

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the crowd. The "rats," for the most part, herded in the uncertain rear between pews and wall, or in the vestibule.

Fascinating and bewildering was the scene within. If Clarence Burnham had ever nourished the horrible suspicion that college life consisted chiefly of toiling during half of every twenty-four hours over text-books and dictionaries, and at least one-quarter of them in semi-imprisonment in class rooms, with dried-up professors or badgering tutors, he was here relieved and most heartily rightened.

He could see to-day but one great ocean of bright eyes, rosy faces, gorgeous millinery, and attractive gowns. The music was exhilarating. The fans, the flowers, the chat, and the radiant smiles between the speeches, when the band played, made him as happy as one of those "boys around the monkey cage" at the circus, of which he had had experience, and of whom he had so often sung. He was made all the happier by seeing, without jealousy or envy, the orators not only holding the attention of their hearers, but reaching the acme of glory when they walked off balancing their piles of bouquets, wreaths, baskets, of all things lovely in floral possibilities.

It seemed to him very much like heaven to enter into that senior's rapture of fair maidens and flowers, smiles, compliments, and congratulations. It felt very much like the seventh heaven of delight when

he met and talked with Marian Hopewell. He even thought that when he met her and she put out her hand to welcome him, with a smile that he never forgot, that she had been waiting for him, and would even have missed him had he not come. In her presence, and in the happy group of maidens and swains, he was like a bubbling fountain of joy.

Like a hundred other groups, this, in which Clarence was, would not stop either chat or giggle, in spite of old Prex's remonstrances. Both Clarence and Marian often talked, I am sorry to record, even while the orations of some one of the dozen or so of orators mellifluously flowed on. Prex, after working his face first into a redness and then a purple that suggested apoplexy, finally gave up the task of lictor and thrashed the fair anarchists no more. Then, as by common consent, the hum of conversation ceased, the later orators had quiet, and the freshet of fun and chat broke loose only during the intermissions of brass band music.

Only once during the exercises was there anything startling. Only once was the audience put in terrible and sympathetic fear, lest the possibilities of a stomach should be forever ruined. This was *not* when one of the "culminators," famous as a champion in the boat races, was presented with a magnificent spoon oar, twelve feet long and gorgeously wreathed with flowers that shed perfume, as the trophy was

carried up the aisle to be put in the victor's hands. No, envy was then the only emotion; but, in the second instance, the hair on many scalps almost rose erect with fear.

A "culminator," having ceased his speech, apparently disdaining flowers, waited in expectation of something to emerge out of the air — "a bolt from the blue," as it were. It came. It was a white ball, thrown right out of the audience by one of the baseball team. For a moment it seemed as if the imposing stomach of the president was to be either wholly perforated or pummelled into miseries, many and fatal, by what seemed to be a big grape-shot whizzing through the air, apparently as swiftly as if shot from a cannon. Vain fear! It was caught on the fly, and in one hand only, by the orator, who alertly saved Prex's diaphragm, and brought down the house in thunders of applause.

Afternoon came. Clarence Burnham could not go to the alumni dinner, for he was only, even now, a sophomore. His sensations of awe had been mitigated moderately, for he had actually seen one Commencement. Yet he was hardly prepared for the shock which came to him on meeting one of the theological professors. Going to call upon his father's old friend, and to bear greetings, they chatted awhile about things local. Clarence innocently asked the old gentleman whether he had attended the Com-

mencement. To his surprise the learned man replied; "No, I never go to Commencements. They are always a great bore to me."

At this the young man looked up in wonder and surprise that fairly bordered on horror. The words seemed incredible. Commencement a bore? Commencement with its roses, flowers, music, and lovely maidens, and all the brightness and joy of the glad occasion, a bore? The very words savored of both sacrilege and insanity. How could a man say such things? Innocently, Clarence looked up at the venerable gentleman, wondering if he were ready for the lunatic asylum.

However, he was happy enough. Marian Hopewell's brother, an incoming freshman, had actually invited him to come up to their home at Eagle's Nest. Burnham accepted with a promptness that seemed to give Victor something like an electric shock. Eagle's Nest, named from an Indian tradition, rather than from any manifest geographical significance, lay on the slope of hills overlooking the Hudson River.

Marian's father was a domine, or minister in the Reformed Church, and would have been horrified to have any one write him down as a "dominie," as our ignorant dictionary makers do. He lived in the parsonage with the apple of his eye, his only daughter Marian, and the crown of his hopes, his only son

Victor Hopewell. To this lovely home, full of light and delight, Clarence Burnham was invited to stay a week, the lad Victor promising him good times and plenty of fun. The elect guest had almost to hold his pulse when he declared he would be most happy to accept. To him were promised seven of "the days of Heaven upon earth."

CHAPTER VI.

LOVE AND WAR CLOUDS.

TO Clarence Burnham, the prospect of a visit to what was to him enchanted land made an alluring vista. Had he not read Irving's legends of Tarrytown and the Catskills, of Brom Bones and Rip Van Winkle? He was now about to see the mystic region in which these things that did not happen were more real to most readers than those which had "gone through the formality of taking place."

When a boy, a Parisian gentleman in Kobe, of whom he learned the language of sunny France, had told him of the enjoyment derived from reading Irving's stories of the Hudson River region. Another of his father's friends, a Londoner, narrated a striking personal experience in Rip Van Winkle country. He had been, in his earlier life, a painter of stage scenery. Copying faithfully from American pictures, he put on the theatre canvas, as a background for the play, the Catskill Mountains, the low foreground, and the Hudson River. Twenty years

had passed by, and he had forgotten all about his former work with the brush and the pigments. Visiting America to see his son in Albany, he took the night boat in New York. Waking in the morning, when the steamer was near Catskill, he went out on the deck. How strange! There was a landscape which he had seen before. Yes, there ran the river, rose the mountains, and rolled the meadows. How puzzling! He had never been in America before. Was it a dream?

Now, had he been a Buddhist, he could easily have explained his feelings. In some other incarnation he had been existent in this part of the world. One of the comparative folk-lorists might have told he was as Irving's Rip Van Winkle, whom the Tarrytown author had first imported from Germany, and then made to sleep and wake in the Catskills, and play tennis with Henry (or in Irvingese, "Hendrick") Hudson's sailors in the mountains.

Nothing so psychical was necessary, however, and memory alone furnished the clew to the riddle. The incidents of his past life trooped back, and among his recollections was one of his painting in London the stage scenery, now so grandly enlarged in the original itself.

In New York, Clarence Burnham hunted up his old friend Jozuna, and told him where he was going, even to Rip Van Winkle's country. The subject

was suggestive. Soon they had entered into the region of Japanese folk-lore, which both knew so well.

"In my country," said Jozuna, "we have two different Rip Van Winkle stories: one of land, and one of water, one up in the forest and mountain, and one down in the deep sea, one wet, one dry."

"Yes, very appropriately," said Clarence, "the dry one is Chinese, for what Chinaman likes the sea? Your true Japanese loves the water, and so Urashima, the hero, goes down into the palace on the deep ocean's floor."

"Yes, and while there forgets all about the lapse of time, for he is in love, you know. I wonder if that is your case?"

Clarence blushed, but just at that moment Jozuna was called away.

While the American boy is composing his thoughts for an answer, should Jozuna return to his question, we may explain that in the Chinese story a woodcutter goes up into the mountain and there sees two genii playing, not ninepins, but chess. While the woodcutter looks on, they put in his mouth something pleasant, shaped like a date stone. This is to warn him not to give any advice as to how the game should be played. Leaning on his arm he continues watching the moves, until suddenly a fox runs across the space in the woods, when the woodsman starts to

pursue it. The stone falls out of his mouth. Then the man comes to his senses. He finds his knees stiff. A white beard, that has grown two feet long, sweeps his breast. His axe is a mass of rust, and the handle worm-eaten almost to dust. Hobbling down to his village no one knows him, and he soon dies.

In the marine story, a fisher's boy, who is kind to turtles, rides on the back of one of them down to the Sea Queen's palace, on the ocean's floor, built of gold, silver, and gems. With love and feasting, he enjoys what he supposes is half a week. Asking to return to earth to visit his parents, he finds that in his native village no one knows him. Feeling lonely, he opens a box given him by the Sea Queen, who had charged him on no account to look into it. As he lifts the lid, a purple cloud issues. He falls down an aged man and is soon dead. He has been away three hundred years.

When Jozuna returned, begging pardon for his few moments' absence, Clarence Burnham noticed that he was pale and excited.

"What's up, chum? Have you heard bad news?"

"Bad? No, sir. I count it the best of news. There's going to be war between my country and China, within a year, as sure as I live. I'm glad of it, for I'm going to be in it!"

"What makes you so warlike all of a sudden?" asked Clarence.

"Well, my country has suffered enough of insult and humiliation from China in the past, and since we have adopted so much of Western civilization, the Chinese have shown only contempt for us. They still call us *wo-jin* — dwarfs, you know. If war comes, I hope Japan will show to the world her true spirit and power."

"Yes, I hope so, too. It is not creditable to the nations of Europe that they do not know either the spirit of the Japanese, or what is going on in Japan, or the difference between the Chinese and your people."

"Difference! Why, even the average American doesn't suspect any difference. He thinks we smoke opium, bandage the feet of our women, eat rats, and wear pigtails. But this I worry over less than that they still think us barbarians. The American newspapers even now predict an explosion of savagery. What I want the world to see is that Japan has a life, a literature, and a civilization of her own, so that after this war, that is surely coming, the world will know Japan and the Japanese as they never knew our country and people before."

"But you make me ashamed of my country, and Christendom in general, when you intimate that it will take a war to show them how civilized Japan is."

"Yes, Americans think Japan a place in which to get green tea and curiosities. They look at us almost

entirely from across the trade counter. Yet how many know, I wonder, of our schools and hospitals, of our army and navy, of our ambulance corps, or that our government is a signatory to the Geneva and Paris conventions for robbing war of its barbarities and horrors?"

A knock at the door at this moment gave opportunity to Jozuna to introduce his friend, Mr. Niver, a middle-aged gentleman, who had been in Japan some years before, and had also visited China and Korea. Hearing from Jozuna what the topic of conversation was, — the probability of war between Japan and China over Korea, — Mr. Niver joined in the talk.

"Yes, young men, I too greatly fear there will be war before many months. The high-handed proceedings of the Chinese envoy in the Korean capital will not long be borne by Japan, whose patience shows signs of being exhausted. The Peking government is deliberately attempting to thwart Japan's plans of reform inaugurated by Count Inouye, to annihilate Korean independence, to hold Korea in vassalage to China. Japan wants her peninsular neighbor to adopt the modern civilization of the West. China is forcing Korea to revert to Chinese semi-barbarism."

"What do you anticipate will be the outcome if China and Japan should come to blows? China has vast resources and no end of soldiers. Will she not

soon exhaust Japan? You know the general impression among Americans."

"Yes," said Mr. Niver, "and I am surprised at it. But mark my words. China with all her hordes, and an army that is mighty on paper, has only about twenty thousand real soldiers. Japan has a thoroughly drilled modern army."

"Then you imagine Japan will win?"

"Certainly. The Japanese will go through Korea and China as a knife goes through cheese. Nothing but the intervention of Russia, in combination with some European power, will prevent the Japanese from entering Peking and winning Manchuria."

Jozuna's eyes snapped as he heard the praises of his fellow-countrymen. He was not without anxiety, however, and said to Mr. Niver:—

"Yes, but China has a fleet of iron-clads, some of them battleships, while we have not one, only cruisers. Personally, I am not afraid for our soldiers. I know too well what they did in Korea in Taiko's time in 1572–1597; but our ships are so light, and the Chinese have some American officers aboard."

"True, but the difference between your people and the Chinese is that you do not adopt, you adapt. You take a thing apart to see how it is made. You thus understand why a thing is so. The Chinese imitate, but do not grasp the reason of a thing. Give me valor and intelligence against mere force and superiority in numbers."

"Jack rather than the giant," said Clarence Burnham, with a laugh. "But tell me where will the first big battle be fought?"

"Well, after the skirmishes and small affairs south of Seoul, the Korean capital, in the provinces in which insurrection is chronic, the decisive battle will be at Ping Yang in the north. All past history and geography show that. I believe the Japanese fleet will sweep the seas clean, capture or sink the big European-built Chinese ships, or drive them into port, attack them with their torpedo-boats, and then blow them sky-high with their torpedoes."

"Why, Mr. Niver, you believe in the Japanese even more than I, though I have grown up among them."

"Yes, and haven't I good reason for my faith?" and here his face glowed with some inner pleasures of memory, and he seemed to be looking into the past. "Didn't I have a hand in opening their eyes years ago, and are not many of my own boys, whom I helped to train, now in the government, the army, and the navy? Life in Japan is worth living now, for everything is open to the common people on a basis of justice, — the courts, the schools, the army, navy, business of every sort, in a word, no caste; and promotion in every line of enterprise."

"Hurrah for the Emperor and Everlasting Great Japan!" cried Jozuna, half laughing, half crying.

"But the forts, which at Port Arthur and Wei-hai-

wei guard the gates to Peking. What of those?" asked Clarence.

"Trust the Japanese general to understand the flanking business. What our Stonewall Jackson and Phil Sheridan could do in our Civil War will be done in China. Between the army and fleets the forts will fall."

"I am glad to find you believe in the torpedo-boats, Mr. Niver, and that you have so high an idea of our people," said Jozuna. "There are so few who 'take Japan seriously,' as my employer says. To think that we must win honorable recognition by war and bloodshed, rather than by peaceful means. Why, think of it! Look at our medical colleges and experienced surgeons, our Red Cross Society, our trained nurses, our rules of humane warfare, and then contrast these with China, in which such things are unknown."

"Yes, I am ashamed of Christendom," said Mr. Niver. "There is that crass superstition of a 'yellow peril'! There is that long refusal of European governments to acknowledge the rights of Japan. Then, note the utter ignorance of so many of our people who know only of Japan in the comic opera of 'The Mikado,' which of itself is enough to make the blood of a Japanese boil. Why, think of the state of affairs in decrepit and corrupt old China. Only the three provinces under Li Hung Chang's rule will

fight at all. The other provinces and millions will care next to nothing as to what goes on. It is impossible to get the truth about warfare told in the distant provinces. The poor Chinese military must go to war without surgeons, medicines, or a hospital corps. The soldier is killed — happy man! If he is wounded, he must crawl away and die in agony. I venture to predict that as soon as war is declared, all the Japanese in China will be hunted down, and killed like wild beasts, while in Japan the Chinese will be protected."

"Good!" said Clarence, impressed with Mr. Niver's earnestness.

"Yes, and you'll find that the Tokio statesmen will be very particular not to offend civilization, but will earnestly seek to win the world's applause. On every squadron of war vessels, and with every army corps, they will have a lawyer, yes, and one who knows international law. The Japanese believe in victories of peace even more than those of war."

"Hello! some one's knocking. Come in," cried Jozuna.

"Telegram," shouted a small boy in red-corded blue coat and trousers and with metal frontlet. He handed a yellow envelope, laid open on his time book, to Jozuna for signature.

His friend from Slatington had been so impressed with news from home and Korea that he had tele-

graphed: "Yuen's conduct daily more offensive. Pro-Chinese party in power in Seoul. Tong Haks in Seoul petitioning the King rejected. Outbreak certain. Will bring on war, for pro-Chinese party will apply to Peking for military aid."

After Jozuna had read the message aloud, Mr. Niver remarked quietly: "Yes, that means war. I have studied this Tong Hak movement, called 'Oriental Culture,' and though nominally a plea for the East against the West, it is, in reality, a revolt against Confucianism and corrupt Korea. It will be too much for the weak government of Seoul to handle. Then will come Chinese intervention, next Japan's armed protests, then war, and then — the skinning of the dragon. China will be humbled. History moves from Europe to the East. Good day, gentlemen."

The two young men, "just for fun" and "old times," then went to a Japanese restaurant in New York, dined, and bade farewell to each other. Jozuna, still secretive, never intimated a word of his purpose, even as he had locked in his heart his reasons for leaving Japan.

He had read and acted, but first he had prayed: "Heaven open the way. Give me first safe flight and arrival, then a dark night, and last and evermore a full moon," was his petition, as he bowed his head and clapped his hands together.

On his employer's table next morning lay a note, which on being opened, read: "Good-by; thank you for your kindness. You will never see me again. I have gone to be a goose. Jozuna."

When the American head of the house read this puzzling enigma of a letter, his late Japanese helper was a hundred leagues on his westward way toward Japan, that island empire which to China lies at the root of the sun, and to Korea is the Sunrise Kingdom, but which to us Americans, with our New Pacific, is the land toward the sunset.

Jozuna faced China, death, and fame.

Clarence took the day steamer for that particular portion of land lying on the eastern slope in the Hudson River valley, whence, looking across to the sunset, the Catskills seem to be but a sapphire bed, on which lies "the old man of the mountain," enjoying his unbroken sleep of æons.

With patriotic thrill and a joy all his own, Clarence drank in every hour of that lovely day in latest June as if it were a draught of nectar. He was seeing this historic centre of his own country. The electric air, the fascinating scenery, the joy of motion, the animated life on the deck around him, the sure confidence that little Japan would humble proud China, and the immediate hope of a week's experiences that might, in its issues, affect happily his whole life, marked that day with a bright red letter in the golden

book of memory. Along the glorious Palisades, radiant in the morning light, into and through the sheen of Tappan Zee, past Stony Point of Revolutionary memory, among the superb highlands of the Hudson, and into the region of river-side cities and famous historic settlements of the Huguenots, the Palatines, and the Netherlanders, who helped so nobly to make the greatest of the states, the steamer "tied up" early in the afternoon at the desired landing-place.

Stepping off the boat, Clarence Burnham found himself on a wharf well filled with crates and baskets, and lined on both sides with men trying fisherman's luck. Not seeing Victor Hopewell, whom he expected, he imagined he might have to wait on the dock some time. Remembering that two college mates, named Rockerfeller and Lasher, hailed from this quarter, he went up to a man in a group and asked if Mr. Rockerfeller lived near by. All four of the men smiled, and one answered: —

"Well, yes, about twenty-five of him. Which one do you mean?"

Clarence, forgetting for the moment his college mate's first name, answered, "The one who is cousin to Mr. Lasher."

At this the four men doubled up and laughed heartily, while others, overhearing the conversation, joined in a smile that was decidedly audible.

"Well, sir, there are at least twenty of him, too. The two families almost make this place."

By the time that it became clear to the traveller that he had dropped into one of those Hudson River settlements in which there were large families with many sons and much intermarriage, Victor Hopewell appeared with carriage and pair of horses for the five-mile ride into the back country. He pointed out on the way the neat, substantial-looking homes of his college mates. In about an hour and a half they had ascended the slope to where, on a ridge overlooking the landscape and river, the parsonage, like a chick under the wing of a mother hen, nestled beneath a wide-spreading elm.

The story of that week was one of hearts. It can be told here only in bare outline.

No more than four days of walks and drives, of chat and reading on the leafy vine-draped porch, had passed before Clarence Burnham told her, yes, blurted out, his love. Boy-like, he plunged in, attempting to capture by storm, sword in hand, as it were, the intrenchments that guard the heart of a maiden who is daughter, as well as damsel. Instead of making slow — shall we say sure — approach by zigzag and parallel, he thought, at least he hoped, to win by immediate assault and frontal attack. Nor, like a good engineer, had he surveyed the whole around, or calculated elements and forces.

In a word, he was a brave novice, but not a cool veteran.

But no overwhelming victory was won. Was it a drawn battle?

The situation was this. Marian was a Christian of the genuine sort. From her girlhood, her heart had been set on going "in His name" to some part of the earth to tell the good news of God to women as well as to men. The one intense, yes, the very deepest feeling of her life was hostility to the systems of paganism that held down her sex in ignorance and cruelty. Ever since she heard one, whom she called "the sunny missionary," tell of beautiful Japan, that yet did not educate her women, her purpose began to form.

As she listened to the venerable man from Amoy, who pictured foot-binding and neglect of Chinese women, and the slaughter, by abandonment, of China's female children, and heard the missionary ladies of Arcot describe the slave life in the zenanas of India, her resolve was fixed. With this purpose ever in view, she had entered and graduated from Vassar College. Nor had her resolve weakened, but was rather confirmed when her mother, who had approved and inspired, left her for the House of Eternity in 1890.

Now, her father, after three years' widowerhood, was about to remarry. This was her time to translate purpose into action. She had been already sev-

eral weeks under appointment to go to China, and would sail in October — "missionaries' month" — on the Pacific steamer. She expected, God willing, to celebrate her next Christmas and New Year's Day, January 1, 1894, in Peking.

The golden week all too quickly passed away, and Clarence left Eagle's Nest for a pedestrian tour through the Catskill Mountains. After this, in search of both experience and emolument, he spent some weeks in the service of one of the great daily newspapers of the metropolis. He was astonished at the tremendous energies daily evoked for the making of these world-moving powers, and he realized as never before how a metropolitan journal puts the whole world under tribute, as it daily pictures its history. Clarence Burnham did not know but that journalism might be his vocation. At any rate, the opportunity of seeing "the world and his wife" in their various places of behavior and possibilities, was of vast value to him. Human nature, as seen by a reporter, is amazingly varied. Apart from his outdoor adventures and experiences, expertness with the pen in the use of his native tongue was with Clarence Burnham not only a thing to be desired, but, as De Quincey says, "It should be sacred ambition."

The summer passed away, and the time drew near when, on the self-same day, Clarence Burnham must return to college and Marian Hopewell was to cross

the continent to take steamer for China. His ambition was wholly literary, hers to be the missionary of the Lover of our Souls to her sisters. She would obey the call that had come first. She would think of a human lover and of marriage afterward.

So they parted friends, warm and true, but she under no vow or bond. He pleaded that she would plight her troth and wear on her finger the golden band which he longed to place on it.

"No," said she, "I shall not bind you. You are free; but as for myself, I shall marry no other. Don't write to me. Keep silence; but five years from this day, if your mind changes not, and your heart is the same, come to me."

So Clarence Burnham went back to the red shale, to college work, and also to anxiety, for Jozuna's talk and Mr. Niver's prophecy of war in the East had disquieted his mind. Few, indeed, could then foresee the future; but every yard of the road to Peking, both by land and water, was known to the Japanese, and every road of the Korean path to Manchuria. Quietly, wisely, Japan was training her young men against the perils alike of sham Christianity and the militant hatred of China, for the Middle Kingdom looked upon Japan as a renegade and deserter from the traditions of Orientalism as stereotyped by Confucius.

We may now take a glimpse of the damsel-errant in China, and look into the mysteries of the Middle Kingdom.

CHAPTER VII.

MARIAN HOPEWELL IN PEKING.

MARIAN HOPEWELL mightily enjoyed her journey across the full stretch of her native land. She had often seen, bathed in, sailed over, and played in the Atlantic, and lived for weeks on its strand. Now she waited with childlike glee, and with some spark of the feeling of a discoverer, for a sight of the wonderful Pacific, so associated in her mind with Spaniards and pirates and Sir Francis Drake, and American whalers, explorers, missionaries, and pioneers.

In crossing the flowery prairies, moving swiftly through the cañons, as the locomotive whistle awoke a chorus of echoes, in climbing up or sliding down the Sierras, she found few of the striking phenomena of which her father had told her. Twenty-five years before he had journeyed on wheel and rail from Manhattan to the Golden Gate, and had seen many wonders now vanished. The "cities" of prairie dogs, the herds of antelope, the occasional drove of bison, the canvas villages and board towns, the

crowds of blanketed and begging Indians at each station, were things of the past.

Though she looked for some man that had been once scalped, she found none. Instead of finding Cheyenne a group of shanties, she saw a fair, fresh city of elegant dwellings, noble church spires, and imposing school buildings, with all the signs of more glorious things to come. Every day was an exhilaration, and the ride through the Sierras a rapture.

In San Francisco she was met by Dr. Clinton, the veteran missionary — or apostle, to use a Greek word meaning exactly the same thing — with whom and his wife she was to cross the Pacific. In build, appearance, rugged strength, quiet dignity, kindliness, and a genius for being helpful, he reminded her of nothing more than that famous Dutch invention called a domme-kracht, which we call a jack-screw.

On her way over she had this stumpy tool give an exhibition of power that surprised her. One of the trucks of the Pullman car needed repairs in some part of its interior economy. The train was stopped and the tool brought. In five minutes, with the application of the muscle of a single man to the levers of the jack-screws, the whole truck and rear half of the car were lifted and the defect quickly righted. Somehow she correlated the jack-screw and the missionary, for he seemed to be one of the lifters of the

empire of China. In her letters home she always spoke playfully of her elderly friend as "Jack." One day, happening to tell Dr. Clinton of her fancies, he exclaimed: —

"A compliment, indeed. Supposing that I call you 'Yeast Cake,' for I expect you to raise up the mass around you. There's room in China for all the chemical and spiritual, as well as mechanical, force one can bring."

"Mechanical! Why, Doctor, then you believe in engines and telegraph poles."

"Yes, I profess to the world that I am an advance agent of Christianity and soap, and I want my fellow-countrymen to bring machine shops, railways, and engineering of many sorts. Next to the gospel, our Chinese brothers need soap and oxygen, drainage and ventilation. Somehow they seem to have an antipathy to pure air, water and machinery."

"They need godliness, and what is next to it also. What else, Doctor?"

"Much in all directions. So much, my young friend, that I look upon the man or woman who has for China's diseases only one specific, as a crank. You'll meet many of this variety of our species. One man thinks railroads are the panacea; another, unrestricted trade; another, science and general education; another, foreign conquest by one nation or partition among several; but the most numerous specimens of

the species you and I are apt to meet are of the evangelistic sort, who fancy that what they call the gospel — especially their stripe — is the heal-all and save-all."

"Why, isn't it, Doctor?"

"Certainly, when it is pure and original — the Christ's own, that gives a man not only a new mind, but makes over his body and improves the home and society. I welcome the engineer, teacher, plumber, trader, printer, and any and all good men and women who will open my Chinese brother's eyes, get him out of his rut, help him to see the wealth in the ground, and know what the fertile earth and its hidden treasures can do for him. Most of all, I want God's truth to so fill the Chinaman's mind that he will have no room for the devils and demons that now crowd his universe. I want all parasites and microbes of paganism killed off. Convince a Chinaman of the Heavenly Father's love and of ours who represent Him, and China's greatest curse — witchcraft — is banished."

"Witchcraft! Are the Chinese bothered with that? Anything like the Salem variety?"

"It overspreads every function of life in China. It is like the colossal roc in Arabian Nights story. Its eggs hatch out every form of deviltry known, and will yet ruin China. You'll see enough of it when you are among people who think the dragon

swallows the sun, and who kill or save their babies according to the dogmas of witchcraft."

"Do you think these witchcraft ideas are powerful enough to drive men into fanaticism? Have they had anything to do with the outbreaks of mob violence in times past?"

"I really believe so, and if ever there is any general uprising against foreigners, I fear for the peace of China. Any unscrupulous Tartar in high office could make a political engine of this feeling among the masses and direct it against 'the outside barbarians,' as they call us. But don't fear."

"I shall not," laughed Marian. "I have counted the cost."

This ended their conversation for that day, and the next they were on the ship.

We pass over the details of the journey across the greatest of oceans. There was the usual company of merchants, tourists, missionaries, naval officers, going out to relieve comrades, returning Japanese, and characters of every sort.

After twenty-five days of life afloat, weary of water both blue and yellow, Marian was glad to set foot upon soil that, for five years at least, was to be as home to her. After the usual stops at the ports of Japan, enabling the party to get a glimpse of the "Princess Country" and its evergreen beauty, the steamer ploughed her way westwardly to Shanghai.

One morning she noticed that the deep sapphire tinge of the water had changed to dingy yellow. She asked Dr. Clinton the cause.

"Nothing more than Tibet and Mongolia come down to flavor the Pacific, and give it local color. It's like the Chinese themselves," said the Doctor, who rarely lost a chance to philosophize.

"In what way?"

"The Yang-tse River has for ages been carrying down the fine soil from the mountains and plateaus, a thousand miles back in the interior, and depositing it to form whole provinces. Kiang-su, the first land and province we shall see, is all alluvial. So the character of the people in China has been formed by precedent and habit for two thousand years and more, and neither these nor the people can be changed in a day."

"So the Chinese will not reform quickly, then, like the Japanese."

"No, indeed. The islanders can easily throw away what they only borrowed. The Chinese will be in no hurry to part with what their ancestors invented and the ages have tested."

Marian Hopewell's particular work in Peking was to assist her friend, Mrs. Drayton, a veteran in the service of the Master, whom she had met while in Vassar College, and who by one broad hint and warm invitation to Marian to be her fellow-worker had

clinched the nail of resolve which others had driven. Mrs. Drayton, once a maiden of rare beauty and graces which came both from inheritance and cultivation, a lover of society and of good things, withal an heiress of tens of thousands, had wedded and was a widow within twenty months. Though reared in a Philadelphia family noted during generations for liberal giving, — no alabaster box or priceless ointment being thought too good for the Lover of Souls, — Mary Drayton astonished her friends one day by the quiet announcement that she was going to China, and would take her fortune with her.

And she did. In China's capital she spent wisely her fortune, making every tael tell for her yellow sister's sake. She trained Chinese girls in the arts of the needle, the nursery, bedroom, and kitchen, and taught them how to make homes measurably like that from which she had come. She introduced them to the noblest literature this race has produced. Severe in opinion, and hating with perfect hatred that Confucian system in vogue about her that meant atheism in philosophy and degradation of woman, she was all sunshine and help in the Mission Home.

After twenty years of toil in China's unpaved capital city, which is all mud in wet, and dust in dry, weather, she visited her home land. Shrinking from public address, she influenced more than one life by her quiet conversation. Through her many a noble

American girl was led to follow her Master gladly, even along thorny paths in China.

To Marian Hopewell it was a wonderful revelation of sweet womanhood to live in the same home with the now silver-haired Mary Drayton. Such discoveries were as secret springs enriching her own soul.

Years before, after her first homesickness at Vassar, she had written home that she had never known that there were so many lovely girls in the world. Again, even in China, a sweet surprise awaited her. She had never seen at close range any Chinese but those men whose interests were chiefly in what related to soap, water, starch, and washable clothing. Now, to be with pretty babies and little girls with olive skin as soft as velvet, with eyes merry with laughter and bright with affection, gave her new ideas of humanity in this part of the world and opened her mind's eyes widely. It seemed as though all China had bathed seven times in the river Jordan.

It was like discovering a new world to learn that the Chinese had plenty of poetry, and that among the little folks or their nurses hundreds of "Mother Goose" rhymes and jingles were current. For every finger and toe of the baby there was a nonsense story or bit of nursery lore. Not a few of the pretty fairy stories she heard from the Chinese women who helped in the Home, were like those with which her own memory was stored from Grimm or the "Tanglewood

Tales." Many of the games of the boys and girls in the street seemed very pretty. Often they were very lively. Occasionally some of the travelling showmen that amuse young folks were invited in, and for a sum in cash equal to a dime of our money the whole household could be entertained with the Chinese Punch and Judy, a trained bear's tricks, a boy acrobat, or the funny and startling wonders wrought by sleight of hand.

Yet there was a dark side also in the Chinese girl's life. The pagan fashion of foot binding, which compressed the feet into unnatural smallness, was a source of pain that shadowed half the young life.

Night life in Peking was in one respect strange. When cloudy or very dark, there was a silence as of death; whereas, on moonlight evenings, Marian heard, even from afar, a continual buzz and hum from the moving crowds. One evening, in company with Dr. Clinton and one of the senior helpers in the native church, Marian took a walk through the most populous part of the great city to see and hear. They were provided with lanterns and candles. In Asiatic countries, where public street lighting is not the rule, municipal law requires all abroad to carry lanterns.

In passing along a street in which were the walled gardens of some wealthy man, a scream of pain was heard from inside the wall.

"Oh, dear! what's that?" cried Marian, who imag-

ined a murder might be going on. "It's a girl's voice. Is she being killed?"

"Oh, no, only by fashion," answered Dr. Clinton, quietly. "Murder among ordinary people is very rare in China."

"It's only a little girl getting her feet bound," explained the Chinese gentleman. "It hurts very much for a few weeks, though sometimes for years."

"Ai-oh, ai-oh!" moaned the poor creature, and then a shriek pierced the air, — or at least Marian's ears.

"Is she lying out on the ground or on the grass?" asked Marian.

"No, she is in bed, but the bed is in an outhouse or a summer pavilion in the garden."

"Why do they put her there?"

"Because it is the rule that if the girl cries so as to disturb her father and mother, she must sleep somewhere outdoors."

Stopping for a moment, and with the aid of the lantern, the Chinese teacher showed by motions how, after happy babyhood was over, the girl's feet were so squeezed with stout bandages that foot and toes were crushed into a hoof, or, as he, using the native term, called it, a "golden lily." The pain was excruciating.

"Oh, why do they — how can they — practise such cruelty?"

"Lady, in China, a girl cannot get a husband if she have natural, or, as our people say, big feet."

The thought of millions of girls at that moment in China writhing in torture was like a pang of physical pain to Marian. She wondered if there were not some way of rescuing the poor, crying sufferer.

"No," said Dr. Clinton; "this is a respectable family and home, and their privacy is inviolate. Besides, you'll have enough to try your feelings. Better save your sympathies and turn them all in the channel that will tell best in results. This is just why I consented to give you this night's adventure and experience. I have something else in reserve for you."

About half a mile farther they stopped at a house of the ordinary sort that seemed to be well known to the Chinese helper, who gave a low, peculiar sound, or call, that was answered promptly from within. It was a woman about forty years old that appeared.

"Is it cast out?" asked the helper.

"Yes, 'twas laid down three hours ago. It cried awhile, but it has been silent for some time. I think it is dead now. Will you and your honorable friends see it?" asked the woman.

Dr. Clinton whispered to Marian that this woman was an attendant at his mission chapel, and the ser-

vant in the family of a Chinese ivory-carver, who lived in this house. He also told Marian not to utter a word, and especially to restrain any expression of her feelings.

On the floor of a sort of a storeroom or outhouse lay a baby, apparently seven months old. It was wrapped up, indeed, but only with one thickness of its ordinary clothes, so that its sex could not be determined. It was not specially wizened or thin, and bore no outward marks of disease. In very low whispers the woman explained to Dr. Clinton, who translated quickly to Marian, that it was a female child, and that for four weeks or more some mysterious disorder of the bowels had troubled the little one, causing it to cry a great deal, and thus disturb its parents' sleep. No medicine seemed to reach the trouble, and the native doctor had given it up. The mother pleaded that they should wait another week and keep on trying remedies, but the father decided that it was not a real child, but only one that seemed to be a human being, and in reality a demon. So the usual Chinese custom was followed, and the expense of a funeral saved.

"A clear case of belief in witchcraft! The Chinese think evil spirits possess children. When medicines fail to operate properly, they think the child is bewitched or demon-possessed. So they expose it in an outhouse. If it survives, which is very rare, all is

well. They nourish and rear it. If it dies, they conclude it was only a demon. Not so very different, you see, from the way our ancestors had for detecting witches. They threw them in the water. If they sunk and drowned, they were innocent. If they floated and swam, they were witches."

"Poor thing! Oh, God, strengthen me to fight for mercy and truth!" It was Marian's heart, not lips, that spoke. The Chinese woman lifted up the little pallid form. It was rigid. No warmth of life was there. Marian touched its little cheek and felt a cold thrill.

"It will soon be time to give notice to my master, who told me to report to him before the hour of the passing of the dead cart."

"That's economy. It saves the expense of funerals," said Dr. Clinton. "Come, we must leave." He gave the woman a small coin, and thanked her.

The party then proceeded to the helper's house. Within were no idol shelf or ancestral tablets. The usual smells, in which incense was the first and bean oil the next, seemed to be absent from this plain but very neat home, into which the helper's wife bade them warm welcome. With true courtesy she seemed to welcome and enjoy the visit of the American young lady, while the presence of Dr. Clinton was sufficiently familiar to take away that sense of embarrassment which is so apt to torment a woman in a

land where social life — as understood in Christendom — is unknown.

The purpose of a visit at such an unusual hour had been previously explained. So the good Chinese housewife had ready refreshments of hot tea, rice, and cakes, which were grateful to the palate and keenly enjoyed by all.

"We are quite imperial in our hours to-night, or shall I say this morning," for it was just past midnight, as Dr. Clinton spoke.

"Why so?" asked Marian.

"Because the Emperor always gives audience at daybreak, and sometimes as early as 2 A.M. Indeed, one country, long a vassal of the Middle Kingdom, takes even its name from this circumstance."

"Oh, do you refer to Cho-sen or Korea? I always thought the name, meaning Morning Radiance or Matin Calm, came from its own beautiful scenery."

"No; I rather suspect 'the little Outpost State,' 'the little sister among the nations,' 'our vassal,' as the Chinese say, took its poetical name from the favor granted at an audience with the Chinese Emperor in the hour of dawn."

"Then, if in the war which you think must come soon between China and Japan, the little peninsular kingdom is made free and independent, its name will be changed?"

"Yes, I rather think so. Being so small, it will of course assume a lofty style and title and become an empire, say Dai Han, or Great Han, with an emperor."

After this chat on things past and future, the housewife prepared a couch with screens in one of the three rooms that make up the average Chinese house, that Marian might have two or three hours of rest, while all sat dozing until nearly four o'clock, when they were awakened by the rumbling of the dead cart.

All rose, and without lighting their lanterns, for it was quite light, they went out. They first took a look at the vehicle. It was a big, clumsy affair, drawn by two oxen, and across the front of it were large Chinese characters which read "For Infant Corpses." Following it for over half a mile, they saw the vehicle stop at three places and receive what seemed bundles of rice straw, which in reality contained the dead bodies of little ones, which were thus disposed of in mass, without the expense of so many individual funerals.

Satisfied with her investigation into Chinese methods of economy, Marian thanked the native helper and bade him good-by. She was accompanied farther, even to the door of the Mission Home, by Dr. Clinton.

After this night adventure, life for Marian resumed

its ordinary round. In the outward monotony of daily tasks and toil, she found wondrous variety of thought in thus coming daily in contact with a new type of mind. Her own being "set to hallow" all she found, she won, as Keble's verse promises, "new treasures still, of countless price."

Nevertheless, she did not forget the student who had asked her to share her life with his. She had, indeed, placed the seals of silence upon him, but this was but to test the strength of his affection. In joyful hope she waited during years, as many as the fingers of her hand. She wondered where and how they should meet.

CHAPTER VIII.

AS A SHUTTLE, TO AND FRO.

WHEN Clarence Burnham found that Jozuna had left New York and started for his home land, he felt more lonely than ever. With the one he loved passionately, and his boyhood's friend and travel companion both in the Far East, he was seized with a desperate fit of the blues, of home-sickness, of desire to be at the ends of the earth. He cancelled an engagement in athletics, withdrew from his comrades, and hied to Willow Grove cemetery. There, walking in the paths and among the mounds and the monuments inscribed with the picture language of the Far East, he found congenial exercise of his emotions and relief to his feelings of sadness. The news from beyond the Pacific portended war, and somehow Clarence Burnham's thought ran on dying for one's country. He pictured death on the battle-field, the war-ship's red deck, or patriotic sacrifice on the torpedo-boat.

"They all served their country well," said Clarence, half aloud, as he read the Japanese inscriptions, and

compared the eager ambitions of those who died in bed and were shrouded in serge with those who might die on deck or be shrouded in ice. Despite the cold of late February, he sat on the graves and thought of Japan, wondering if in the shock of battle with great China the smaller nation should emerge victorious. Japan had turned her back on China's effete civilization, and had turned her face to the West and to Christendom. This, China would never forgive, and since Japan's action might loosen the allegiance of other vassal and pupil nations, the Peking government looked upon Japan, not only as a renegade, but as "a neighbor-disturbing nation." If there were war, would not Japan with her superb army make conquests on the Asiatic continent, and then would not European nations, nay might not our own country, be drawn in the vortex of war? At least, would not our soldiers as well as sailors be needed to protect Americans in the ports of China and Japan?

Was it strange that then and there Clarence Burnham fell into a revery, wondering if he should ever be a soldier. He smiled at the idea, when a voice seemed to say, —

"You will."

He started and looked around. There was no one near. He heard nothing more, but he did feel a momentary chill, as if he had been unconscious of the

flight of time while sitting on the frozen ground, longer than a wise man, even with a thick ulster overcoat, ought to do. He had no sooner turned from the side into the main avenue of the cemetery than he saw a telegraph boy dismounting from a bicycle at the gate outside.

He had a cablegram addressed to Clarence Burnham, whom, after much seeking and inquiry, he had now found. Clarence tore open the flap. The message was in type-script and read at a glance: "Your mother died yesterday. Await letter."

When Clarence Burnham read the words, he was dazed. It seemed not the first, but the third heavy stroke of Providence. The words of an ancient sufferer rose to his lips, "Lover and friend hast thou put far from me and mine acquaintance into darkness." The bitter pangs of grief were his as he thought of his mother, now no longer on earth, as the one from whom he had first learned love. No more would her help and counsel be his. A great spring and inspiration in life were gone.

Yet even in that very first moment of keen sorrow, there was still another feeling, scarcely less painful to bear. He felt a presentiment that his student days were over and his hopes of literary fame dashed, his ambitions stifled.

The college men wondered during the next week or two what was the matter with Burnham. He

evaded answers to direct questioning, and said nothing about his private grief.

Until his father's letter came, he was haunted by vague fears that his career as a student was closed. It was his mother that had always encouraged him to study, and bade him look forward to the life of a scholar and writer. For his wife's sake, Mr. Burnham had yielded, though he preferred his oldest child to be a business man, and ultimately to become partner with him.

Would now his father summon him to Japan to put him in the hong, or counting-house? The idea of leaving the world of books, of students and professors, and all the glory and fun on "the banks of the old Raritan," was terrible. To go back to Japan to spend his days with tricky Japanese traders, among Chinese shroffs (money changers), in handling bales of silk, and in shipping goods, was not to his taste. To watch the market for "hanks," "reels," cocoons "whole" or "pierced," to look after bantos (clerks) and godowns (storehouses), seemed not only unattractive, but monotonous and dismal.

He was not long kept in suspense. Before the end of March came the black-edged envelope containing the letter expected and feared. It told the story of brief illness and of quick parting of wife and mother from her dear ones. It was pleasant to know that Mrs. Burnham had so endeared herself

to the Japanese women and children, working for their good — "just like a missionary," as was said. They asked for the privilege, which was given, of rearing over her grave a fitting memorial stone.

This was like a wafting of perfume, as when winds blow laden with the offering of flowers that bloom in the night. Clarence not only loved his mother in filial devotion, but was never happier than when others seemed to appreciate her. He was touched by the tokens of love won by an alien from the native people. To him the Japanese were not "strangers," "heathen," or oddities of creation, but real human beings, as certainly children of the Heavenly Father as men with white skins or straight eyelids. This part of his father's letter made his eyes moisten.

Then followed what seemed the decision of fate. For several years past the conditions of business had threatened to compel a change. Mr. Burnham proposed to settle in Yokohama and begin business under different methods. The loss of his wife precipitated this decision. Clarence must leave college, choose a business career as helper of his father, and set out from New Brunswick at once.

There could be no arguing, denying, or evading. "The decree of the Emperor is like perspiration — it never goes back," says the homely Japanese proverb. To Clarence Burnham the word of his father

was as imperial decree. Whether hard or easy, pleasant or unpleasant, he would be as a Samurai of Japan, and obey with alacrity. Had his father bidden him commit hara-kiri and open his body in token of a son's loyalty, who could doubt but that Clarence would have promptly obeyed? Living among the Japanese had stiffened this American's ideas of loyalty and service.

One rosy streak lay on the dark sky of his parent's command. It appealed to the lad's love of adventure. Mr. Burnham had some accounts to settle at Shanghai and Tientsin, before he took the new step in business. Clarence could go to China from San Francisco, and, if he wished, — since he might get no further vacation for many months, — come back to Japan via Korea.

"Well, I must make the best of it," said Clarence, as he folded up the letter. Then notifying Prex and the faculty, he quickly disposed of his portable belongings in trunk and grip, turning over as souvenirs to his Japanese student friends all the adornments of his room and various college trophies that were not of a personal nature. In New York he called on his quondam friend, the newspaper manager, who hinted to Clarence that genuine news from Japan was always welcome.

We pass over the details of the journey which Clarence Burnham took westward in order to get to

the Far East. In five days he had crossed the great United States, whose grandeur in area and variety of resources one can never fully appreciate until he has made the same record of travel and observation. Making prompt connection with the steamer at San Francisco, sixteen days were spent between the Golden Gate and Yedo Bay.

Like good fortune awaited him in Yokohama, and after making quick passage thence, between one sunrise and a second sunset to Kobe, he looked again upon the scenery of his boyhood. He saw again his father and brothers and sisters, visited his mother's grave, during the steamer's stay of one day. He was on deck again, when the full moon revealed once more, as he had so often seen it in childhood and dreamed of it in America, the lovely land, and, what the Dutch call the water-scape, of ocean-girded Japan.

"It must seem hard to you, my boy, after cutting short your college career, to send you off so summarily to China; but the business is pressing, and what I most fear is the quick outbreak of war. Indeed, even as it is, hostilities may begin before you get back."

"Don't think of me, father," said Clarence, cheerfully. "When I once made up my mind to leave college, and renounce my literary ambitions for business, I accepted the whole situation cheerfully. All I ask now is that you will trust me fully."

"Why, certainly, my son, I do. Did I seem not to do so?"

"You did, father; but now as regards my travels. I understand that I must be spry about business in Shanghai and Tientsin, and I shall be. But I imagine that you will not need me in Yokohama for at least two or three, possibly four, months yet?"

"You are correct, Clarence. I see you want to take in Korea. All right. Do so if you can, but there are two *don'ts* in the matter."

"What, father?"

"Don't take too great risks, and don't bring me into debt."

Clarence laughed, and just then the call "All ashore" sounded. So, 'mid the bustle of departing landsfolk and the abundant "Good-bys" and "God bless yous," Mr. Burnham made his way to the wharf.

The cabin was full of ladies and gentlemen, while the steerage was crowded with Chinese passengers, who, fearing that war would soon force them to leave Japan hastily, thought it best to go at once. They believed they did well in taking Father Time by the foremost hair of his forelock.

Several of the thousand tongues of Dame Rumor were busy. One declared that a Chinese battleship had sunk three Japanese men-of-war. Another

hinted that there was a man on board, a Yankee, who had some wonderful scheme for blowing up a whole fleet in a moment. It was to be very easily done by a secret compound, to be made effective in half-submerged bottles. For a small fortune he was willing to sell his secret, or, for a proper consideration, even to attempt its execution in person.

In the smoking room, Clarence heard some wonderful stories. Fortunately, however, he was fairly familiar with that "higher criticism," which he had noticed so scared nervous old ladies and gentlemen in and out of the churches in the United States. This now stood him in good stead. He was soon able to see, in spite of the thick tobacco smoke in the saloon, that nervousness and fear, and the propensity in the average human being to gull and be gulled, was the basis of some of the tall edifices of fancy then erected in the air.

In truth, no one knew anything about facts and certainties, though the signs of war were threatening. Not a few of the pessimists agreed that the race would surely be to the swift, and the battle to the strong, or, in other words, that Japan was going to the dogs and would be "smashed" by China. At the beginning, the smaller country might strike quickly and hard, but in the long run, if war continued, China's superior resources would tell, and Japan would be ruined.

Most of the talkers were dwellers in the ports, though of but a few years' residence in the East. Nearly all labored under the very common but very mistaken notion that the Chinese were, in our use of the term, a nation as well as a race, and had a government in the sense that Germany or the United States has a government.

"You're all mistaken, gentlemen," growled a graybeard, as he shook out the ashes of his pipe into the cuspidore. "If war comes, it will be a fight between a brainy athlete and a stupid giant, and all about a pygmy too. Japan is the athlete, China the giant, and Korea the pygmy. The one brainy, young, and strong, has resources enough besides knowing just what to do. That's Japan. China, besides being very old and as little organized politically as a jellyfish, will, pretty soon, not know what to do. Only a few coast provinces of China will fight. The others will look on while Russia steps in. Whichever way it may go, the Bear sees his way to a good meal."

Off went the unpopular prophet to bed, and others, including Clarence Burnham, soon followed.

In depressing contrast to the landscape of Japan, our young traveller found the coast of China low, yellow, and uninviting. He was hardly prepared for what he saw, for he had heard this seacoast province of Kiang-su spoken of as the Garden of China. This is a vast alluvial plain created by the slow processes

of nature. Just as Holland is a deposit of mud and sand tumbled down from the highlands of France and Germany by the Maas and Rhine, so Kiang-su, over three times the size of the Netherlands, is the creation of the Yang-tse River.

After passing the expanse of yellow-brown mud, the outlook became more encouraging. Anchoring off the Wusung bar, the steamer prepared to send the bags of mail and the passengers up to the city of Shanghai by a tender.

"What are all those British warships which we saw lying off the mouth of the Yang-tse?" asked Clarence of his elderly friend, the prophet of the smoking room the night before.

"Don't you know, my boy, that the British lion doesn't propose to lose anything by a war in the East? England will declare Shanghai outside the sphere of military operations. British trade interests must not suffer; for with an Englishman trade is first, and God next, and fair play to either Japan or China comes just when, and only how and when, it suits John Bull's pocket-book."

Clarence looked at the grizzled face of "the prophet" and wondered if he were the reputed Yankee fleet-destroyer. He finally concluded he was a New Yorker of Irish extraction.

The elderly man pointed out the route of the first railway in China built in 1876 from Wusung to

Shanghai, which, from the very first, the "literary fellers" of China had opposed, because it was foreign. Hated by the lovers of superstition and learned ignorance, who are as owls and bats to anything savoring of Christianity, progress, and westernism, the railway, though popular, was doomed. These literary Confucianists first got up an accident, and then a riot. By government order, the ties and rails were torn up, and the rolling stock sent to Formosa. Not even a "streak of rust" remained in this year, 1894 A.D., to tell the tale.

Passing the forest of vessels at anchor, the mills, factories, and shipyards, Clarence was soon in the heart of Shanghai.

He gave a day or two to seeing the pretty "foreign concessions" and "settlements," the chief "hongs" and "consulates," American, English, French, Japanese, and German. These were shining, bright and clean, while inside the great walled city of natives seemed to lie the kingdom of nastiness. The narrowness and filth of the streets, the stench of the drains, the odors of opium, oil, and burning joss-sticks assaulted his nose, and he was glad to beat a retreat. In the evening, when the electric lights made second day in the foreign city, wherein lodge, besides five thousand Europeans and Americans, over two hundred thousand Chinese, he was not impressed with the morals of the "model settlement."

What with native and imported wickedness, the place seemed to be one more in the list of at least a hundred others, each named "the wickedest place on earth."

On the second day he called at the hong of a well-known firm and arranged his father's business matters. As the work required but one or two hours of the morning, he was free to accept an invitation from Mr. Gordon, one of the firm, to ride out in the afternoon and dine at the club at six o'clock.

Everywhere the talk was upon the coming war. Everybody seemed to feel cock-sure that China would quickly drive the Japanese out of Korea, sink the Mikado's fleet, and then seize Yokohama and bombard Tokio, unless the Japanese should, before this dire eventuality, sue for peace and pay indemnity.

The ride took them in and out of all the foreign quarters and past pretty much everything to be seen, besides along the Bubbling Well Road. Yet what interested Clarence Burnham most of all was a British steamer that had just come in from another Chinese port. It was, as Clarence roughly estimated, of about two thousand tons burthen, and might require a crew of sixty men.

"I am interested in that ship," said Mr. Gordon, "for it is to carry Chinese troops to Korea. It will easily hold a full regiment."

"Do the Chinese own it?"

"No; it belongs to a steamship company in Lon-

don, which carries on trade with China and India. The Chinese government has chartered it. The mandarins put down two hundred thousand dollars in bank to-day, to cover the cost of possible loss or injury under the charter, apart from the price of the vessel."

"Supposing war should break out?"

"In that case the steamer would belong to the Chinese, and the European officers would leave it. But no war is likely to break out very soon. Of course the Japanese will back down when they find ten thousand of the best Chinese troops already on the ground."

"What! Ten thousand? Are they there now?"

"No; but they will be in less than a week. Seven Chinese and three British steamers are already busy at Tientsin in transportation."

"How I should like to see Korea!" mused Clarence, out loud.

"Would you really like to go?" asked Mr. Gordon, in pleased surprise.

"Yes, certainly; if a suitable opportunity is offered."

"I am glad to know this, for Captain Halley, the master, who was at my office this morning and is to dine with us at the club this evening, said that he wanted a young man, American or British, as clerk, who could talk Japanese. He anticipates no trouble,

but in the event of meeting a Japanese man-of-war, or of leaving his ship and remaining in Korea and opening negotiations with merchants and Japanese shipping men, he should need a young man like yourself. He sails to-morrow at noon with his ship in ballast for Tientsin."

At the club that evening Clarence Burnham was introduced to Captain Halley, and was charmed with him. The shipmaster broached the subject of going to Korea to the young man, offering him good pay as captain's clerk for two months, or until they came back from Korea. If Captain Halley remained in that country for business, mutually profitable arrangements might be made, provided Mr. Burnham in Japan could spare his son. Clarence's decision must be made at once.

The spirit of adventure was strong. Clarence Burnham accepted. Next morning, after writing a long letter to his father, explaining everything, he was on deck at 11 A.M. At noon the anchor was weighed, and within thirty hours dropped again at Tientsin. The low-lying Taku forts, looking like a line of huge boxes, had been passed at the mouth of the dirty, muddy, tortuous Peiho River.

Clarence Burnham was excited at the idea of being within eighty miles of the maiden whose face was as a photograph on his heart. Yet he wrote no letter, for he had promised to keep silence with lip

and pen for a half decade of years. He would gladly have gone ashore and spent a day or two in seeing the famous city, named the Ford of Heaven. As it was, he had but a few hours, which he made the most of in a jin-riki-sha ride. There was the walled city with massive gates, and beside it the larger Chinese unwalled city and the foreign settlement, all enclosed, besides much land given to farms and graves within a mud wall. For the first time, seeing so large a portion of the soil taken up by burial places to the detriment of the living, he realized how true it was that " China is a country ruled from the graveyard."

With the Taku forts, Tientsin formed the guard-gate to Peking. Nothing was now thought of on shore or on deck but the despatch of soldiers to Korea. Besides the usual craft moored in the stream, including the inevitable British gunboat, was the fleet of eight transports gay with flags, making a striking sight. The Chinese dragon on triangular yellow bunting seemed especially ready and rampant. For two days Clarence was busy during every moment, while the ship was being watered and provisioned, and made ready by the carpenters for the accommodation of eleven hundred men and a twelve-gun park of field-artillery.

All being ready except the living cargo, the fleet dropped down the river. The peach and apple blos-

soms in the thousands of orchards, that once in the the year, for a few days, glorify this flat plain, had fallen. Yet the greenery of the gardens and fruit trees was very pleasing to the eye. The channel went winding through its circuitous mazes that make the water distance from Tientsin to the Taku forts at the river's mouth compare with the length of the land journey as sixty-seven to forty. At the forts two Chinese men-of-war lay at anchor, waiting to act as convoy. The drilled troops, for these were the best in China's army, — very large on paper, but very small in the number of trained soldiers, — left their camp and quickly embarked.

Gayly, with a thousand flags fluttering in the breeze, the fleet of ten steamers, carrying over six thousand Chinese braves, sailed away. Another left the next day. All these crossed the Yellow Sea to their destination, and landed their forces at Asan in Korea, a few miles southwest of the Korean capital.

Captain Halley's vessel was not ready to start until the next day, July 23. Then the last man, with cartridges and equipment, was on board, the ammunition and field-guns housed and stored. There were two Chinese generals. With water ballast to keep the ship steady, but with nothing on board but soldiers and their arms, ammunition, equipment, and rations, the steamer soon left the low shores of northern China behind her and sped to her fate.

CHAPTER IX.

ON BOARD A JAPANESE MAN-OF-WAR.

AT San Francisco, Jozuna was so fortunate as to meet a high officer in the Mikado's government, just returning from diplomatic business in Europe. In former feudal days, when the ties of clanship were so strong, this gentleman had been the friend of his father. Jozuna told him his whole story, and proved to him his innocence of the charges and suspicions against him.

Fortunately this gentleman was a near friend of the captain of the Japanese man-of-war *Naniwa*, which was then lying in the harbor. The complement of the warship was short, and the petty officer in charge of the most important branch of the nocturnal powers of the ship, the searchlights, was then lying sick in a San Francisco hospital. Jozuna's friend made known the young man's especial abilities as an electrician and mechanical engineer, of which the captain was delighted to hear. The upshot of the matter was that Jozuna was appointed to a position which put him in charge of the special

night lights, so necessary in view of the fact that the Chinese were well provided with torpedo-boats.

Owing to his thorough acquaintance with delicate machinery and all electric work requiring nicety, both in apprehension and in practice, Jozuna soon was not only master of his particular business on the ship, but was a great favorite among the officers of his rank and grade.

It is a strong tradition among the Japanese naval officers that politics should have no place in forming an estimate of their duties or of the character of a fellow-officer. Indeed, on the *Naniwa* there were at least five in the line and two in the staff among the commissioned officers, and nine of the crew, whose fathers or relatives had been adherents of the old Tycoon, and in arms against the Mikado in the old days before '68. Some of the crew had even been concerned in "the great rebellion in the southwest," or "the Satsuma rebellion," as it is more commonly termed.

Yet all this was as very ancient history, seeming to the Japanese, who lives fast in this era, as far back as are the days of the battles of Scot and Southron, of Bruce and Edward, and vastly further back in their imagination than the days of Confederate and Federal, of gray and blue are in ours.

When the war cloud, no bigger than the Korean Kim's hand, rose over the Yellow Sea, the *Naniwa*

was looked to as one of the vessels which, from her swiftness, gun power, and ease of evolution, would in all probability be one of the first in active service. Shortly after her arrival at Sasebo, the great navy-yard not very far from Nagasaki, her complement was filled. Many more Japanese officers on shore leave or other duties had sought eagerly for the honor of being on this superb vessel.

Her armament consisted of two twenty-eight tons Armstrong, six fifteen-centimetre Krupp cannon, and twelve quick-firing and machine guns, and her men were all in splendid discipline. If one judged by the spirit in her officers and crew, the *Naniwa*, as she lay in the harbor of Sasebo, tied to her anchors, was rather like a war-horse, impatiently champing the bit held by a firm hand, than any inanimate thing.

Late in July, when the smart young Japanese officers at Shanghai and Tientsin telegraphed to the naval department in Tokio that the Chinese transports had sailed, the message within half an hour of its receipt was received also at Sasebo, but with orders to the fleet to sail. In ten minutes the joyful news went round the deck of eight of the warships of the Mikado's navy.

"At last Time's horse has galloped to my door and bidden me mount. Into the saddle I leap, and then, O steed, ride on!" said Jozuna to himself.

Opportunity had come in through the political

situation. Between the athlete Japan and the giant China lay the pygmy state of Korea. In its unfixed political status, the very weakness of this uncertain country was a constant menace to the peace of the East. An insurrection broke out in a central province, which the feeble government at Seoul was powerless to suppress. The pro-Chinese party of Korean nobles sent to Peking asking aid of the Emperor of the country which proudly calls itself the Middle Kingdom, that is, central in the earth, with vassal nations all around. At once the Queen Dowager, real ruler of China, gave the order for the despatch of a military force to put down the revolt, China thus acting as suzerain of a tributary state.

Japan's jealousy was roused. She protested against the sending of Li Hung Chang's drilled troops into Korea as the violation of treaty. When, lured from his safe retreat in Tokio by a false telegram and bank drift, Kim, the Korean political refugee, was assassinated in Shanghai, and the Chinese government made indecent haste to send his body to Seoul to be dismembered and exposed as public carrion, popular wrath in Japan burned like the volcano fires of Asama. Thus both the Japanese people and the government were one in sentiment. Pending the negotiations, any further despatch of troops to Korea was declared to China, by the statesmen of Tokio, to be an act of war.

China's answer was one of insult and defiance She held Korea to be a subject state, flaunted her claim of the right to despatch more soldiers, and did so.

This is why three of the fastest Japanese cruisers, the *Akitsushima*, *Yoshino*, and the *Naniwa*, were to steam ahead at full speed, and intercept the transports. Five others were to follow immediately. Every one of the eight Japanese names of ships was as poetic, as classic, as suggestive, and as calculated to inspire patriotism in a Japanese as is the name of the *Constitution*, the *Alliance*, the *Kearsarge*, or the *Brooklyn* with us. The admiral had his flag hoisted on the *Yoshino*, and, of course, by all the rules of courtesy on the seas, any war vessel of any nation would, on seeing it, salute it with the usual number of guns.

With lusty cheers and singing, the little brown men on deck hoisted the anchors by steam, and out the gallant fleet sailed to the west. Quickly traversing the Korean Archipelago, they moved up northward into the Yellow Sea and took up a position in a line westward from Asan in Korea, south of the capital. At once they began to cruise up and down, from north to south, so as to be sure not to miss the coming prize. It reminded Jozuna of what he had read of Piet Heyn, the Dutch admiral, waiting for the Spanish "plate fleet" loaded with silver from South America.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning, on the 25th of July, when near Phung Island the lookout on the *Naniwa* caught sight of two ships. These he made out to be Chinese men-of-war, which were apparently coming from the neighborhood of Asan. The captain of the *Naniwa* supposed that the fleet of transports had arrived with their freight of soldiers. This the Chinese certainly knew, while the Japanese supposed it; but the Chinese also knew that on the day before the Japanese troops in Seoul had attacked the king's palace, in order to drive out the pro-Chinese faction and to compel reforms, and that the news was in Asan by half-past five in the afternoon of the 24th. The Japanese, being at sea two days, did not know just what had gone on in Korea, but their orders were strict to stop all Chinese vessels coming to Korea. On the other hand, the Chinese knew that the war was on.

In this respect, the Chinese were in possession of the same advantage which, in 1812, our commodore John Rodgers had when in command of the frigate *President* he opened fire on the British ship *Belvidera*, whose captain did not know that war had been declared by Congress.

So it came to pass that in July, 1894, at the opening of the strife which secured Korean independence, the Japanese were as much surprised as was the British captain seventy-two years before; and no doubt, on the other hand, the Chinese commander expected,

like Rodgers, to capture his prize, but, like him, was doomed to disappointment, as we shall see.

The Japanese officers did not know what to make of it when they saw the Chinese warships approaching so near, yet firing no salute to their admiral's flag.

"What does that mean?" said one officer to another, as with their glasses they surveyed the on-coming Chinese man-of-war, and actually saw the guns run out.

"It's a mystery, and things look suspicious. Why, really they seem to be cleared for action."

The next appeal was to the ear. They heard the gongs beating to quarters.

"They are all ready to fire, sir," said the quarter-master, who, with his long glass, could see the men in their places at the guns.

The drum beat to quarters now rang out clear on all the three ships flying the sun banner of Japan. All were ordered to be ready for instant action, special care being taken that no nervous hand should let a shot fly until the right moment, if at all.

There was rather a narrow channel between the two islands of Phung and Shapain, and it required careful navigation to keep from getting aground. Feeling sure that a battle was imminent, the Japanese struck out on the southwest course, in order to get into the open sea. Without notice, the *Tsi-Yuen*,

the nearest Chinese ship, opened fire. The shot struck in the forward part of the ship, knocking some splinters of steel off the gunwale, just where it curved toward the prow, but doing no serious damage.

That shot opened naval war between Japan and China. The athlete and the giant had joined combat. It was soon to be a case of pit and pick-axe.

It is evident that the Chinese had mistaken the motives of the Japanese, who had quietly ignored the lack of naval etiquette in not saluting their admiral's flag, and moved off and away from such impolite people. Then the Chinese commander, flushed with that conceit, which it will require centuries to eradicate from the national mind, immediately leaped to the conclusion that the Japanese were running away; whereas, in reality, they were only getting out of the very narrow channel in which steaming straight ahead was very difficult.

So there was nothing to do but to begin war. It was with the Japanese, as Parker stated the situation at Lexington, in 1775: "Men, stand your ground. Don't fire until you are fired upon; but if they want a war, let it begin here."

Now in the Chinese account of the battle, published later, which showed how well Dr. Clinton understood his Chinese neighbors, it is said that the Japanese fired first. Then the *Tsi-Yuen* opened all her guns in broadside. Within a quarter of an hour

she had so riddled the first Japanese man-of-war that the captain hoisted the white flag. The Japanese admiral had been already killed, because one big shell directed at the *Yoshino* had knocked to pieces the bridge and sent the high officer flying in the air. There, very high up in the gayly colored but imaginary pictures of the conflict, he was seen turning a somersault, and before he had reached the water he had turned several more.

Alas, for China's lack of "truth in the inward parts"! The fact is that the Chinese captain was a brave fellow and engaged his two ships against overwhelming odds. As a loyal officer under orders to protect his convoy, no matter what it might cost him, he dashed into the Japanese squadron, hoping to disable the ships, drive them back, or, at least, by keeping up a running fight, to get them away from the Korean coast.

In such an event the transports would be safe and the soldiers be landed without molestation. Brave even to rashness, he did his best, and later fought in the big fight between the fleets off the Yalu in September. Then he was rewarded by having his head cut off some weeks later.

Perhaps he did not know that either one of the Japanese men-of-war, the *Yoshino* or *Naniwa*, with their splendid equipment and discipline, was a match for his two ships. Bravely he continued to fight for an hour and a half.

Let us now look on the Japanese deck and see how his first battle looked to Jozuna. Fortunately, unlike the men in the engine-room, and before the boiler fires, he could see or hear much of what was going on.

First of all, taking care that everything pertaining to his apparatus was safely stowed away between decks, an operation, or rather inspection, that consumed several minutes, Jozuna was then positively startled by the silence of every one, and the almost oppressive orderliness of everything on board. The men gathered in the casemates and about the guns, on the upper deck, at the quick-firers, and in the crow's nest. They waited as if they had been used to such exercise, and patient waiting while doing nothing, all their lives. Only three or four moved about. They were throwing wet sand over the decks, and this he knew meant that blood might soon flow and make the decks dangerously slippery. At each hatch the hoisting gear was in activity and ammunition made ready. The surgeons and their assistants were already prepared with all their terrible steel tools, which, cold and glittering, seemed then far more fearsome than any unseen possibilities of shot and shell from the Chinese ships.

Jozuna thought he had never before seen the polished cannon look so beautiful. It reminded him of the glistening of the scales on venomous serpents,

and the coldness of the metal, soon to be hot enough, of the dull, lidless eye that sparkles when fangs dart.

Jozuna's part by day was to act as aid to carry any extra orders of the captain to any part of the ship. It was just when in a moment's revery over the likeness, in nature and in old names, of the cannon and the serpents, that the sharp report of the heavy Chinese rifle made war's terrible music. Masses of white smoke seemed to blossom out on all sides of the mouth of the long tube, blooming for a second or two in the summer air, like mighty peony flowers of white interlaced with red.

In his excited condition, the time was vastly longer than the chronometer measured. It seemed that the time from the first flaming out from the muzzle, until the slight jar to the ship from the concussion of the steel shot, which struck her side near the bow, was almost half a minute, though in reality but scarcely two seconds.

Another surprise awaited Jozuna, who, though he knew his own countrymen so well, was hardly prepared to find them so cool and calculating, when handling the mighty engines of modern warfare which had been constructed in the West. The orders of the Japanese captain, as passed to every gun officer, whether of the heavy rifles or the repeating and machine artillery of smaller calibre, were to fire and to keep firing, but in every case to take aim.

Then for several minutes there rained a tempest of iron, and yet not for some seconds after the order had been given did the two heavy guns thunder, for the range finders were proudly deliberate. They knew their game and their own power, and the waters were smooth. When once they opened fire, the ten-inch projectiles were not wasted. Shot after shot struck the hull of the *Tsi-Yuen*, and pretty soon she began to look like an old colander at a rummage sale. The rapid-firing guns swept the Chinese deck with a hail of smaller shot. In one of the intervals, with his glass, Jozuna could actually see rills of blood pouring out one of the scuppers.

By and by something like a lull came, when the *Tsi-Yuen* seemed to be getting into a position to give her an advantage over the *Yoshino*. This gave the gun captains on the *Naniwa* the opportunity to train their twenty-eight-ton Armstrong guns, so as to strike their foe, if possible, at the water line, and blow her up.

Meanwhile the *Yoshino* discharged a torpedo out of her forward tube. Out like a flying fish flew this new creation of man. With its pointed snout and its twisting tail hissing and gurgling through the waters, it seemed to seek viciously its prey. Had it struck, the *Tsi-Yuen* might have gone to the bottom.

It missed.

Jozuna, as he saw it curl round the stern of the

Chinese vessel, thought he heard a cheer raised from the Chinese deck, but a great cloud of white smoke blew in his face, and he could not for the moment see anything, for the *Naniwa's* big guns had again spoken, and never were shots more decisive.

One penetrated the Chinese ship, struck immediately under her bow gun, and burst there. In one moment the gun was knocked over and twenty men lay dead or dying on the deck, most of them killed within a very short distance of the cannon, though some, who were far distant down the deck, were struck with the splinters of steel and wood, and three were wounded in the room beneath. The other shell ripped up the deck and upset two guns, the fragments of the exploding shell battering the gun-carriage out of shape. Those who saw the lucky shots from the *Naniwa* told their comrades, but there was no cheering. Nevertheless all who could, looked over to the *Tsi-Yuen* and saw a white and a Japanese flag hoisted. Yet, when the *Yoshino* moved over to the Chinese ship to demand her surrender, one or two guns again opened against the Japanese, and the *Tsi-Yuen* moved away, steaming toward China. The *Yoshino* pursued and used her chasing guns, but the Chinese vessel got away, and reached Wei-Hai-Wei in a condition truly pitiable.

As for the other Chinese ship, the *Kuang-Yi*, she was perforated in many places. Badly damaged and,

indeed, crippled by the shot of the *Akitsushima*, she speedily left the fight and ran away, disappearing in the Korean mud, offshore, where her men, leaving her in their boats, got safely to land and marched to the camp at Asan. Whether disabled by a shot in her engine-room, or magazine, or why only one-third of her upper deck was found above water two days later, the fire having eaten away what the explosion had spared, is not known.

The lookout from the forward military mast of the *Naniwa* reported to the captain that the *Yoshino* was returning, — for no one knew but that the whole Chinese fleet might be near, — and that two other steamers were approaching and were already in the offing. He soon made out by his glass that one was a small Chinese war vessel, a despatch-boat, and that the other was a transport flying the British flag. Soon the powerful glass of the man in the crow's nest made out that there were large numbers of Chinese soldiers on board of her.

Jozuna noticed that even before the Chinese warship came within close range of the Japanese cannon, she carried a white flag in token of her surrender. A prize crew was sent on board from the *Akitsushima*, with orders to follow the victor ship.

Matters were now getting to be of an exciting nature. Jozuna had been to his first battle, but as no one on his ship, nor even in any of the three Jap-

anese war vessels, had been hurt, it did not seem very different from the ordinary "general quarters" and gun drill, though it is true that the men working the heavy cannon had thrown off all their clothing except their trousers, and that some of the Chinese shells burst near enough to make the ears tingle and heart beat faster.

CHAPTER X.

THE SINKING OF THE TRANSPORT.

AS the big transport approached, Jozuna caught sight of the flag that rose and fell in the fitful morning breeze. It was that of Great Britain.

What might happen if the red flag of the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew was fired on? Jozuna was not a lawyer, but he knew there was one, well acquainted with naval and international law, with the rear-admiral on board the *Yoshino*. He was not startled when signals were hoisted, ordering the transport to stop. Nor again was he surprised when the engines of the big vessel ceased pulsing, and she first drifted quietly in the water and then came to a standstill.

But when the two guns of the *Naniwa* were fired, Jozuna was not sailor enough to know, or had forgotten, that these were only "blind" or blank cartridges, ending in smoke, and merely polite invitations to cast anchor. He was fearfully excited at the idea of his countrymen doing anything to excite the ire of

Englishmen, or that might lead to trouble with the British government. His father had told him of Shimonoséki, when, in 1864, the batteries of proud Choshiu had been crumbled to pieces and their guns taken to the military museums of Europe.

Furthermore, one of the vital elements of success in "Jack's fight with the giant" was that Japan was not to be hampered in her wager of battle with China, but should have fair play. It was therefore with a sense of relief that he saw the anchor of the transport splash into the sea, and that he heard it make a gurgling as it sank into the waters.

The captain of the *Naniwa* now gave orders by signal to the transport to follow her as she went to rejoin the main squadron. To make sure that this order was in force, he wrote it out and sent it by an officer. Jozuna was perfectly delighted when the captain told him to join the lieutenant, who, with a boat's crew, was to be sent to the transport.

The language of communication at sea, when beyond range of the trumpet, is by colored flags of various sort, the colors and shapes standing for letters or words. It was quarter past nine in the morning when the *Naniwa* signalled by two flags, J. W. ("Stop immediately"). Then came the two blind guns. Next were hoisted the two little signal flags, which read L.P. ("Anchor"). The captain of the *Naniwa* was, however, as eager at that moment to capture the flying

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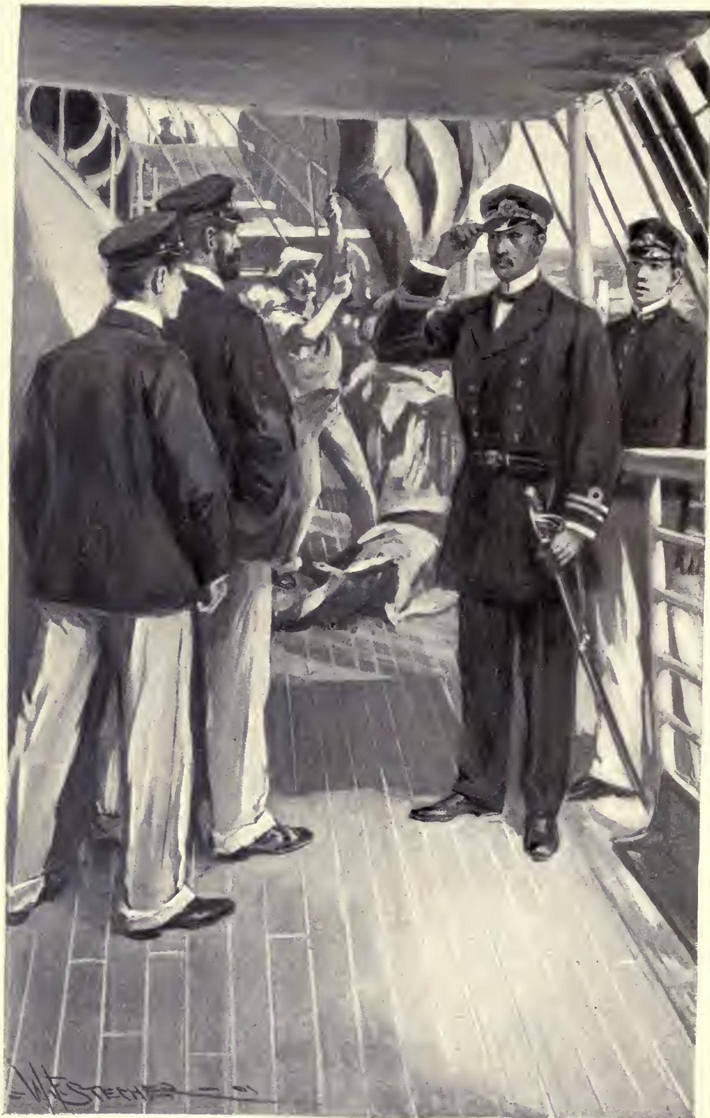

"THE JAPANESE OFFICER'S CAP WAS RAISED TO CAPTAIN HALLEY."

Chinese warship, still in sight, as to catch the transport.

So when Captain Halley, for it was none other, saw the *Naniwa* in motion, he raised four flags, one above another, on the halyards, which read D.N.W.R., and meant "May I go forward?" This question in the air was immediately answered by the repetition of the *Naniwa's* first signal.

It was nearly an hour and a half from the first telephone, or telephan, — if we may coin the word, — when Jozuna was in the boat with the lieutenant. Ten white-jacketed Japanese sailors quickly rowed the boat over to the obedient ship. Jozuna followed the lieutenant up the gangway. On deck the Japanese officer's cap was raised to Captain Halley, behind whom stood Clarence Burnham, and at some distance appeared the commanding figure of the German engineer.

As the two comrades looked into each other's eyes, there broke out a tremendous storm of emotion within, though on either of their faces there was scarcely a sign of recognition. By living long among the sons of Nippon, the American youth had learned the lesson not only of mastery of temper and patience under hardships, but of control of the features, so that no jealous or suspicious Chinese officer suspected for a moment that these two youngsters were old friends.

On going to the cabin, the pair of friends had a

chance to grasp hands and to chat for a few moments, hurriedly explaining to each other the how, why, and where, while the *Naniwa's* lieutenant, having inspected the vessel's papers, went over the ship. He found out at once her character, that she was to all intents and purposes, though British-owned, a Chinese ship, and loaded with what was contraband of war. He left hurriedly, before Captain Halley could make further explanations.

It was after the lieutenant had returned to the *Naniwa* that the signal was given to the transport to follow after the man-of-war, but instead of the engines being started, the transport's flags were run up, asking for a boat to be sent again for communication.

The captain of the *Naniwa* divined that the Chinese officers were hindering Captain Halley from obeying his orders, and his guess was as true as his guns. As soon as the Chinese warriors realized that they were to be taken in charge by the Japanese, they refused to let the ship be moved.

So again the captain of the *Naniwa* sent his lieutenant with another officer, ordering them to bring off in the cutter all the foreigners or Europeans on board the transport. Jozuna was fortunate in being again ordered along. Stepping from the boat to the gangway ladder, he met Captain Halley, who came forward, earnestly warning them not to expose their lives by coming up on deck, for a double mutiny had

broken out on board, of both Chinese officers and men.

He told the Japanese that the argument of the Chinese officers was that they had left Taku before war was declared. The Peking government had paid a large price for the ship and the officers for their passage, and they considered they had a right, before a declaration of war, to be landed either at Asan or Taku, and they wanted Captain Halley to turn back to China.

Jozuna could see, yes, and hear, the Chinese soldiers, who were fearfully excited, rushing about the deck in the wildest manner and looking over the sides of the ship. Some of them had arms in their hands. Whispering this to the foremost officers, all three laid hands on their swords, and the German engineer on the transport joined the captain in warning them not to board. Jozuna did not see his friend Clarence at this visit, for he was under arrest, as it were, with a revolver at his head.

When the two friends met again — on the *Naniwa's* deck — to compare notes, this was the story of what took place on the transport.

"You know, Jozuna, that the lieutenant, having ordered the captain to follow the *Naniwa*, left the ship very abruptly."

"Yes, that's true. What else could he do, when our captain was anxious to pursue and capture the

Chinese warship, and every second made him chafe, especially as he expected a battleship or two to heave in sight."

"Well, at any rate," said Clarence, "Captain Halley cannot speak Chinese, and the German engineer was the only one on board who could. You know the Chinese never can think as individuals, — they always get excited and act in the mass. From the moment that your blank shots were fired, the Chinese generals lost all self-control, and excitedly told the German interpreter that they would die rather than be taken prisoners."

"Of course they did," said Jozuna. "They are so wretchedly ignorant of international law that they live in the third, instead of the nineteenth, century. They supposed they would be brutally beaten and tortured, instead of being treated as gentlemen and their men as honorable prisoners of war. We admired the plucky captain who fought us this morning, but we could not honor these fellows."

"Well, at any rate, they made the German tell Captain Halley that he must turn the ship back to Taku; but your lieutenant had gone off in his boat before the German engineer had made clear what the Chinese officers had demanded. When the Chinese soldiers understood that they must follow the *Naniwa*, they lost their heads and got into a panic at once, rushing about the deck as if mad. I never saw

such wild creatures. I thought if we had only a hose ready to squirt cold water over them, as was done on the Pacific mail steamer, we might have cooled them off."

"What a pity you or we couldn't give them water instead of fire. Well, what next?"

"Well, do you know that the generals then actually gave orders to arm the soldiers, declaring that they would fight the Japanese rather than be taken prisoner. At this Captain Halley called a council of the Chinese officers and of the foreigners on board and gave notice, through the German engineer, that they should all leave the ship if the Chinese intended to fight.

"At this the Chinese generals angrily left the conference and called out to their officers to detach parties of soldiers to guard davits and boats, and to hold as prisoners the captain, his clerk, the German, and all the foreigners in the engineering department down below —

"'Shoot them dead, every man of them, if they show any signs of obeying the Japanese orders or leaving the vessel.'"

"Poor fellows!" said Jozuna. "What a terrible thing ignorance is. Why, if these Chinese had only known anything, even the A B C of international law, they would have trusted themselves to us at once, and have saved themselves and their soldiers."

"So you see," said Clarence, "like the Dutch that once took Holland, the Chinese had captured their own steamer. When your captain again ran up his signals for us to follow the *Naniwa*, the German asked Captain Halley to hoist his talking flags and to ask for another boat. This time, when the lieutenant and yourself came, you could not see what was going on on board, but the Chinese generals had regained their senses. They ordered a double file of their trustiest men to keep back the swarm of excited soldiers that were raging like maddened tigers. But for the loaded and cocked guns, and the line of bayonets, some of them would have rushed to the gangway and fired upon you. I could see you and the lieutenant with your hands on your swords, as the German engineer tried to explain that Captain Halley was not free to obey the orders from the *Naniwa*."

"Yes," said Jozuna, "I had to translate between the German, who could talk English, and our lieutenant; and I remember that while the request of the Chinese seemed so reasonable to the German and Captain Halley, it seemed most unreasonable to our lieutenant. When we went back, the matter was talked over in the cabin for nearly a half hour. Then I took out the order from the captain to run up the signal M.L. ("Leave the ship immediately").

"Why, how could we do that?" asked Clarence Burnham. "Every davit was guarded by at least

ten Chinese soldiers, and not a boat could be swung, so Captain Halley ran up another signal. It was praying by bunting. I can laugh at the prayer now, but it was no fun then."

"Oh, yes," said Jozuna, "we read it with our glasses right away. It said, 'Not allowed.' In a moment or two we saw another, and read it, 'Send a boat.' Another prayer, wasn't it?"

"Why didn't you send the cutter?" asked Clarence.

"Why, old chum, just look at it from our side. We had spent nearly four hours in negotiations which were fruitless, and the Chinese war vessels might be coming at any moment and gobble us up, for our captain was possessed of the idea, which seemed very reasonable then, that the whole of the Chinese fleet, with battleships and torpedo-boats, was coming, and might at any moment appear."

"Well, that does alter the case," said Clarence; "but with pandemonium let loose on the Chinese ship, and men looking murderously at us, with arms in their hands, our hearts sank when Captain Halley put down his glass and read the letters H.J. ("Boat cannot come"). Then I began to pray. Curiously enough I said within, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' and got through the four lines before I realized that it was rote rather than reality.

"I had scarcely got to 'the fifth wheel in my coach,' of rather worthless petition, I fear, when

Captain Halley roared out, 'They are surely going to sink us, so go down to the engine-room and tell the engineers to be ready to come up on deck at a second's notice.'

"I went down and warned the men, five foreigners, one of them a Manila man. When I reached the deck again, Captain Halley pointed his finger toward the *Naniwa* and said: 'Look! They are hoisting the red flag; that means they are going to open fire. Now, boy, you come with me; and if the Chinese don't kill us before we get there, we will go to the wheel-house and get life-preservers, jump over the ship's side, and take our chances in the water.'

"All this time the Chinese were yelling out that no foreigner should be allowed to leave the ship, but the Chinese sailors knew enough about signals to realize that the *Naniwa* would soon open her batteries. While their attention was thus taken up with watching the warship, we dashed down from the bridge and into the wheel-house. Horrors! There was only one life-preserver.

"'Here, boy, put this on yourself, and I'll take my chances,' said Captain Halley.

"Just at that moment I saw the torpedo tube of the *Naniwa* shoot out a torpedo, which must have missed us. I had no time to argue with Captain Halley, but I was bound he shouldn't run any more risk for me, so I threw down the life-preserver — threw it at him,

I may say. Then, getting out of the wheel-house, I jumped out in the air, on the side opposite from the *Naniwa*, and down into the sea. Well, sir, I shouldn't have believed how much I could have thought and felt inside what was probably two or three seconds; but I seemed to be in a storm, and all the whole world — sun, moon, and stars — seemed to be exploding. 'The crack of doom,' which I had so often heard about, seemed to have come in a rattle."

"I suppose that was the time our two big guns fired the shells that hit the transport just at the water line?" said Jozuna.

"Yes, but besides the big shells, there were other shots, for I am sure that a whole broadside must have been fired. The moment I came up out of the salt water — I remember the taste of it — and had rubbed my eyes for a second, the whole air seemed to be thick with smoke and the finest kind of coal dust, which had come down in a shower. The shell must have exploded right in a coal bunker and pulverized the coal, so that the dust filled the air. When I fully regained my eyesight and other senses, I could see that the transport was sinking at the stern. She had lost her funnel and almost seemed to have committed hara-kiri, for her centre works were gone.

"This was not the worst. From along the gunwale and between the deck ports the Chinese soldiers on board were firing as if they were bound to kill all

the foreigners struggling in the water. I saw Captain Halley and the German engineer, some distance away from me, the former with a face black as a Guinea negro's, from the coal dust, while nearer the hulk were scores of Chinese, swimming like myself for dear life. All around me the bullets from the Chinese on the ship were tearing the water and splashing it over me, and I saw three or four poor fellows thus killed by their own countrymen.

"I wondered how long my strength would hold out, even supposing that I was not hit by one of the Chinese rifle balls. I was not afraid of any of the balls from the machine guns of the *Naniwa*, which I could hear rattling and tearing through the air above me, for I was on the other side of the transport, so that her hull was between me and the man-of-war. Soon the *Naniwa's* firing stopped, and the air was clear.

"In about half an hour from the moment she was first struck, the ship went down, stern foremost, and by that time I was beginning to feel my strength give way, and expected soon to be drowned. How curious it seemed! I thought of pretty much everything in creation: my boyhood days and all that I had ever done that was wrong, especially against my mother, and yet I was determined to keep alive as long as I could.

"It was a terrific sight when the transport threw

her bow up in the air and seemed almost to hurl defiance at the warship that had struck her, and then disappeared. I saw your boat moving about, throwing life-preservers to the Chinese, and you know how I yelled to you."

"Yes, my brave fellow," said Jozuna; "it was the happiest day of my life when rowing toward you. After we had picked up the captain and Manila man, I asked the officer for the honor of letting me, all by myself, help you into the boat."

It was indeed true that out of the foreigners on board all were missing except the four picked up by the two boats of the *Naniwa*, which was expecting the Chinese fleet, and so steamed away.

In thirty-six minutes after the torpedo had been discharged, the ship was below the waves. Immediately after the first firing of the shell that tore out the interior works of the transport, the air was so filled with coal dust that, between it and the smoke, the gunners on the *Naniwa* could for a few moments see nothing. Yet within that black cloud there went on a hell of terror and wild firing; for, like dogs in the manger, the Chinese soldiers who were unable to swim fired not only at the foreigners, but at their own comrades in the water. It is as probable that the missing Europeans went down under the balls as that they were drowned.

The next day the French gunboat *Lion*, passing by,

found forty-five of the survivors clinging to the mast of the sunken ship and brought them to Chemulpo, in Korea. Nearly five hundred more of them were able in their boats to get to land, or to swim ashore to some one of the islands which in that wonderful Korean Archipelago are so numerous as to make the king of Korea "the sovereign of ten thousand isles." About a hundred and twenty of these poor fellows were brought to China by the ill-fated German gunboat *Iltis*.

It came to pass that because the Japanese had sunk a ship flying the British flag, a storm of protests and a war of words broke out, which for weeks together concealed from the world the fact that here was a nation thoroughly up on points of international law, and yet able to conduct war on thoroughly business-like principles with rapidity and power.

"Why, think of it," said Captain Halley, as he talked with the captain of the *Naniwa* two days afterward, when both he and Clarence Burnham were invited to dinner in the officer's mess room, and when the admiral of the squadron honored the company with his presence, "we have always thought you Japanese were an emotional people. The world thinks that the Chinaman is the cool and stolid man, able to control himself, while the Japanese is excitable and apt to lose his head in a crisis; but I confess that, although I don't enjoy war, it seems a

wonderful thing to me that within seven hours of one day, your three ships, Admiral, should have destroyed one Chinese man-of-war, driven away another disabled, captured a gunboat, and sunk a transport."

The admiral bowed. Though in reality his head was level, yet he was pleased; for Englishmen are not usually profuse in compliments to the Far Easterns.

Captain Halley went on, "It seemed to me magnificent that instead of pursuing the Chinese ship to sink her, the *Yoshino* should come back to be ready for the expected Chinese fleet, and that you stuck to the business of prime importance, that on which you were sent, of intercepting the transport."

Both admiral and officers who had had to decide very quickly concerning the sinking of the ship were not at all sorry for what they had done, notwithstanding that over all the East the British flag is one that demands and commands respect. Indeed, this is true all over the world; for the red flag of the double cross is looked up to with awe. Nevertheless the Japanese decided quickly because they knew the nature of the charter — in case of hostilities breaking out, the ship was Chinese property; and war had broken out. They believed, therefore, that the world would approve their decision.

Who knows but that the armed collision between China and Japan, which changed the face of the

East and the currents of the world's history, had its pivot in the sinking of the transport. Had these eleven hundred troops, together with the able German who had given China her modern forts and trained officers in engineering, landed at Asan, the Chinese might have been emboldened, and the Japanese made so prudent that the advantage which they gained by the military triumph at Asan, on the 30th of July, might never have been won; and, instead of an uninterrupted chain of Japanese victories, a different set of precedents might have altered the whole campaign.

CHAPTER XI.

FOLLOWING THE JAPANESE ARMY IN KOREA.

THE time had come for Japan to let the world know that she was tired of receiving insults, slights, and the ignoring to her loss of the world's code of law, either at the hands of China or of any of the so-called Christian nations. For the first time the money-loving British, as well as other people supposed to worship "the almighty" shilling, franc, mark, croner, or dollar, were taught that professed neutrals must not try to coin money out of belligerents, unless they are willing to take great risks.

"But it's awful," said Clarence Burnham to Jozuna, after they had got by themselves, "to have a thousand men 'sent to eternity,' as we say, in a few minutes, in this way."

"Well, what can you do with armed men, who will not surrender, and declare, because they have superior numbers, that they will fight rather than surrender, especially after the captain of a man-of-war has kept his signals flying four hours? These Chinese officers

are alone responsible. You told me yourself how they drew their fingers across their throats, to let you know what would happen if you obeyed us. Thus they threatened the lives of those who had warned and informed them. You remember what your own General Sherman said."

"Well, 'that beats the Dutch, it does indeed,' that you, a Japanese, should quote our American generals against us."

"Oh, it's not the first time," said Jozuna, "that we've done or can do it. When those wild fellows in Tokio assassinated our cabinet officer, Okubo, I remember how some Americans talked to me about Japan's being a barbarous country; but I replied, 'Yes, but didn't your Lincoln and Garfield suffer in the same way?' I had to defend my country, you see."

"Well, you have me, my chum, but Sherman was right. But, by the way, how curious it is, isn't it, that the American schooner which in 1866 violated the frontiers and broke the neutrality of Korea, by dashing into the Ta-Tong River, — whether to rob the graves or open illegal trade, I do not know, — was named the *General Sherman*. After the Koreans had killed the last man and burnt the ship, there began those diplomatic negotiations that opened Korea to foreign trade and residence, and out of that has grown this big war which has now begun. How mighty strange that I should be in it, and that

we should here quote General Sherman, whose remark, to the effect that war is not Heaven, amuses you so."

The war had opened, and as soon as the events of the closing days of July were known in China and Japan, the respective governments made formal declaration to the world. Contrast the tone and wording of the two manifestoes.

On the one hand, we have the angry utterances of a barbarous giant, conscious of his size and the number of his hordes, yet drunk with conceit and the lust of vengeance, who looks on his enemy as a dwarf. He orders to the slaughter tens of thousands of his men who must face death, wounds, and disease without hospitals, surgeons, or nurses. He does this with little or no regard for the principles of civilized warfare, as already accepted by the living and progressive nations.

On the other hand, in dignified language, with a clear insight into the principles involved, and in the firm conviction of right, the government of Japan speaks as an athlete, who, in self-discipline, knows his strength, thrice armed because he "hath his quarrel just." Already a signatory to the congresses of nations and the codes of civilized law, with all the reserve force of centuries of training in self-control and self-respect, and with sincere acceptance of modern science and philanthropy, with skilled surgeons,

nurses, and hospital appliances, both in the field, and on ship, and at home, little Japan, with one-tenth the area and population of China, never flinched. Taking up the gauge of battle, government and people resolved on land and sea, with do-shi (one purpose), with one union of hearts and hands, to persevere to the end, whatever the cost. The whole Japanese people became a *Do-shi-sha* (a Society with One Endeavor).

It were less important to inform our readers how, with marvellous order, celerity, and secrecy, Japan called out her reserves and moved her active army with their guns and horses into Korea, than to tell of the fortunes of our two heroes. Within ten days from the receipt of orders in the camps at home, twenty thousand Japanese soldiers of all arms had landed in Korea. Each man was perfectly equipped, and all were united in one burning desire to do their emperor honor and exalt their country.

A military cordon was quickly drawn around the Korean capital, and a force sent to Asan. Through terrible difficulties of flood and field, the Chinese camp was reached, attacked, and broken up. Four thousand or more Chinese were thus sent fugitives into the country.

By the connivance of the pro-Chinese Koreans, most of these were able to reach Ping Yang in the north, where Li Hung Chang's drilled army and the Manchurian cavalry had seized the city and all

the advantageous points, fortifying them so as to make their position seemingly impregnable. Long training under German drill-masters and engineers had resulted in making these men of North China — so much finer in appearance than those from the southern provinces, out of which come all our Chinese in America — a body of superb troops under competent officers. With the aid of thousands of Korean laborers impressed into their service, they had reared twenty-seven forts, and finished them according to the science of our day and times.

Against this mass of fortifications, garrisoned by thirteen thousand men and abundantly supplied with cannon, the Japanese were to march in three divisions, westwardly from Gensan on Broughton's Bay, up southward from Seoul, and eastward from the fleet, coöperating in that same Ta-Tong River into which the *General Sherman* had sailed years before.

History has told the story in detail of the army; but our narrative, which deals with Clarence Burnham, must show how it came to pass that, suddenly blossoming into a war correspondent, he was able from the heights of Peony Mountain, overlooking Ping Yang city and its battle-fields, to see most of the details of one of the greatest of the decisive conflicts in modern times.

It came on this wise. The captain of the *Naniwa*

had himself seen Clarence Burnham rescued, and learned the story of his life from Jozuna. He was rather pleased to find one so familiar with Japanese affairs, not only with the general run of manners and customs, but also with the language and national lore, and even acquainted by experience with the ways of the Japanese in eating and drinking and tramping, knowing the soldier's diet and discipline; and, withal, being a young fellow of snap and grit, his heart was quite open to an idea which Jozuna had proposed, and Clarence Burnham kept pressing.

It was nothing else than to be allowed to accompany the army as war correspondent on its campaign through Korea. The old literary ambition having repossessed him, the boy had nursed it, and, though it seemed like stretching the license given him by his father, he would venture. After having escaped Japanese torpedoes and bombshells, steamer explosions and Chinese rifles, Clarence Burnham felt for the moment as if he had thus far led a charmed life. He believed that damage might happen to somebody else, but was not likely to come near him. He knew how well New York editors valued knowledge, at first hand, of battles and campaign news, and he resolved to profit by this as well as to gain experience.

So while Captain Halley and the Chinese prisoners, transferred to the despatch-boat, were sent to

Sasebo, Clarence Burnham was put on board a vessel going to Chemulpo. He carried, indeed, a pitifully small amount of personal baggage, most of which Jozuna had lent him; but, what was more than gold and gems to this enterprising young American, it included a letter to the Japanese general commanding.

It set forth that Clarence Burnham was not only well qualified and acquainted with the hardships he must undergo in camp and diet, as well as in the risks of a soldier's life, but that he might be also valuable from his knowledge of two or three languages. The captain had known his father and vouched for his character. He therefore begged the general commanding to grant Clarence Burnham's request, and, if necessary, to telegraph to the department in Tokio to gain official permission to follow the army north as war correspondent.

The vessel arrived off Chemulpo at an unfortunate hour. It was low tide, and between the ship and the beach — for the beautiful new Bund, or thoroughfare facing the sea, and built with stone and concrete, that now welcomes the newcomer, was not then even in dreams — lay a vast expanse of shamelessly exposed soil apparently taking a sun bath. In exasperating delay they waited, until the great ugly stretch of mud uncovered by the ebb had been first washed, then caressed, and finally made to disappear under

the mighty flood tide; for the West Korean coast is a place of tidal wonders.

Clarence beguiled the waiting hours by picturing to himself the events of the fairy tale, and how Japan's Queen Jingu, far back in the misty centuries of mythology, had made the mighty tides come and go by casting in the water, at the critical moment, the flashing jewels of the ebbing and the flowing tide. Thus she overwhelmed the Korean host and ships, and floated her own army on to victory. Out of this fairy tale grew the age-long claim of the Japanese to Korea.

Once on shore, he was able by means of his imposing document to pass the challenging sentinels and reach Seoul, the Korean capital. With slight delay, despite the press of business, he was ushered into the commanding general's presence.

Now it is never a good thing to ask a man for money, until he has had his breakfast. The best time for a favor is probably within half an hour after a good dinner has been finished. Clarence Burnham had the good fortune to appear before the general just when, having deposited under his diaphragm a good warm meal that suited his taste, he had doffed his "armor," as he called his military uniform, and in comfortable kimono was lounging on a Korean tiger-skin in a bamboo easy-chair.

Somehow the whole matter of the American lad's

boasting that he could eat and enjoy a Japanese soldier's rations struck the general as a good joke. Serious as the business was, he made up his mind to have his fun out of it. If all were well, he might be as jolly as Daikoku, the patron of happiness and wealth. After keeping up a severe air with a terrible scrutiny and a veritable Gatling-gun fire of questions, he asked the would-be correspondent if he were hungry. As Clarence had tasted nothing for six hours, in his eagerness to get at the Japanese commander, he could honestly say "yes." Thereupon an orderly was despatched to bring in a sample soldier's meal.

Back came the orderly with a Korean tray, or low table, on which were arranged the eatables which in nature, quality, and amount made an exact copy of a Japanese soldier's rations.

"Set down the tray before the gentleman," said the general to the orderly. This was done.

"Attention, fall to and eat," cried the general.

Clarence saw the point at once. The general was testing him as to his use of chop-sticks and his skill in disposing of Japanese victuals with these two sticks. He would also find out whether Clarence was shamming or "playing badger"—instead of "opossum," as we should say—in pretending to like soldier food.

But Clarence, who had eaten many hundreds of

meals in Japanese hotels, and had known some of the young officers in the barracks, was perfectly at home. He seized the chop-sticks, holding them in the correct way, — as every one of us holds our jaws, — one being fixed fast, the other wagging loosely up and down. The lower stick rested firmly on the middle finger and space between thumb and index finger while clamped down by the lower joint of the thumb, held on top. The loose stick, which did the business, resting on the first joint of the forefinger, was moved up and down by the first and second fingers.

Clarence, quickly getting the eating tools into easy and proper position, went at the boiled rice with gusto, filling his mouth without dropping a grain of the snow-white cereal, which was cooked as only the Japanese know how to cook it — making it neither a poultice, nor a soup, nor a deceptive thing which is glue on the outside and like oak within. Then he attacked the vegetable mess and got it all down without sign of anything but appropriateness and enjoyment. The black beans and pickled daikon radish also disappeared. In due time Clarence cried out, with correct accent, "Ippai, arigato" (Enough, thanks).

When, at a sign from the general, the orderly asked if he would have any more, Clarence again bowing said, "Mo-yoroshi" (Quite sufficient), at which the general and the young officers around him roared.

"Jodzu ni dekita" (Cleverly done), cried all together in a chorus of admiration.

Then the general opened his quick-firing battery of questions as to what Clarence would do if this, that, or the other dire result might happen on the march or in battle. The issue was that when Clarence left the general's quarters, he had his prize in hand. Permission to accompany the armies of the Mikado within the limits of Korea was given him, but authority to cross into China was bestowed only by special order from Tokio. The document might be rescinded by order of the general at any time. At once Clarence had a case of waterproof Korean paper made for it, and stowed it in his bosom.

Between the merchants at Chemulpo, his father's correspondents, and the American missionaries in Seoul, some of them being from "the banks of the old Raritan," it was not difficult for Clarence Burnham to get a new outfit. A Korean tailor quickly made him a stout suit of brown duck, and a cloth overcoat for chilly weather. One American missionary lent him a splendid field-glass, and a business man advanced him enough money to get the latest pattern of a revolver, with belt and cartridges. From the private supplies of the Americans he got fountain pen, common pens, penholders, and pencils galore.

Clarence made the acquaintance of some of the Japanese correspondents from Tokio, getting some

useful hints from them. Among this company of intelligent young Japanese was one who actually expected, if he got a chance, to lower himself from a military balloon and, up in mid air, to take snap shots and photographs of battles, or, at least, of fortifications. The others were wonderfully well equipped with maps of the country, itineraries, and ground plans of the Korean cities, especially of Ping Yang.

One of these war correspondents, Masaro by name, was the son of a Japanese clerk, a gentleman or samurai once employed by Clarence's father in Kobe. Although the two young men had never met before, they struck up a mutually pleasant acquaintance, and were from that time very helpful to each other.

The Japanese were delighted to find a foreigner who not only knew their country's language and history, in outline at least, and appreciated them, but who even knew, especially, both the history and the fairy tales of the Japanese in Korea, or, as the country is called in Japanese nursery tales, the "Treasure Land of the West."

In fact, despite all its hardships, this was to be an educative, yes, even a reading campaign. The Mikado's government had printed a well-written history of the Japanese campaign in Korea, 1592–1597. This literature was in the soldiers' knapsacks before the army started northward late in August.

Their objective point was Ping Yang, the capital

city of the northwestern province of Korea bordering on China. Against this city two other Japanese columns were moving. Both were to come by sea; one, the left wing, up the Ta-Tong River, from the west, and the other, the right wing, from Gensan on Broughton's Bay, on the east coast.

It was a rough road over which to move a modern army, lying over precipitous mountain ranges, through knee-deep quagmires of mud, and in rocky defiles and rough places, — the whole line from the Han to the Yalu River making not so much a road, in the sense of anything on which care or labor had been spent, as a groove or a scratch on the landscape. One might call it a great gully, scoured out by torrential rains, or ground up by the hoofs of horses and oxen. Nevertheless, such had served Korea for centuries, and was up to the standard which prevails in barbarous and semi-civilized countries.

Since, however, the weather was so very fine, the scenery so superb, Masaro such an entertaining companion, and the Japanese such good comrades in travelling, that, apart from the discomfort which came on at midday in the hot sun, and the fatigue which was felt most severely late in the afternoon, Clarence Burnham enjoyed every hour. In the perfection of health, thrilled with the wondrous novelty of seeing such large bodies of enthusiastic young men, and so many varieties of military potencies,

besides being in a country that he had long wanted to see, he felt that every hour was a joy.

At one Korean city near which the army encamped, feeling the need of keeping the forces concentrated, it was decided to wait for the artillery and trains to come up. Masaro knowing this, and ever on the alert for adventure, proposed to Clarence Burnham to go over into a mountain near by, where there had formerly been a monastery, at which, in their sixteenth-century campaign, the Japanese General Konishi and his body-guard had had some stirring adventures.

Clarence agreed; and in company with a foraging party leading pack-horses, they set out shortly after noon. In a couple of hours they reached the place where, according to the map, the monastery ought to have been. At the entrance of the village, Clarence was horrified at two colossal scarecrows in the form of large posts, carved to represent monsters or hideous human faces. They had huge caps with ear-flaps, and eyeballs painted white, hideous broad teeth and ears, and wing-like expanses for arms made nightmare in the daytime. They were the village idols, or guardian spirits.

Masaro, with his good map and ability to speak a little Korean, made inquiries of the people in the village, while the foragers began to bargain for pigs, chickens, and grain — for the Japanese paid liberally for all they took from the country people. The

villager agreed for a bit of silver to take them off into the forest to show them where the monastery had been. He was a stalwart, handsome fellow, with rosy cheeks, and, like the usual Korean, smoked a pipe with a stem a yard long. His well-filled tobacco pouch hung in front at his belt.

"I can believe what the fellow tells us," said Masaro, "for this is not the first time that a forest has grown over the place where a monastery once stood. You remember at Sunto, the capital of the country during the Middle Ages, where we camped, how the ginseng fields now cover the place where the streets of a crowded city had once been, and big trees grow where the houses of nobles once clustered."

"Yes, the ruins showed what must have been once, for the Koreans certainly knew how to cut granite. I was surprised at the size of some of the carved stones, in the cracks of which the bushes were growing rather thickly."

"Well," said Masaro, "I rather think you will see something equally wonderful now, or pretty soon. Why, what's that?" he asked of the Korean guide, stopping and pointing to what seemed a row of three or four obelisks, one of which, in spite of the lichens growing on it, appeared to be carved with the representation of a human face.

"Oh, that," said the Korean, "is a mir-yek [stone man]. That goes back to the days of the Three

Kingdoms [before 960 A.D.]. My father told me that ages ago one of the first Korean noblemen, converted to the doctrine of Buddha, built here a monastery to educate young men to go out all over our country and preach the blessed Way of Buddha; but after hundreds of years, in one of the wars between the Tang [mediæval Chinese] and the Korai [Korean] people, there was a big battle here. Then the monastery, which had been turned into a fort, was burned, and has never been rebuilt, but the newer monastery is farther on."

They soon came into view of the giant figures. These were three in number and over sixty feet high. They had been cut out of the solid rock, and one had been roughly sculptured for about twenty-five feet from the top downward into the form of a human being. The features were very distinct, and the arms, which at the hands held a rosary, were very clearly marked, despite the exposure and weathering of probably more than a thousand years. The other two columns, square and likewise cut out of the rock, seemed not to have been further touched by the chisel.

"To think," said Clarence, "that in this dense forest there should ever have been houses, and human beings studying and chanting and praying."

The Korean, with a more practised eye, took them to where they could see more ruins, in the form of

cut stones, some plain, others carved. On the face of the rock were parts which were marked by the action of fire. Clarence made a rough sketch of the lonely column standing among the whispering trees, through which the afternoon breeze was soughing. Then led by the guide, they walked about a mile farther, where, despite the undergrowth, more traces of a road, of fire, of cut and carved stone, were evident.

Coming around the shoulder of the mountain, there stood out before them, as on a shelf of the sloping rock, two more colossal stone figures. They were so human-like, indeed they seemed so smiling, apparently, as to give Clarence a queer feeling, and make him feel at first as if it were all a dream. Were these the mountain genii of Japanese story, and was he a Rip Van Winkle? He almost felt for his axe.

The white granite, though darkened and weather-stained in places, was so light and clean-looking in the eyes and on the lips of the female figure as to give it an expression almost like a smirk. Indeed, Clarence actually thought of flirtation. The male figure stood about forty feet high and its head-dress was an enormous cap of granite cut square. That of the female had on a round-pointed cap and was about thirty feet high. Both were of solid rock from base to top, appearing to Clarence, after the first surprise was over, exactly like the toy figures of

painted wood, in which, above a round solidity in the lower parts, arms, shoulders, and features were distinguishable. In Korean religion one stood for the heaven and the other for earth, or the active and positive male, and the passive and negative female, principle.

"It's the same as in the Korean flag, where the idea which runs all through Chinese philosophy is expressed by the red and green figures infolded," said Masaro.

"Yes, like two commas in perpetual revolution, or continually embracing and tumbling over each other; but say, this archæology business is pretty warm work," said Clarence; "I'm fearfully thirsty, and hungry, too."

"Yes," said Masaro, "I think I have advanced about as far into historical researches as I want to go to-day. Let's inquire about rations."

It being now about four or five o'clock in the afternoon, they retraced their steps. Being quite tired, they did not get back to the village till about six, finding that the forage party, getting supplies sooner than they expected, had returned to camp.

"Let's get supper here and stay all night," said Masaro.

"Do you think we'd better?" said Clarence. "Is there no danger?"

"Oh, not a bit among Koreans," said Masaro, "and

we have permission from the provost officer to be away until noon of to-morrow; so why not? It will give us a chance to see how Korean villagers spend their time in the evening."

"Very good," said Clarence, not without vague misgivings, for he wondered whether any Chinese fugitives from Asan might be near, or how treacherous pro-Chinese natives might like to see strangers in their village.

The two travellers bargained with the Korean guide, who seemed to be a very intelligent and honest fellow. He agreed to give them the best his hut could afford in the way of a bed and food.

"In one way, honored guests, you are fortunate, for to-night we are to see the long nose of the father."

"What do you mean by that?" said Masaro.

"Oh," said the Korean, "didn't you know that ours is a Christian village? When I was a boy, the French teacher used to visit us in disguise, putting on Korean clothes and the mourner's big hat that wholly shut his face from view. Only my father and a few in our village knew when he was coming. Since the treaties have been made, he comes and goes freely, and he is to be in the village to-night."

"That's good," said Clarence; "we'll call on him. I can speak a few words of French."

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CHAPTER XII.

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE IN A KOREAN VILLAGE.

THE two young men were invited by the Korean into the best room which the poor three-sided and three-roomed house could afford. It was a thatched building of the ordinary type, built up by first making a structure of stone and earth about four or five feet high, and on this raising a framework of timber with the spaces joined with wattle of cane, plastered with mud.

At one end of the principal part of the humble home was the kitchen, or cooking place. Here the same fire which boiled the millet and vegetables, for rice was not often seen here, and tea was unknown, passed in winter through the flues which ran through the stonework and earth, under the floor made of terra-cotta or stone slabs, and out to the farther end, through a rough shack or chimney. In summer this artificial heat was turned off. The floor was covered with oiled paper, and though all the surroundings bespoke what in our country would mean abject poverty, to the Korean they meant comfort.

The two young men enjoyed the novelty. The host, while his wife and daughters prepared the meal, set the table, and laid on the simple dishes and chopsticks.

So with good appetites to furnish the sauce, the guests disposed of their simple supper of millet cakes, delicious broiled fish from the streams near by, stewed beef from the village butcher's, and boiled rice, a luxury, indeed, in a Korean village. For drink they had water, both plain and that in which the rice had been boiled, flavored with what seemed a decoction of orange peel.

Supper being over, the young men strolled out into the village, to see what there was worth looking at in this place among the mountains. There life was rather primitive, and the people followed a round of activities in most respects exactly the same as that of their ancestors a thousand years ago. Dogs were plenty, for dog steaks and canine cutlets formed regular dishes at certain meals.

When Clarence Burnham learned this fact, a horrible suspicion came over him that perhaps for the first time in his life he had tasted dog instead of ox at his supper time. His Korean host, quickly understanding from Masaro what he was trying to inquire, seriously assured him that the meat served at supper had stood upon hoofs and not upon paws, so the American lad was comforted.

They took a peep in the stables, noticing that each of the short, stumpy horses was tied up at night to the ceiling by a big belly-band and ropes that went round and under their bodies, and held them to a wooden bar across the top of the stalls. The Korean pony is a vicious beast, kicking, biting, and squealing on all occasions, favorable or unfavorable. Worse than all, he is very much inclined, when moving in single file, to browse on the flank of the animal in front of him, such liberty being usually highly resented by the animal grazed upon, and very apt to result in spoiling the grazer's teeth or chest. At such a time, and sometimes even without any provocation, the beast, incensed or for pure mischief, throws out his hind hoofs in a way that brings damage to anything within range. So at night the ponies are tied up, hanged, as it were, to the ceiling, yet even then they contrive to keep up a concert of squeals that are ruinous to sleep.

Clarence Burnham was surprised to find that the bull, which in other lands is generally associated with terror and a propensity to use its horns to toss and gore, is in Korea the household pet, beloved of all the children. He found in several places the little folks frolicking with the family burden-bearer, tumbling and rolling over him, the monstrous brute apparently taking no offence, but rather enjoying the fun. In another place the little bull-calf was held

upon a Korean mother's lap, alongside of her baby that was taking its evening refreshment from the maternal bosom, while the little folks were caressing their shaggy pet.

When the two young men were near the end of the village, they saw coming down the hilly street, but at a considerable distance, what seemed to be a colossal hedgehog or porcupine. Soon they made out the moving object to be a great ball of brush-wood furnished with legs. Indeed, it suggested to Clarence the title of a once well-known book, — "The Devil on Two Sticks," — but on coming near, the riddle was read. It was a bull, led by a ring in its mouth, and laden many feet high and at the sides with material for firewood.

In the village there was scarcely anything that could be called a shop or store, though one man made hats of thick oiled paper which was varnished black, and furnished with such a tremendous brim that Clarence wondered how the wearers could ever dare to walk out on a windy day, lest they should be blown away. He found before he left Korea that there was a language of hats. According to the size, shape, style, color, or way of being tied, one might recognize a Korean as a minister of state, a merchant, a soldier, a doctor, a bridegroom, or a mourner, with perhaps a dozen other interpretations. In the other shops they saw only the commonest

articles of everyday use in food, clothing, and straw footgear for man and beast.

It was about eight o'clock, when the French priest, who had come from another village lying to the eastward, arrived. He was welcomed with great respect into the house of one of the leading men of the village. On hearing that two foreigners were in the place, the Frenchman with his host made a call upon the American and the Japanese. With grave courtesy he saluted these newer visitors, who had come into a place familiar to himself. He apologized for not being able to speak either Japanese or English, but Clarence put him at his ease by expressing in French his pleasure at meeting, in this unexpected manner, one who was familiar with the country.

Monsieur Hippolyte was a native of Boen, in the province of Loire, France, and had been in Korea about fifteen years. He was a nephew of one of those French priests, who, in 1866, during the Russian "invasion scare," had been tracked to their hiding-places by the sleuth-hounds of the government and taken to Seoul. There, outside the gates of Seoul, they were barbarously beheaded, but not until their executioners, playing the game of mimic war over their victims, pretending to fence with each other, but delivering their sword cuts on the victims, had wearied of their sport.

The French "father" was able to tell Clarence

many things about Korea, and more particularly concerning what both the young men were just then rather nervously anxious to know; that is, whether any fugitive Chinese or hostile pro-Chinese Koreans were anywhere in that region.

The French priest felt sure that there were none, for he knew the country between the village and the Yellow Sea quite well, and there were no signs of Chinese soldiers anywhere. As to the other direction, all seemed to take it for granted that none would be anywhere very near the track of the Japanese army to the eastward.

Asking permission to be allowed to attend the evening mass, the two young men received a warm invitation from the Catholic "father" to come at nine o'clock, by which time all private confession would be over, and the public worship would begin. Clarence went with his Japanese friend, and was ushered, or rather squeezed, into one of the three rooms which make up the average dwelling of the better class of villagers; for almost every square foot of standing room was taken by a crowd of men, women, and children, or, more exactly, by older boys and girls, who kneeled reverently on the stone floor. Some of the voices of those forward made clear responses, and it was evident that the "father" had trained a choir. The furnishings of the altar and chancel were of the simplest description, and mostly of native work-

manship, though a brilliant image of the virgin was evidently from France.

The touching service over, the young men were piloted to their temporary home and lay down to rest. The warmth of the evening made the Korean bedclothing proffered them almost unnecessary, and the delicious mountain air was suffused with a piny aroma that invited to soft slumber. Bidding their host good night, after a little chat, they were soon fast asleep.

During several hours Clarence Burnham slept soundly, and then came a dream. He thought he was far in the deep forest, and high up on a mountain stood two great images of stone. These suddenly changed into creatures that had faces apparently made up of elements borrowed from the stone mir-yek and the grotesque village idols. Suddenly their stony lips moved, and one cried to the other in a voice like a yell: —

"How shall we punish these impudent intruders?"

The other answered, "Call the god of the mountain and ask him what shall be done."

The larger of the monstrous creatures, wearing a square granite hat, turned round, looking up through the trees, to where a shaggy, frowning precipice jutted out, as if it were going to fall and crush Clarence and his companion to atoms. The stony monster next uttered a sound between a whistle and a yell.

Forthwith there came a crashing and tumultuous sound, as if a hundred tigers were leaping down from the mountain top and crashing through the forest. In only one dream-moment it seemed as though the tiger host began howling and yelling, more like men than tigers, Clarence thought. Then three or four of the foremost tigers seemed to leap forward in the air toward him, while the monster figures cried out, "Kill, kill, kill!" Just as it seemed a dozen horrible claws were to be buried in his flesh, Clarence woke up.

It was dark as pitch in the room, but outside and quite near, he could hear angry men yelling as if they were seeking some one's life. He had heard a Chinese yell once before, and now recognized it again. He listened, and certainly there were angry yelling men, and they were nothing else than Chinese. A cold chill ran over him, and for a moment he was paralyzed with fright. Then he roused Masaro.

The Japanese sprang up, saying, "These are not Koreans, they are Chinese, and they are after us, surely."

It was too true. After the Chinese army had been beaten and scattered at Asan, their general with four thousand men drew off to make his escape to the north and join his countrymen massed at Ping Yang. Knowing that the Japanese were in such full

force at Seoul, and that they would march straight north, as well as control the Ta-Tong River from the sea to the city, the Chinese struck northeastwardly. By the aid of their own scouts and the Koreans that favored them, they learned of the Japanese movements. In fact, here and now was a party of them that had kept close to the Japanese army's line of march, across which they had come that day, hiding successfully from the foraging party, which they saw returning. From a pro-Chinese Korean, a genuine Japanese hater, they had heard of the two visitors in the village. Furthermore, they were hungry and wanted food.

So spurred on by hunger and revenge, they had reached the house where our heroes were, and, without waiting to secure the food for which they were so eager, resolved to kill the Japanese. They were just on the point of making a rush to break down the door, yelling horribly all the while. There were about fifteen Chinese soldiers, all told. They were dressed in the usual blouse coats, with a big round mark on breast and back, made up of the ideograph meaning "brave." They wore low-crowned caps, which brought their flat and ordinarily stolid, but now passion-fired, faces into bold relief.

While four of the biggest fellows prepared to stave in the main door with the butts of their muskets, the others stood with their guns commanding each minor

door, entrance, and window, kitchen and even smoke vent, so as to shoot down the Japanese, if he attempted to escape. One, who seemed a sergeant, stood off, directing the party, having given orders that the American should not be hurt, if possible, for it was not desirable to get into trouble with a neutral. The sergeant was an old veteran, well informed as to the danger of hurting white foreigners.

"What shall we do?" said Clarence.

"Well," said Masaro, "you're safe; you lie here. They are after me, for I hear them calling for the 'Wo-jin,' the Japanese. You stay where you are, and I'll take my risks by dashing out through to the next room, where the man's wife and children sleep. Maybe I can get clear."

"No, you don't, old fellow. I'll take risks with you; and we must be quick about it, too."

Clarence and Masaro had buckled on their revolvers and drawn on their coats, when the butts of the muskets boomed on the street door.

"I have an idea," said Masaro. "They're pounding on the upper part. Let us both kneel down on the floor close to the door, brace ourselves, and be ready, when the door falls in at the top, to catch hold of the bottom, slide it forward, and then crawl out if possible with the door on top of us. It may be we can knock down some Chinamen as we push it out."

Quicker than can be told, the two young men

crouched on the floor near the door, face toward the street, bracing their feet on an uneven stone in the floor which had its edge tilted up. In a moment or two the four musket butts, repeatedly and simultaneously striking the upper half of the door, knocked it in.

Summoning all of their strength, and bracing their feet firmly, Clarence and Masaro, with all their might, pushed the bottom part of the door outward, giving it also a shove forward. Its hinges wrenched off, the heavy door fell inward, and as it did so, the two young men rushed it forward, jamming its edges on the legs of the Chinese just above their ankles and tumbling the whole four inside the house, rolling them in one heap, while the two young men nimbly extricated themselves, and were standing up safe in the open street, each with a revolver in hand. Much to their surprise they found no one immediately near in the dusky light save, a few feet away, the Chinese sergeant that commanded the party, for the others with cocked Mausers were watching the other outlets of the house.

The sergeant was so surprised at seeing his four braves tumble head foremost into the house, with their feet in the air, that in open-mouthed wonder he seemed dazed. He did not even realize the situation, as the two lads crawled out and stood upright. When, however, he recognized that they were not his own

soldiers, but the very ones he was after, he was about to level his rifle, when a shot from Masaro's revolver, received in his breast, made him sink heavily to the ground. The report brought out the other soldiers to the front.

"This way," said Masaro. "This is the road we came yesterday, for I marked it carefully before I went to bed. Now run as fast as our legs can carry us."

Without hats, the young men started on the run, getting down past the village entrance. Three shots tore the air and whistled past them, but did no further harm than to knock the wooden flap off the carved cap of the hideous idol that had entered into his dreams. To this monstrosity, Clarence, as he went by it on the run, actually kissed his hand, in token of gratitude for a dream that had caused his waking. Then the two sped down the path and never ceased their rapid pace until they reached the main road. Their watches were not needed to see that it was about five o'clock in the morning when they struck the trail of the army. It was well marked with the ruts of the artillery wheels and the hoofs of the cavalry and draught horses.

They had hardly gone a mile on the main road before they heard the beating of hoofs, and pretty soon the jingling of the gear of mounted men.

"It's a troop of our cavalry, you may be sure," said Masaro.

"Yes, but it is barely possible they may be more wild Chinese. Let's be wary."

When the horsemen were within a few hundred feet, Masaro saw that they were his own countrymen. Standing out in the middle of the road, he gave the Japanese cheer, "Banzai! Banzai!" (Japan forever!).

At this the officer in command cried "Halt!" and sent one of his men forward, who, with cocked revolver, challenged Masaro. In one minute he was assured that all was right, and in another Masaro was telling his story to the lieutenant commanding. The Japanese cavalry were part of the eyes and ears of the main army, and besides keeping the road from Seoul open, making sure convoy to any possible straggler, soldier, laborer, or wagon, the troopers scoured the country through. There had been several instances of skirmishes with Chinese parties to the eastward, for hungry fugitives must perforce go on foraging expeditions. One of these was now in a trap.

Masaro having told his story, the Japanese officer decided that here was an opportunity to bag some prisoners. He accordingly disposed of his men at some distance, both north and south of the road leading from the village. Furthermore, a detachment of six horsemen were to go up some hundred yards toward the village and then, turning off from the road, were to find a place of hiding in the woods a

few score yards away on one side, so that the Chinese, returning eastward as they soon must, would not notice any horse tracks until the Japanese were able to form and, when necessary, to charge on them from the rear.

"They are for us as rats in a cage," said the delighted officer.

These clever arrangements were hardly consummated before the Chinese appeared in sight. They were one less in number than before; but although disappointed of their prey, their stomachs were full, and they were well loaded with bags of grain, chickens, and pigs.

These latter were carried in the usual Chinese fashion. Each animal's hoofs being tied together, a pole was thrust in between, so that it could be borne on the shoulders of two men. Four pigs were thus being transported. In order to avoid danger of exposure through the crowing or cackling of the fowls, or the grunting or the squealing of the pigs, the necks of the one had been wrung and those of the other cut. Four of the Chinamen had strings of chickens around their necks and over their bodies, and the leader was loaded with ducks.

Meanwhile five of the Japanese troopers, well concealed and holding their blankets over their horses' muzzles, guarded against any sound from their beasts. When the fourth trooper, hiding in the bamboo scrub

by the roadside, saw the pigs, chickens, ducks, and Chinamen all pass by, he went back to report to his comrades. Mounting their horses quietly, the four gained the road and waited till the signal agreed upon from below, three pistol shots in quick succession, had been fired.

Soon in the clear morning air the ringing sound came. Then, knowing that their comrades had deployed and partially surrounded the Chinamen, they charged down the hill with cheers of "Banzai! Banzai!" Though the Chinamen had slung off their necklaces of ducks and chickens, dumped the carcasses of the pigs on the ground, and unslung their rifles, they saw that they were surrounded, and quietly laid down their arms.

So it came to pass that the sub-lieutenant of cavalry, with four men detailed to keep guard over the prisoners, still laden with spoil, entered camp that morning about eight o'clock with fourteen prisoners, the rescued war correspondents, four pigs, and fowls that had once quacked, squawked, or crowed by the dozen. A "Banzai," triply repeated, was raised in their honor and welcome. Then after hilarity that ran through the whole camp, the Chinese were given refreshment of hot tea and rice, and disposed of in the guard-house.

Before noon the hilarity had changed to gloom. Word was brought in by a handful of survivors that

a lieutenant with a dozen cavalrymen had, a few miles north of the camp, been surrounded and cut to pieces by superior numbers of the Chinese, only three or four escaping, and these were still missing. An order was at once issued, directing that seven wooden tablets duly inscribed should be carried to the place of the slaughter and erected to the memory of the dead. Next day Clarence and Masaro were present when the army reached the spot, the survivors pointed out the little hillock near the road and the pine wood near the edge of which the officer had been slain.

The army was halted. Then took place one of those scenes which served to reveal the secrets of the burning patriotism and terrible efficiency of the Japanese soldiers. Holes were dug, and the seven inscribed tablets set up at the end of the grave mounds. Each regiment as it passed was halted for a moment, while the soldiers presented arms in homage to the dead. This was the Sho-kon ceremony, so often performed during the war, making frequent memorial days, celebrated in greetings to the spirits that had passed away. It explains why a Japanese is so ready to throw away his life when his country demands it, for he knows that his name will ever be remembered by his countrymen.

The music befitted the occasion, for the trumpeters played the inspiring strains of the Hero Song and that celebrating the Imperial Will.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BATTLE OF PING YANG.

WITH many varied experiences and adventures, our heroes, with the army that had climbed mountains and crossed rivers, at last reached the blue-flashing waters of the Ta-Tong River that drains northern Korea.

The city of Ping Yang looked very imposing, with its walls and great double roofed gates, its temples, shrines, and wooded heights. The same engineers and pontoon corps that a month before, near the capital, had in twenty minutes thrown a bridge across the Han River, now constructed a highway of boats between the shore and the island of Cholto, west of the city, so that the main army was soon across.

The plan was to storm Ping Yang and forts, on the 15th of September, simultaneously from four sides. The Combined Brigade under General Oshima was to make the frontal attack, and to do it so vigorously as to divert the attention of the Chinese from other points. At the same time, the Japanese column from the north, that from the east, and that from

the south were to strike with equal promptness and energy. On the 12th and 13th there were a good many skirmishes and much artillery fire; but although the Chinese wasted much ammunition on the 14th, the Japanese made little or no reply. The twenty-seven Chinese forts, each with parallel trenches and a deep moat, were ten feet high and very steep, being well manned and supplied with cannon. Unless breached, ladders might be necessary to storm them.

Not to make our own accounts tedious by too many details, let us see how the two correspondents, and especially Clarence Burnham, described this, one of the greatest and most decisive battles in modern times.

In his syndicate letter, after writing of the march between Seoul and Ping Yang, describing the Japanese in camp, and paying tribute to their splendid discipline, Clarence continued: —

"Let me picture to you the situation in and around this ancient city of eighty thousand people, in which, according to tradition, Ki-ja, the founder of Korean civilization, first made his seat of government, 1122 B.C. Ping Yang, in my view, is shaped like an ordinary oval white potato, with two gates on the north, two on the south side (which lies two miles and a half along the river), and one each at the east and the west.

"In the native eye, the city is shaped like a boat

and therefore there are no wells within the walls. Do you ask why? According to superstition, if you dug wells, making a hole in the ground, the boat would sink! So, would you believe it, most of the water is brought into the city in old American petroleum tins! The city is now empty of its people, and only soldiers are in it.

"The point to which our eyes, as war correspondents, were from the first directed, was the Peony Mount, from the top of which one could see down and into the whole city of Ping Yang, along its greatest length, raking it, as it were, with an opera glass. The situation also commanded the river and surrounding countries. One could see into the forts, and most of the military operations were within view. Could the Mikado's army once gain this key to the whole situation, they would win easy victory, for their artillery could then command the forts and the city below. All this I was told by my comrade Masaro, long before the battle. Hence it was that, from the first firing, I was eager to see the Japanese capture this natural stronghold, so that I might have the best view.

"On the morning of the 15th this was the arrangement of the Japanese army: the Combined Brigade, under General Oshima on the south side of the river, occupied the west and southwest approaches. There were no fewer than five earthworks guarding the

Chinese bridge of boats across the river at the ordinary ferry, while four other large forts guarded the western side.

"The main body under General Nodzu, having already crossed on pontoons, was on the north side of the city. Before they could get at the gates, or enter, they must pass the fire on the right of a big fort on the top of a hill, and the four forts near the city, which guarded from the right-hand side the bridge of boats, over which the Chinese could get ammunition and reënforcements, to resist the attack of the Combined Brigade.

"Eastward, where were the strongest of all the forts, six or seven in number, was the division that had marched from Gensan on the eastern seacoast. A little southward, in a direct line east of the city, was another division under General Tatsumi. I was so fortunate as to be with the latter body.

"It was not a 'walk over' for the Japanese, by any means. The Combined Brigade under General Oshima had a terrible time of it on the 15th. The attack began before daylight, at half-past four.

"The Chinese artillery opened, but with much poorer aim than that of their foe. The Chinese riflemen did better. The fugitives from Asan, jealous to redeem their reputation, had been put in the front. Armed with their Mauser repeating rifles, they made it tremendously hot for the soldiers of the Mikado, who

now on open ground and in daylight were exposed to the whole range of Chinese fire. Nevertheless, the Japanese made a terrific charge, capturing the outworks of the two first of the four forts. They planted their flag on the earthen walls and expected to win the whole line and area within.

"In this they were doomed to disappointment, for that day at least.

"The Chinese, being well supplied with ammunition, were able from the centre of the fort to pour in a withering rifle fire. The Japanese artillery, though the gunners tried hard, could not destroy the bridge by which the Chinese received fresh men and ammunition, while the Japanese cartridge-boxes were empty. With the cheer of 'Banzai! Banzai!' the brave little fellows charged up the earthworks, but they were too steep and high for them. They retreated with heavy loss, exhausted and hungry, for they had had no food since three o'clock, and it was now as late as two o'clock in the afternoon. So the outlook on the south side was decidedly dark.

"At our position on the eastern side, we could not have been more fortunate, for the two divisions, though marching from points so far afield, had converged together and were within helping distance of each other, while acting as two hammers striking at once. While Oshima's brigade was so fully occupying the Chinese on the southwest, our advance not

being expected so soon, we were able on the 14th to occupy a hill superbly situated and only sixteen hundred yards from the outermost forts on the left. Then those 'mountain guns,' on which I used to see the soldiers in Tokio spending so many hours and hard work, were dragged up to the crest of the hill and made ready for the terrible work of the next day.

"The attack began furiously at daylight. Although the Chinese Mauser balls came like a storm, yet our shrapnel shells were dropped so accurately, right inside the forts, that one was captured by a charge at half-past seven and the third at eight o'clock. The second was on Peony Mount.

"By this time the fifth fort on the east had been taken. With the cannon of the Japanese belching out their shot, shell, and shrapnel balls on both sides of the river and three sides of the city, the Chinese were utterly bewildered. The whole of the Japanese forces were now converged on the two remaining forts, the smaller of which was quickly abandoned by its garrison.

"In order to take the stronghold on Peony Mount, General Tatsumi ordered one regiment to move by a frontal attack, while another advanced in the rear from fort number three, also from fort number five another regiment was started from the opposite direction, thus making three lines of approach and

offence. The Japanese artillery, which had been busy at trying to breach the walls of the city, was signalled to concentrate fire on the Peony Mount. This was handsomely done, the shells dropping inside the fort, making it too hot for flesh and blood to stand. The Chinese were started on the run, and at half-past eight the famous citadel was entered amid three ringing cheers of 'Banzai! Banzai!' Then the sun flag was hoisted, and unfurled proudly to the breeze."

From this point let us quote from another of Clarence Burnham's letters: —

"Masaro and I had taken up our positions early on the morning of September 15th, behind the Japanese batteries on the crest of a hill. Climbing one of the pine trees, we were able, in the bright morning sun, to see a large part of what was going on, especially the Chinese riflemen on the walls of the fort, and the shells which dropped and exploded among them. Just as soon as the Chinese began to show their backs and get out and away from Peony Mountain, we ran nearly all the way down the hill so as to quickly get into the captured fort and mount the top of the ramparts, from which we could see what went on at the Gemmu gate, now the focus of fire and valor.

"It opened into the city, and here we saw one of the most brilliant episodes of the war. The walls of Ping Yang are about twenty feet high and very thick. At intervals are gateways, which are built in

the form of squares projecting out from the line of wall, making a place of unusual strength. The Gemmu gate had an archway of stone, like a tunnel, twice the height of a man, at the end of which was the heavy gate itself, made of the stoutest timbers. Crowning the whole gateway edifice was a pagoda-like tower, rising aloft with recurved roofs, and tiled in the usual Korean fashion. From behind the rampart on the wall and in the tower, by both direct and flank fire, the Chinese kept blazing away with their Mausers. It was at this time that the Japanese loss of life was fearful. Despite their bravery, they began to waver. As the ramparts were proof against rifle balls, it was evident that little could be done until the Japanese artillery was brought up from the rear and arranged on the earthworks of the lately captured fort.

"All this required time. Meanwhile, it looked like a general repulse at the big gateway, when suddenly the situation was redeemed by an act of heroic, almost romantic, valor, showing how rich in resources is the Japanese soldier.

"A lieutenant, raging with shame, called for volunteers to force the gate, or if necessary to climb the wall and draw the bolt from the inside. He rushed forward under the terrible sleet of balls, followed by a score or two of his men; but when once under the stone arch, only twelve men were alive with the de-

voted lieutenant. They found the timbers were too stout to be forced, so the leader ordered his men to back out of the arch and up the very face of the wall.

"It seemed perfectly absurd that, while hundreds of Chinese marksmen on the front and flanks of the gateway walls were busily shooting down all the men that they could see a few yards ahead of them, they should not notice or forget that, directly under their very noses, were a lot of men climbing like monkeys up the perpendicular wall. They were literally 'shinning' up the corner of the adjoining walls by sticking their hands and feet in the crevices between the stones. Possibly the Chinese thought that all the men who had rushed forward hoping to get into the arch to strike at the gate from the outside, had been killed, and so forgot them.

"A soldier named Harada had called out, 'Who'll be the first on the wall?' and had led the men in the scramble. Once on top, three or four of the dozen nimble fellows jumped down inside the wall and, rushing to the gate, got in a hand-to-hand fight. With sword and bayonet they killed three and drove away the other Chinese guards. While the others that had climbed fought on the walls, the gate-openers plied their task. This was not very easy, for its two leaves were barricaded on the inside with logs and stones which had to be pulled away.

"While the defenders on the walls kept back the enemy by their rifles, using both ends, the muzzle for firing and the butt for a club, Harada, stout and strong, cleared away the rubbish, and then broke open the big iron lock, a foot long, with a heavy stone. In a moment more, with a wrench, a pull, and a push, the great gate, creaking on its hinges, was wide open to the gaze of the astonished Japanese on the outside, who now swarmed in under the arch and through the gate, driving the Chinese before them like chaff. Thus Ping Yang was entered.

"The admirably posted Japanese artillery was now playing upon the yet untaken forts, and kept the Chinese from recapturing the Gemmu gate. It was from this time forth that the Chinese, utterly demoralized, made sorties at other gates, that meant only destruction for themselves and victory for the Japanese. The fight and the flight were alike vain, for having lost their brave leader, General Tso, they could do nothing. Of this leader, the bravest and best in the Chinese army, let us now tell.

"General Tso had always been an upright and honest officer, as well as brave man — a combination of qualities not usually meeting in one Chinese officer. He had left Mukden with five thousand men. At a council of war the day before, in Ping Yang, September 15th, the Chinese generals advised a retreat, but Tso indignantly demanded that there

should be a fight. He was the moving spirit in the brave defence made on the eastern side of the city. During the day he was wounded several times, but tearing his clothes into strips, he bound up his wounds and fought on. On that fatal afternoon he led out his troops through the Gate of the Seven Stars and down the steep zigzag descent below it to the plain. It was about three hundred yards from the gate that he met his death. Some of his men took up his body to remove it, but fell under the rain of bullets. In the awful slaughter which ensued the body was lost beyond recognition."

The writer of this story would add that to-day, on the spot where General Tso is believed to have fallen, there rises a neat obelisk with a railing around it. On one face is an inscription which reads "Place of the death of General Tso" and on the other side, "Killed in battle with the Japanese troops at Ping Yang." Thus the Japanese, in high admiration of their bravest foe, have commemorated his valor.

Clarence Burnham's letter continued: —

"The main body of the army was posted on the north of the city, guarding two roads and commanding three city gates. The attack here began later in the day, not till eight o'clock in the morning, when the whole line of artillery began to roar. Making a sortie from one of the gates, a troop of two of the splendid Tartar cavalry, under the brave Chinese

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THE BATTLE OF PING YANG.

General Tso, hoped to fall with the effect of surprise on a detachment of Japanese infantry which did not suspect their presence.

"The advancing Japanese infantry did not see the Tartar cavalry, owing to a swell of ground; but the artillerists catching sight of them, directed their guns upon them, thus calling the attention of the infantry. The result was such an awful cannon and rifle fire in front and flank that only seven or eight escaped. The rest were in a few moments lying dead. I could hardly believe my own eyes in first seeing a gallant squadron of picturesque horsemen, in all the pomp of war, gayly moving along with flashing sabres, and then, in less than five minutes, total disappearance, only the ground strewn with horses and corpses of men. From the prisoners they learned who and what these cavalrymen were.

"I was told of another sortie of a thousand more cavalry escaping from behind the forts, or perhaps ready to make a charge. They had just issued from the city gate, when the murderous fire of the Japanese shrapnel and rifles threw them into confusion, so that a part rode back into the forts from which they had come. Others, blinded and desperate, rode along a path by a dry moat, which was soon choked with dead men and horses.

"On the southwest the Combined Brigade, after food and refreshment through resting, set fire to the

houses near the fort, and then the infantry by one determined charge drove out the Chinese garrison.

"About half-past four in the afternoon, the Chinese firing suddenly ceased, and a white flag was hoisted above the walls. Fearing treachery, General Tatsumi at first paid no attention to the signal, holding back his men from entering the city. Everything continued silent, however, and so a detachment passed in through the Gemmu gate, and some officers with a picked body of soldiers went on to the entrance of the inner castle, where the Chinese officers were ready to negotiate the surrender.

"At that moment the clouds, which for some time past had been gathering blackness, burst in a drenching shower. The Chinese officers pleaded that, though they surrendered themselves prisoners, yet since the roll could not be called in the rain, the capitulation should be put off until the next day. The Japanese agreed, though still fearful that during the night the Chinese would try to escape.

"These suspicions were only too well founded and prepared for by the Japanese. About nine o'clock, all the unwounded men, carrying their arms, began to stream out of the Potong gateway into the low plain girdled with hills and intersected by the great road leading into Manchuria. But, alas, for the untruthfulness and treachery of China, her deep-seated diseases! Alas, for civilization and humanity!

"The wary Japanese were ready. A regiment of riflemen had been posted to intercept the flight of the fugitives, and during all the long night of horrors there was less a battle than a massacre. Other Japanese regiments came up and 'girdled the plain with a ring of fire.' Though occasionally the Chinese fought with the energy of despair, and tried to break through the lines of their foes, they availed nothing against discipline and cool valor. The moonlight only served the gunners to take better aim. It is probable that two thousand men were slaughtered, besides large numbers of bulls and horses, on that awful night. It has left a scar on my memory forever.

"I was so fortunate as to march into the city with two divisions from the eastern side, for the real glory of the capture of this city belongs to that part of the army, though their work was made easy by the stubborn bravery of the men in the Combined Brigade.

"I cannot tell you what a dreadful scene I witnessed after the evacuation. The houses were empty, battered, and broken by shells, and dead bodies were lying around everywhere.

"One pleasant episode was in the fact that the main division started at an hour before daylight, on the 16th, to what they supposed would be the final assault. Somewhat to their surprise they found no resistance,

but, entering by the western gate, realized that the city was already occupied by their comrades from the east, and knew from their cheers that the fighting was over.

"As for the Combined Brigade, a messenger on horseback brought them the news that the city was taken and the enemy had fled. Immediately after breakfast, they also marched into the city through the southern gate. Every division shouted 'Banzai!' until the men were hoarse. Then in a citadel of the castle, the united host raised one tremendous cheer. The welkin rang with echoes, and the mountains gave back the sound, as though the hosts of Konishi's warriors had risen from the dust of three centuries to join in the pæan of victory.

"Now that the battle is over, it seems wonderful to look on the spoil which is being collected. In the first place, the Japanese are surprised to find the forts so finely built. The Chinese must have profited well by their training under German engineers. In their hasty flight they left everything behind. The Mikado's soldiers feel that the defeat of their comrades of three centuries ago is avenged.

"Among the trophies are thirty-five fine cannon, a thousand rifles of the best sort, enormous stores of ammunition, tents, horses, money, and every kind of detail that you can imagine in clothing and equip-

ment. There are umbrellas, fans, coats, hats, waterproof hat covers, swords, belts, cartridge boxes, and pretty much everything that a man might throw away when in a hurry and in a panic of fear. Thousands of sleeves torn hastily from the shoulder are among the endless variety of sundries, while drums and trumpets in stacks, carts, bulls, and horses are numerous.

"Probably there have been as many as four thousand Chinese killed and maimed, counting those slightly wounded who have escaped. The Japanese surgeons report of their own men 162 killed, 438 wounded, and 33 missing, the heaviest losses being in the Combined Brigade. I wonder whether this Chinese army will ever appear again as one organization. I very much doubt it. The temple of the god of war is now a hospital, for the wounded were at once taken care of. It is beautiful to see the promptness, neatness, and order which prevails. Immediately after seeing to their own, the Japanese began to collect all the Chinese, in any way hurt, though not until after many of these had already died of their wounds."

Scarcely had the letters of the young war correspondent been written and posted, the one to Tokio and the other to New York, than electrifying news came in from the sea. The tremendous victory of Japan's fleet over that of China off the mouth of the

Yalu River, fought on the 17th day of September, added a new glow to the joy of triumph on land.

"Banzai! Banzai!" was the shout in every camp, with the added cry, "On to Peking!" by land and sea. So the enthusiastic hosts of Japan set their faces toward the dragon throne.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FALCON AT THE MASTHEAD.

ONLY a few days were granted to the main body of the Japanese army for rest at Ping Yang. Then the order was given to the Mikado's soldiers to set their faces northward, to pursue the enemy into China.

The route would be in this direction for about fifty miles. Then from Anjiu the road ran westward along the Yellow Sea to Wiju on the Yalu River. When this Oriental Rubicon was crossed, the lads of Japan would be in the Dragon Empire, where they must face, besides the armed force, snow and frost and the rigors of a winter campaign. Fortunately, however, they would find better roads, for the Chinese, in order to get their artillery into the peninsula, had mended and greatly improved the Manchurian and Korean highways.

Now that the Chinese sea power had been practically annihilated, great fleets of transports were on the way from Japan to the Yalu, loaded with winter clothing and comforts for the soldiers.

At two or three places on the way to China there were favorable situations for defence where the vanquished Chinese army might have made a stand; but the poor fellows were too much demoralized and were too manifestly lacking in brave leaders to attempt any such thing. So one by one the positions were given up. The first resistance the Japanese were to encounter would be on Chinese soil, beyond the Yalu, in the province of Shinking, where is the city of Mukden, and in which are the tombs and treasures of the dynasty that, since 1644, has held the dragon throne.

The destruction of the Chinese fleet simplified greatly the problem of transportation. Armies and supplies could now be sent from Japan by sea instead of through Korea, yet a considerable garrison must for a while be left at Ping Yang.

Meanwhile the poor Koreans were homeless and impoverished. Their friends, the Chinese protectors and the Japanese deliverers, had desolated their beautiful city, and left it and the roads to China blackened with corpses. Though there had been no actual fighting within the walls except at the Gemmu gate, yet before the winter was over about four-fifths of the houses were destroyed, and the streets and alleys choked with rubbish. The slopes of the hills were covered with ruins, and where were once homes were now only fragments, blackened and hideous.

The soldiers at first occupying the city gave it up to loot, tore out the posts of the houses and the other woodwork for fuel, lighted fires on the house floors, careless whether the houses burned, as they often did. After the first few days there was, in the main, quiet with good order, and all stores obtained in the town or neighborhood were scrupulously paid for.

Nevertheless, with all their praiseworthy attempts to carry on the war according to the rules of civilized warfare, the Japanese failed unaccountably to do what they owed to the Koreans to do, and what would have been better for their own sanitary safety had they done it. They left the Chinese corpses in the fields and roads and in the eastern part of the city unburied, so that before white skeletons came, the blackening decomposition which poisoned the air had sent hundreds of brave men to lingering death by typhus fever.

To-day, while a superb monolith rises on a hill within the city walls, in memory of the Japanese soldiers killed in battle, there also stand in the military cemetery at Chemulpo the inscribed square stones over hundreds of brave fellows who died needlessly of disease.

On the threshold of the twentieth century, even after crops of grain have been repeatedly raised on the fields near the city, there lie on the surface and are turned up by the plough the evidences of battle

in metal and wood, besides in skull and pelvis, bone and rib, the white tokens of war's results.

Clarence Burnham and his friend Masaro remained for several weeks in Ping Yang after the battle. They went through its streets and visited whatever place or building of note that opened windows, as it were, into the history of the people over whom Japan and China had come to blows. They went often to the temple of the god of war where the Japanese wounded lay, to help the brave lads while away tedious hours.

They visited reverently the tomb and altar reared in honor of Kija, ancestor of Confucius, whom the Koreans proudly called the founder of their nation. There the sculptured tortoises, carved stone animals, chiselled drums and flat stone, now chipped and broken, the images and lanterns scarred with bullets, and the damaged woodwork of the temple near by, showed that here had been the centre of a deadly fight, while dark stains upon the wooden floor showed where the Japanese wounded lay. Out on the hills the pine trees were splintered and their branches broken by bullets. The beautiful pavilion at the angles of the city walls was shattered, and shards of iron were sticking in the pillars and richly carved woodwork.

Interesting as all this was, the horrors of that battle-field, both on the eastern and the northern side

of the city, were such that they made material for nightmare in the minds of both young men for the rest of their lives. In battle, when the blood is hot, war's horrors are not felt; but the aftermath in cool experiences breeds misery to the sensitive soul. Some of the images thus swept into their dreams tortured them for days after, even in their waking hours. To see single corpses lying in pools of blood was not so terrible; but out where, in the dry moat, the piles of dead men and horses lay several feet high, the sight was sickening. Many a man and many a beast, after being shot, having much strength still left, had tried to extricate themselves from the mass above them, and in their vain agony had stiffened in hideous forms that, for spectator and witness, haunted the memory forever. The air soon became laden and the water charged with the poison of corruption.

Thus exposed to such deadly danger, Masaro was seized with a chill, fever developed rapidly, and soon he was suffering violent pains in the head, back, and limbs. In a word, he had been struck and was reeling before the onset of typhus fever. In a few hours he was in a condition of stupor.

The two young men were occupying the Korean house of which they had taken possession, since no claimant appeared, only a few of the city's people as yet coming back to discover and occupy their former

homes. Clarence Burnham had made the Japanese proverb his own, — "In the world a friend, in travelling a companion." He watched over his comrade very tenderly, and resolved then and there to stay and nurse him; but on reporting his case to the military surgeons, Masaro was taken in hand and removed to the hospital to be treated with and like the soldiers.

As it was now well into October, and Clarence's permission to move with the army being confined only to Korea, and withal a letter from his father having reached him, approving of his course, but urging the necessity of returning at once, Clarence left with a wagon train and convoy, and retraced his steps to Seoul. He returned the field-glass to his American missionary friend, and told his adventures to a group of gentlemen, most of them graduates of American colleges, one of his most eager listeners being a veteran in our own Civil War, and another a missionary who had formerly worked in Ping Yang and was now eager to resume his labors there. From Chemulpo, now in appearance a great camp and depot of military stores, Clarence took the Japanese mail steamer home.

Strange to say, the war seemed to have very little effect upon general business, and varied activities, military and commercial, went on as usual, which were indeed to double in a few years Japan's volume of trade and industry. They were also to more than

double her burdens in maintaining her position among the nations by the possession of that force which so-called Christian nations so highly respect. Having found that civilization meant big guns and ships, and power to inflict misery, the Japanese were determined to be, in these respects, at least, as civilized as the benevolent people of the West.

In Yokohama, though a hero among his many newfound friends, and often interviewed by representatives of both the Anglo-Japanese and the native journals, he, with little present desire to see more of war, began faithfully to fulfil the routine of the counting-house.

The autumn had passed away, and winter, which in Japan is so mild and beautiful, had come. The month of December seemed a veritable rosary of thirty-one sapphire gems. During its lovely days, the glorious blue above knew not a single cloud. In the celebration of Christmas, an increasing number of the Japanese had participated. The decorations and emblematic ornaments of New Year's Day, the pine tree, the lobster, the charcoal, the orange, — all symbols of longevity and prosperity, — and the ship of luck laden with the seven gods of happiness and the tokens of wealth had been enjoyed and removed.

The wide-awake missionaries were at the camps around Hiroshima, whither also the Emperor had gone and was dwelling, and in each Japanese knap-

sack was now to be found a copy of one of the gospels. In shape the tiny book of the good news of God to all men did not exceed more than half the size of a playing card, nor in weight was it more than one-third of a pack. In this they could read of one more winningly human than even a samurai, more godlike even than an emperor, and who said, "My kingdom is not of this world."

It was on a bright day in mid-January that Clarence Burnham enjoyed a call, unexpected and delightful, from his friend Jozuna. In the long evening hours, as he had been invited to dinner, the latter told the story of his further adventures in the fleet. He had had the good fortune to be in the first naval battle in modern times between iron and steel vessels of war.

"You were on the *Naniwa*, of course," said Clarence to his friend.

"Yes, but not during the battle. The naval officer whose place I had temporarily taken had recovered health and strength, and wanted his place. I was transferred to the *Saikio*, a very swift but a very small ship, which had some wonderful adventures."

"Tell me them in full."

"Well, you know that the *Saikio* was an ex-merchant steamer turned into a cruiser for the time being. Though swift, she was not worth much as a fighting ship, being only of wood, with no armor

protection. Compared with the regular cruisers, and in comparison with the Chinese battleship, she was but as a pygmy to a giant, and the Chinese soon found out that ours was a weak ship. Their big battleship sent us a shell which exploded on board, making a complete wreck of our steering gear, besides doing an immense amount of other damage."

"I suppose, then, your ship turned tail and got out of the fight?"

"Not a bit of it. Our admiral, Kabamaya, who was on a tour of inspection, but wanted to be in the fight for the pleasure of it, would not retreat even when things looked so dark. So he did the best he could. Signalling to the flagship what had happened, he was able, by working the screws skilfully, to run our ship between the *Naniwa* and the *Akitsushima*. The Chinese, however, found out our trouble and determined to sink us. Two of their big ships, putting on full speed, started in pursuit of us; but, when we were only ninety yards distant from them, they must have got the idea that our commander was trying to ram them, for suddenly they sheered off.

"It was about this time that what we supposed to be the Chinese reserve force, consisting of two men-of-war and two torpedo-boats, approached. How pretty they did look, as clean and sharp as arrows, and almost as swift, they came on! Evidently afraid to tackle the larger ships of our squadron with their

heavy guns and quick firers, but seeing that we were in trouble, they started for us. Then our own quick-firing guns were manned and began to spout iron, I can tell you."

"You drove them off, did you?"

"We really thought so at first, for the torpedo-boats sheered off toward the coast, but the two men-of-war kept forging ahead until within about five hundred yards of us. We thought now that our battle would be wholly with them, when suddenly a torpedo-boat seemed to pop right up out of the sea directly in front of us, and the first thing we knew, out leaped a fish torpedo that came hissing toward us, throwing up great jets of spray which made the prettiest sight imaginable."

"Why, you talk as if you had photographed it."

"Well, believe it as you may, but, provided as we were with photographic apparatus, we did get four splendid big plates out of our eight or ten exposures and snap shots, and here they are."

Clarence was surprised to see how clearly the terrible incidents of war could be copied by the light — as written down by science and clever manipulation. There was the picture of the sea, with its foam cast up in clouds as the torpedo ripped and tore its way.

"And to think that you saw it coming at you."

"We did. Our captain turned the screws so as

to bring the bow of our ship directly toward it and went at it; and — would you believe it? — the swell of the water turned the big thing aside, where it hissed by, passing us on an oblique course, though we were at one time not more than a yard or two from it."

"What then?" said Clarence.

"The spiteful little torpedo-boat did not lose one moment, but began again. This time it shot another torpedo from her port bow directly at us when we were lying at right angles to her.

"Some of us held our breath as we saw this terror tossing up the spray and coming directly toward us. But would you believe it? The spirits of our admiral, though he probably expected, in less than the tenth of a minute, to be many yards up in the air, rose to the occasion. He cracked some joke and made his officers laugh. Yet, notwithstanding that we all were waiting to be evaporated, as it were, the torpedo actually passed down into the water and under our keel. While we were wondering what had become of it we saw it 'bob up serenely,' as you used to sing, and there it lay floating on the waves to the eastward.

"By this time the Chinese men-of-war that had hoped to sink us were compelled to pay all their attentions to our war vessels, which were like so many pumps spurting out fire and iron. Then took

place that terrible duel between the Chinese battleship *Ting Yuen* and our flagship the *Matsushima*, in which both were so frightfully punished. As I looked at their flags high aloft in the smoke, I thought of a snarling dragon in the mud and the sun in a serene sky. You know the rest of the story, how our flagship and the saucy little *Akagi* had to be sent back for repairs; while the Chinese fleet, which we expected we should have to fight again next day, returned to China, having lost five of the twelve vessels, three sunk, one blown up, and one abandoned."

"Do you mean to say that the *Saikio* would have fought next day?"

"I do; an unarmored wooden ship as she was, she was ready to try again the wager of battle. We soon rigged up a steering apparatus, and then you must remember that, though we had a dozen wounded, there was not a man killed on the ship. No human life was lost."

"Is it possible?" asked Clarence. "But why say human?"

"Ah! there was one fatal casualty on board," and Jozuna's eyes twinkled.

"Come, now, I expect you to have some joke on me. I remember when the transport blew up, as I was striking out for life, I passed two Chinese warriors that had hold of the tail of a sheep which was

swimming lustily, I didn't know what was the issue. Did the *Saikio* lose a sheep?"

"No," said Jozuna, "but when the ten-inch shell from the *Ting Yuen* entered our saloon and cut the steam pipe which directed the steering apparatus, we had actually to laugh to see scores of rats scampering out of their quarters. They rushed around in a lively way to find more sheltered and comfortable resting-places. Sad to tell, one of the poor rats was struck by a splinter which ended his days."

"The poor Chinese, rather, who wasted such a big shell, two torpedoes, and who knows how many shots that didn't hit."

"Why, yes, it reminds me of a mountain — in our case one of fire — that brought forth only a mouse, or as the little girl said, 'a rat's baby.' But with us the rats served us further."

"How's that? tell me. I have never heard of nautical rats serving any useful purpose, except when a steamer stops, say, in mid-ocean, a rat may serve metaphorically as a 'black sheep.' When the passengers ask what is the matter, they are told that 'a rat has got into the machinery.' So it was with you, I suppose."

Jozuna put on an offended look.

"No! After the Chinese had pointed their prows for Wei-Hai-Wei, and showed us their sterns, the battle smoke blew away, and then there was a beauti-

ful sight. The officers on each ship congratulated their captain; and the men, thinking of their friends at home, looked out toward Japan. Suddenly the sailors of the whole fleet broke out singing our national anthem. The band of the flagship played the melody, and there was one union of sound and song. Although it was growing toward dusk, the air was clear and pure, when suddenly we heard the flapping of wings, and looking up saw a splendid falcon. Gracefully the bird alighted on the right of the main topsail-yardarm of the war steamer *Takachiho*. The omen seemed Heaven-sent. It was, as you say, 'the angel of victory,' perching on our banners. Probably every man in the fleet was reminded of how, when our first emperor was conquering Japan for the sun goddess, a bird descended on his helmet."

"Didn't any one try to catch the falcon?"

"That's just what Nomoto, a petty officer, did. He sprang up the rigging, and the bird let him come near and catch it, and with it on his wrist he came down, while the men called out, 'Heaven's messenger.'

"Our ship carpenter at once made the new guest a big cage, which was hung up in the captain's cabin. The bird seemed to like being the ship's pet, for it became very tame, especially as it was treated to all kinds of dainties; but what it enjoyed most was a rat. No gentleman ever peeled his apple more neatly or ate with better manners. The way it used to skin

that rodent and prepare its carcass as a specimen of dressed meat, would have done you good to see. When the Emperor sent a court chamberlain to convey his thanks to the fleet, the bird was presented to his Majesty, and now enjoys life in the imperial aviary in Tokio."

"A wonderful story. It seems almost like a fairy tale. But now tell me, chum, what are you going to do next?"

"Well, I am in luck, I suppose, — at least, some would think so, for I am to go on torpedo-boat service; and there will soon be lively work at Wei-Hai-Wei. I am so fortunate as to be under the command of an officer with whom I served in the fleet, and who is a good friend and shipmate. You know it is more important to be with congenial officers and fellow-workers in the navy than on land, or in the army. When you are on shore and have a disagreement, or feel offended with anybody, you can go outdoors and walk it off; but on a ship you are shut up to sit month after month aside, or be opposite, or close by, your rival or antagonist. In a torpedo-boat, which is a sardine box of human beings, you must needs be well pleased with your company. So I am glad I have a good commander, since I am going on a tin boat. But I can assure you, chum, that you will probably never see me again. You know our Japanese custom of making little gifts when we part. So please

accept this little trifle, and always use it on your table."

The souvenir was a pretty little box of oxidized silver made, as to its interior divisions, to hold Japan's postage stamps. On the lid, the design was the full moon in bright silver, with dark clouds to the right, out of which emerged a string of wild geese flying across the heavens, each one as he came out of the dark shadow becoming silver in the light of the luminary, and then disappearing in the darkness — around the other side of the box. Like a true piece of Japanese workmanship, it was as perfectly finished on the sides and back as on the front.

"Thank you, thank you; I admire the design. I can quote the poem of 'the feathered fleet in the empyrean' in Chamberlain's translation. Listen: —

"'What bark impell'd by autumn's fresh'ning gale
Comes speeding t'ward me? 'Tis the wild geese driv'n
Across the fathomless expanse of heav'n,
And lifting up their voices for a sail.'"

"Thanks, friend; but there's more than that in the symbol. There's no silver moon in the ancient poem."

Clasping hands, the two friends parted.

CHAPTER XV.

THE POEM FOUND IN A TORPEDO-BOAT.

IT was in mid-winter when Jozuna once more left his native country, and this time in a torpedo-boat to face China, death, and fame. "Safe flight, prompt arrival, a dark night, and then full moon for evermore," was the prayer of this loyal servant of the Emperor.

Deo vindice.

To-day there is a glorious camphor tree that at sunset casts a long shadow over the pretty little Japanese cemetery at Nagasaki. Here are ranged in order hundreds of memorials, square stones a yard high and inscribed on one side with war's grammar of nominative and syntax—name and position of the dead patriot on ship or in regiment. The men thus honored gave up their lives in their country's behalf, either in Formosa in 1874, or in the ever memorable war of 1894–1895, when Japan's armies met China's only army at Ping Yang, and then after her fleets of steel cruisers had annihilated China's sea power, faced outnumbering myriads in military mobs, and won a

territory on the continent in area larger than the empire of Japan.

Each tiny memorial shaft is set in a space bordered with curbing-stone and filled in with pebbles. In front of the side bearing the inscription is a bamboo socket in which, as they who go to the cemetery often will notice, are fresh flowers. These are wild meadow blooms, the mountain lily, the japonica, the azalea, or the wistaria in their season, but, always, fresh, bright flowers. Japan's Decoration or Memorial Day is centuries old, though revived since 1868. The inscription tells of Jozuna Hisamoto, Héimin, able seaman on torpedo-boat No. 17. Killed at Wei-Hai-Wei.

> "The wild goose feeds in the rice swamp,
> But he loves most the silver of the zenith."

Just what happened and why the inscription is such, we may gather from a conversation of two visitors at his grave on the first anniversary day of his death. It was just one year after the dead hero, thus commemorated with chisel work in stone, India ink, and flowers, had been found frozen in a shroud of ice on torpedo-boat No. 17.

"So Jozuna was your pupil, was he?" remarked the Japanese member of the party, to the visiting American, who was none other than the teacher whom we met at Yokohama in our opening chapter.

He had not, as most tourists do, come to Nagasaki to see merely the classic site of the Déshima Dutchmen, the old conning tower and loophole of Hermit Japan, and the place which Defoe makes that of Gulliver's visit. His purpose was to pay the tribute of admiration and of unrestrainable tears at the grave of a young comrade in learning.

"Yes," said the American, "and a brighter student I never had; but after he left school I never saw him again, except when he was being deported to America, under suspicion of being a dynamiter. Of his history since, I know only vague outlines. Can you tell me the whole story?"

"Yes," replied the Japanese, "I helped him into exile to save his life; but it is only lately that I learned his later story in full myself. As quick as steam on land and ocean could carry him, Jozuna, now a *héimin*, left New York for Japan, and through the influence of a high officer in our government, whom he met in San Francisco, he was appointed to fill temporarily the place of an officer then ill, and take charge of the electric plant and searchlights on the *Naniwa*. He was in the famous naval campaign in Korean waters. When the officer whose place he had filled had recovered and again received his old position, Jozuna's fiery patriotism prompted him to enlist as a first-class seaman. Fortunately, his character and qualities were made known to the

naval authorities, and his shortcomings as a practical sailor were atoned for by his manifest mastery of machinery and his tested and proved combination of daring, steady nerves, and quick judgment.

"It so happened, as I learned from a survivor, that the lieutenant in command of No. 17 had ordered Jozuna to take his place if killed or disabled. Sure enough, this officer was struck down by a one-pound ball from the quick firers on the Chinese ship, and instantly killed at the first discharge, or almost as soon as our boats were discovered. There was yet some distance to go before arriving at the heavy boom and steel cables guarding the big battleship, and it would be necessary to get across or through the floating wall of wood and steel before slipping the torpedo."

"What, do you mean to say that these cockle-shells were ordered to ram, cut through, or blow up a steel cable and chain of logs, and fight, too?"

"Yes, and in freezing weather. Admiral Ito nearly wept when he gave the orders to attack. He knew that not only could machine guns on the Chinese ships tear through the egg-shell sides of the torpedo-boats with a shower of iron balls, but that to any and every man escaping the missiles it was sure death in the icy water. No life-preservers could avail or rescue boats pick up any one swimming. Either by fire or water, every man in the successful boat

must die. It was a time when the men on the look-out, and even officers at their post, were frozen to death. Then the commander of No. 17 was disabled, and he at once called Jozuna to command and gave him orders to force the boom and blow a gap in the steel cable."

"How did you hear the story or get any details? Brave fellows to freeze rather than flinch."

"Well, some of the other torpedo-boat men could make out most of what took place by means of the searchlights of the Chinese ship. They saw No. 17 slow up, as its bow approached the boom and cable. Then a man jumped out and busied himself amid wire and logs 'as lively as Shoki among the Oni,' as one sailor said. This was Jozuna. He was occupied in depositing gun-cotton in the right place. Pretty soon the big floating steel arrow, as it seemed, backed, as if drawn from the bow by the thumb and finger of our mighty mediæval archer Tametomo. Then followed a tremendous explosion, which tore asunder both boom and cable, and sent chips of wood and steel up and around in a shower. Then, again like Tametomo's shaft, the torpedo-boat No. 17 shot forward through the opening and inside. As the sailor declared of the affair, it was the prettiest sight he ever saw, to behold in the glare of the Chinese light the little steel craft swing slowly — oh! how slowly it did seem to the watchers on the distant

battleship! But, how the Chinese machine gun men, expecting to sink the craft before it could unship the torpedo, gloated in that slowness, for they expected to have a hundred shots in her sides within sixty seconds.

"The Japanese were for the moment like the bee, hidden and helpless inside the flower of the morning-glory, while the Chinese bird was poising its wings for darting and the devouring of the insect. Then the rapid-firing guns sent their shower of iron. The shot, no bigger than plums, but more numerous than the seeds in a hundred pomegranates, tore the waters and ripped the bows of No. 17. Nevertheless the torpedo sped forward, hissing, toward its mark. For one minute standing amidships, Jozuna waited, while his heart must have thumped hard against his ribs. There in the hail of iron, from the broadside of machine guns, he and his men, as yet untouched, were discerned up to the moment when there seemed to be two explosions together. Nobody could tell that night what had happened to No. 17, but what took place under the *Ting Yuen* all knew, for it made a sight never to be forgotten till, as the admiral said, 'we change our worlds.'

"The torpedo struck home. The big steel battleship seemed visibly to rise in the middle, as if a long quiet volcano had suddenly come to eruption and blown off its crater top under the ship's keel. A few

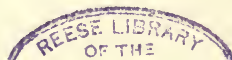
moments more and amid the swirling, boiling, and bubbling sea the floating fortress had sunk. It was aground in the harbor, but deep down below the surface of the sea."

"What happened to the torpedo-boat?"

"Well, scarcely more than a moment before the *Ting Yuen* blew up, something happened to the little craft. Just what it was no one could tell, for the Chinese searchlights of course ceased as the mighty ship went down. One sailor was sure that he saw steam escaping in clouds, but amid the spray tossed up it was hard to tell steam from foam, though the lookout on No. 23 declared he saw a white cloud rise above No. 17."

"Did no one escape? Are there no letters, reports, or any writing concerning the affair from any one on No. 17?"

"Not a scrap. Nor was any response made during any part of the night to the signals from the flagship. Nothing could be learned of the fate of No. 17, but at daybreak the patrol boats were sent out. Not far away from the broken boom, but within it and the harbor, floated No. 17. A boat was quickly pulled to it from the patrol vessel, our people hoping to find at least some wounded on board. But no. 'Dead men tell no tales' with their lips; but in this case the remnants of twenty corpses, some on board, others floating in the harbor, told clearly a story in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which all, though mute in death, agreed. Every single corpse, except the lieutenant shot through the head, was scalded or mutilated by fragments of the boat itself. Ripped and torn as the vessel was, the mystery of total loss of life was not explained, until it was found that a shot — absurdly small, but amply efficient — had pierced the steam pipes and done the rest. There frozen to the deck, literally in a shroud of ice, lay Jozuna."

"Was any letter or paper found on him?"

"Yes and no. All his property, even to his clothes and private tools in his kit, was handed over to me, his uncle, as nearest known kin. In an oiled-paper envelope was a paper addressed to me, which said in prose: 'Look on my breast, interpret the symbolism, and believe me without stain of criminal intent to his Majesty's servants. Look in the night sky in time of full moon when the wild geese sail in mid-heaven, and see my spirit there, pure and innocent. As in mid-heaven the geese fly far above this gross earth to become silvery white in the moon's presence, so soars my hope to win the Emperor's favor, my country's honor, and the belief of my kinsmen that I am innocent of even the thought of the assassin's crime.'"

"Well, well, well, 'Naru hodo!' as you Japanese say. Now I understand what Jozuna meant by giving me his own picture of the geese flying across the

moon, and his hope that I would think him a goose. I nearly laughed in his face then, in spite of his sad looks. Now I feel differently."

Then happened that play of emotion which differentiates the Japanese from the Occidental man. The Anglo-Saxon may control himself in stolid calm, or his eyes may moisten and dim as the American pedagogue's did here at Nagasaki under the camphor tree. The Japanese, his peer in self-discipline, will almost certainly smile — even when his heart is gnawed with grief. This was just what the Emperor's minister did. It was no guffaw, no coarse grin. It was the smile of the gentleman — the cultured, self-controlled son of Japan — a smile that covered tortures of grief within.

The pause of a few minutes over, — after two pairs of eyes had swept the landscape, and the air, laden alike with the perfumes of summer flowers and quivering with the boom of temple bells, filled again the lungs, — clear speech proceeded.

"I have learned your countrymen's custom of penning poems on taking their earthly farewells. Did Jozuna, exile and innocent as he declared himself, leave no poetic legacy, no other proof of his own belief in his innocence?"

"Yes, proof enough. For a gentleman in Japan to submit to be tattooed is 'as rare as the udogé flower.' The sailors who removed Jozuna's clothing,

before packing his body in quicklime for removal here to Nagasaki, were surprised to find his breast covered with tattooing in finest artistic style and color — the ancient design of the geese flying in front of the full moon. When the officers on the *Naniwa*, where his personality was known, recognized the body and the picture on it, they were startled. They saw the point of significance at once. They raised the 'Banzai' — and some turned away to think hard."

"The 'Banzai'! what's that?"

"Oh, don't you know that our men in this war have invented a new cheer? 'Banzai' means ten thousand generations. It is equivalent to 'Vive l'empereur!' or 'Long live the king!' It is a sort of patriot's sacramental, 'May the imperial line live ten thousand generations,' or, for short, 'Japan forever.' Formerly used by a few on special occasions, it is now a national cheer. I have no doubt Jozuna shouted it amid the crash and in the very teeth of the Chinese guns."

"What more? Any poetry from our friend, artist, patriot, hero?"

"Yes, this was written just below the prose, in the usual *uta*, or thirty-one-syllable stanza of five lines. I'll render it in plain prose: —

"'Better be a wild goose mounting to the heavens, clothed with light for one flashing moment, though I

fall under the hunter's shaft at daybreak, than live long but a fowl in the barnyard.' "

Cleansed from all stain is the name of Jozuna. Japan is the land in which forgiveness of political sins follows swiftly, when the suppliant's innocence is proved. Yes, when either the unjustly accused man or the real offender can and will say, "In ignorance I did it"; yes, when (before either knowledge of unwitting transgressions or proof of innocence may come during the lifetime of the accused) death in loyalty to the Emperor, who is the soul of their native land, is courted, and life is given to redeem erring act, is this true. The recent history of Japan teems with instances of the Emperor's gracious forgiveness, yes, of posthumous honors, condoning those who mistakenly fought against his loyal servants.

The doctrine of the divinity of the Mikado, in the dogmatic, polemic form of Shinto, the primitive cult of the Japanese, the Occidental cannot accept. But since to forgive is divine, we, too, can pay the tribute of admiring regard to Japan's Emperor, 121st of the oldest line of rulers in the world, for manifestly sharing so much an attribute of God.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SWORD-SHRINE AT NIKKO.

THE summer of 1895 had come, and with it a discovery. Clarence Burnham realized that he was not by nature a business man. Succeeding months and years served but to confirm the conviction. Even the prospect of making a fortune and coming home to live within theatre-train distance of New York or Chicago, did not appeal to him as it did to so many of the men whom he met in the hongs, at the club, in the course of trade, or within the round of pleasures by which the exiles in a foreign land divert themselves during their spare hours.

Various were the faces of the people whom he met at the race-course, promenade gardens, shooting range and targets, hare-and-hound runs, and in hunting, but one yearning possessed the hearts of them all. Many had long been in the country, but all wanted to go home after they had made the fortune they hoped to store up. One was waiting for the rise of silver, another for the fall of gold, a third for a lucky turn in tea, a fourth for a depression in the

native price of silk; but all lived in the hope of joys to come — not in Japan, but beyond sea.

During the very busy season Clarence would strive to "put in a new brace," according to his father's exhortation. Then he toiled with a spurt, as it were, over ledgers and daybooks, at the sample table, and in the "godown," or storehouse, from the Japanese "blue" morning till red evening. But when trade was slack, all ambition to master the business, in gross or in detail, seemed to fly from him. With a gun on his shoulder, over the hills or among the rice fields in the valley, or with hook and line by moat or stream, Clarence Burnham made many a golden hour slide between his fingers. He had never forgotten, only stifled his desire for literary culture and achievement. In the evenings and on rainy days he gave himself up to the joys of reading, making himself acquainted with the fairyland of English poetry, the varied field of modern fiction, and the masters of American literature. He kept up his familiarity with French. Indeed, he was far more industrious with printed books than with those having blank or ruled pages.

His father noticing this, sought to cure what he looked upon as a disease, and thinking to make use of a well-known remedy, hoped that his son might find among the many lovely young ladies, daughters of English and American residents in Yokohama and Tokio, a companion for life's mating. He did not

know that Clarence's heart was in Peking. In China's capital lay the "rock unseen," by the world at large, of which the Japanese poet sings. There dwelt the one fair woman around whom the young man's hopes and longings centred.

"My love is like a rock
 Where birds of white wing fly,
Which billows overleap,
 And sun can never dry.

"My fondest fancies spring
 Around *her* every hour,
Bound breaking at his feet,
 And o'er *her* brightness tower.

"The gazer on the land
 Looks long across the wave;
He sees a ridge of snow
 Where waters roll and rave.

"The rock — it lieth low
 Beneath the tumbling sea;
My darling's steadfast soul
 Is known to none but me."

In truth, Clarence Burnham had begun seriously to consider whether there was not some other career open for him, along other paths than those of commercial industry and ambitions, for his distaste for the life of a trader seemed to have grown day by day, threatening soon to reach the acute stage. The war was over, and the triumphant armies, except the gar-

rison at Wei-Hai-Wei, left to secure the fulfilment of all the conditions of the treaty, had returned.

In Formosa, the crack division of the national host of defenders, the imperial guards, and a few other picked regiments, were pacifying that unhappy island, chasing copper-colored rebels amid the sky-blue bamboo jungles, and finishing up the work of subduing insurgents of various Oriental sorts — after the short-lived bubble of the "Formosan Republic" had burst. In autumn, even the guards were again in quarters in Tokio. When the Japanese Johnny came marching home, the welcomes were æsthetic rather than bibulous. The country now settled down to peace, but also to expansion and to heavier taxes. The people must bear their new weight of glory, and also of responsibility incurred in being a world power.

It was while thus waiting in uncertain moods that Clarence Burnham one morning, while perched on a three-legged stool, poring over his desk in the hong, received a "chit." Opening, he found it to contain a message from his friend Masaro. He was in Yokohama, and asked for an appointment to meet and talk with his friend, Clarence Burnham.

That evening, when they met together, Clarence opened the ball by saying, after the usual commonplaces among friends were over: —

"Now tell me, old fellow, everything that has hap-

pened since I left you at Ping Yang, when you were too sick to know me."

Masaro began to narrate in detail his experiences in Korea. Too much weakened by the fever to continue his work as war correspondent, he had accepted, on his return to Seoul, an important appointment. It was to assist Count Inouyé, the Mikado's envoy, to carry out in the peninsular kingdom some of those reforms which it was hoped would make a new nation of Korea, and lead her in the same path of progress upon which Japan had so brilliantly entered.

After a few weeks of special work, Masaro had settled down as principal of the Korean Government School for the training, in the Japanese language and literature, of interpreters and young men for government posts. When diplomacy, following the cessation of active military operations, resulted in the treaty negotiated by Li Hung Chang and Ito, Masaro was appointed to assist the imperial envoy when he went to Chifu to exchange ratifications with the Chinese peace commissioners.

"This was the comic stage of the proceedings as far as the governments not immediately concerned showed their feelings," said Masaro. "On the 6th of May, our little steamer, the *Yokohama Maru*, reached Chifu, where we were soon joined by another small vessel, the *Higo Maru*."

"Why do you join the word 'Maru' to your names of ships?"

"Well, you know we used to name in this way the parts of a castle and also swords. Now, as the sword was the soul of the samurai, it may be that the soul of New Japan is a ship, and a steamer, too," and Masaro laughed heartily.

"Then I suppose that 'kan,' after the name of a war vessel, means power, like the 'kan' that we spell 'Khan,' of whom Kublai Khan with us is the most famous?"

"Yes, have it so. Certainly the Chinese envoys behaved like Tartar Khans. They were very slow to fulfil their part of the contract, yet at last, late in the evening, toward eleven o'clock, the ratifications were exchanged, and the treaty of peace became a fact. I am sure that we owe much to your American ex-secretary of state who was with Li Hung Chang. He constantly smoothed matters and oiled the rather ponderous hinges of Chinese business."

"Do you think, then, that the American adviser helped to shorten the war and prevent bloodshed?"

"Quite sure of it, for what does a Chinese statesman care for the lives of a few tens of thousands of men more or less? Our armies could certainly have gotten into Peking, and no doubt there would have been much carnage; but the loss of life would have been no element in the case, indeed, hardly a consideration. No doubt Li feels pretty bad at losing the forts and fleets, on which he spent so much time

and thought; but as for life, the value of it as such, the thought has hardly yet entered the Chinese official mind."

"I think you exaggerate. But tell me, how do you feel toward the different countries, Great Britain, for example?"

"Not very pleasantly. The British merchants in China made money indiscriminately out of both combatants, and England has so acted all through this war that her prestige in the East is badly, and I fear hopelessly, damaged."

"What of the United States?"

"Well, we expected nothing but sheer neutrality, and we got it; but there is one thing I think that has spotted even your flag."

"What? Do you mean the case of your two countrymen, whom our government ordered the United States consul in Shanghai to deliver to the Chinese?"

"I do," said Masaro.

"You are right as to the black spot. If ever, as an American, I was ashamed of my country and government, it was when these two students were delivered over to the Chinese for a trial that meant torture and death. There was neither justice nor law in the affair, for the Washington authorities must have known that in China the judges always make use of torture in their trials."

"Well, it's over now; but our feeling is worse

against the three nations that combined like brigands to rob us of the just prizes of war."

"Yes," said Clarence. "I remarked, when the war broke out, quoting from a friend on the steamer, that whatever the issue, the Russian bear would see his way clear to a meal."

"Yes," said Masaro, "and his meal is a big one, for sooner or later he will have all Manchuria under his paws."

"How do you feel toward Germany and France?" asked Clarence.

"Robbers in the same game," said Masaro; "one already has part of China, and the other, no doubt, will have a slice soon, for both are hungry for a meal, even if it is not as big as the bear's. The way these three Christian brothers behaved when our two little peace ships sailed into Chifu harbor, with the peace negotiations finished, was more like a scene on the stage, or what you call opera bouffe, than any one could imagine. In size, our twin ships were as 'babes in the wood' compared to giants. While the English and Americans treated us with politeness, and the officers of the United States gunboat *Machias* and the British war vessel *Edgar* made polite calls, the Russians, French, and Germans got up monkey shines or a bear dance. Indeed, I hardly know what to say to their tomfoolery."

"Tell me what they did," said Clarence.

"Well, in the harbor there was a big Russian fleet, — ten men-of-war, two torpedo destroyers, and one torpedo-boat, — and there were also one French and two German warships. The other vessels were two British, one American, and one Italian. The Russian men-of-war had doffed their white paint of peace times and put on the lead color which means service for war; and, what do you think? They were all cleared for action, as if ready for battle. They kept firing blank cartridges, covering the whole sea with a pall of smoke, and evidently were going through a kind of sham battle. The German and French war vessels, taking their cue from the Russians, like jackals from a lion, played the same game. You can imagine the noise.

"All this was intended to have an impressive effect upon us, who had come purposely and unostentatiously in two little steamers into the harbor of Chifu. Evidently the three allied Powers had expected the Japanese fleet, and therefore prepared for action and made a tremendous bluster. When the British and American officers saw these bellicose preparations, they laughed in their sleeves, and you may be sure that we did."

"You Japanese have made China pay heavily for her 'ride on a tiger.' Besides getting Formosa, which, by all the rules of geodesy and geography, as well as ethnology and politics, ought to belong to Japan, you

will have a good round sum in gold and silver. What do you people expect to do with this indemnity money?"

"Only one thing," said Masaro; "buy the best war vessels that Great Britain or the United States can build for us. These Christian nations are setting us such a good example, you know."

"Correct, chum," said Clarence Burnham; "Japan has a right to protect herself from sham Christianity, which is worse than paganism. Between the superstition that makes the imaginary 'yellow peril' a pretext for robbery of one nation and the seizure of another's land, and the land hunger of the big empire of the bear that menaces, perhaps, the very existence of your country, I should advise you to arm."

"Yes, that's what one of your best missionaries advised us, years ago, to do. Yet I hate war, and my experiences at Ping Yang have so affected me that I have not been content to rest till I made my pilgrimage to the sword-shrine of Nikko and there threw down, as a sacrifice to Heaven, the revolver which I used to kill a man, even though it were in self-defence."

"Indeed," cried Clarence, "I have heard of that shrine and have long wanted to see it."

In truth, Masaro's mind had been so wrought up by the scenes of war, the "battle, murder, and sud-

den death" that he had witnessed in Korea, that remembrance of it had become misery. His conscience, as well as his dreams, was troubled by the thought of the awful slaughter of human beings. He felt, in a measure, the dreadfulness of war resting on him, as one who had "consented unto" what was done.

Nor did the thought that he had killed a man, even in self-defence, under the rules that govern warfare and regulate the justifiable taking of human life, ease greatly his burden. Keeping the revolver with which he had saved his own life, while yet taking that of another man, he never used it again, even in sport or for practice. Considering it devoted to a sacred purpose, he laid it away until the opportunity to sacrifice it to Heaven should come.

Masaro was still a thorough Japanese, even though he had learned of Christianity, not only by his own inquiry, reading, and study, but by attending for some months one of the missionary schools in Tokio. There, besides learning English, he had taken a course in Christian ethics, being most profoundly impressed with the teaching of Christianity in regard to the forgiveness of offences, the eschewing of revenge, and the necessity of personal chastity and of unfaltering truth. He was not a Christian, in the sense of accepting either the popular form of its doctrines or the general scheme of its history, traditions, and claims. Furthermore, it was still a mystery to him why Christian

nations were, or seemed to be, so bloodthirsty in their practice.

Yet despite the contradiction between the theory and the practice of foreigners, he honored, yes, almost in will as well as heart, loved the Founder. Somehow, that idea of the sacredness of human life and the prohibitions against taking it needlessly had actually modified his thought and made him, in so far, a follower of the Prince of Peace, notwithstanding that the training received in his childhood and the teachings absorbed by him were still powerful. He could not yet abandon the idea that "the gods" watched especially over his beloved country. He had still a vague notion of "Heaven" as an impersonal mass of forces, or bundle of laws. He had not yet reached the idea of there being but one Lawgiver, able to save or to destroy, or of one Father, who was love. To him the gods were simply a greater sort of men, who, like himself, were servants of law, limited, and bound to obey.

His feelings on the side of inheritance were beautifully expressed in the ancient ode, which in 733, A.D., some admirer wrote of the Japanese prince, envoy to China.

"In the great days of old,
When o'er the land the gods held sov'r'ign sway,
Our fathers lov'd to say
That the bright gods with tender care enfold
The fortunes of Japan,

Blessing the land with many an holy spell;
And what they loved to tell,
We of this later age ourselves do prove;
For every living man
May feast his eyes on tokens of their love."

Like a true Japanese, intensely matter-of-fact, even when most intellectual or æsthetic, Masaro felt that he could be freed of the remorse which tortured him, by some act of self-sacrifice. He hoped that between the two systems of thought, to both of which he was trying to render allegiance, he would find peace by action. In his country's history he had read of the sinner Endo, who had stood naked under the waterfall in winter, in order to purge his conscience and ease the torture which had come because of crime. Even though injustice to another had been done through mistake, the true penitent felt it necessary to suffer, yes, gladly welcomed torture.

To-day, after centuries, the example of Endo lent argument to Masaro's hopes of winning peace through penitence and, if necessary, pain. Had he not read also of Naozané, the bearded warrior, who, having driven a sword through his foe and discovered the features of the boy, Adzumori, some mother's darling, was seized with remorse and became a monk?

So, at the first opportunity, on reaching his native soil, Masaro set out to pay a visit to the famous shrine of Nikko. Was it, do you ask, to look upon

wonders of color, the marvellous fretted ceilings and carven work, the image of the cat, masterpiece of the left-handed carver, Jingoro? No! Was it to stand on the famous mountain Nantaisan for scenery, or to scan the glorious waterfall of Chiuzenji? No!

When at the end of his journey Masaro arrived at Nikko, he went far up on the great mountain side, to the highest point in that cluster of hills. Finding the pathway marked by the red-painted torii, or sacred gateways, he passed through these clear up to the summit, where stood a very modest shrine. Near by, or just beyond, was a bare rock, standing on which he could look down over a steep precipice, seventy feet in depth. Bowing reverently before the shrine, he clapped his hands in the method of prayer, as in the presence of Deity. He called on Heaven to forgive the sins which he had unwittingly committed, and grant him greater purity and earnestness in life. He prayed also that the memory of what he had seen on the bloody battle-field, and of the blackened and festering corpses, might pass away.

"O gods of Japan, one and all, or One Living and True God, if so thou art, receive this in proof of my sincerity, and accept it in sacrifice."

Saying this final word he drew his revolver, reversed it, and letting it fly from his hold on the barrel end, he hurled it far from him. It struck the fragment of a sword sticking in the ground as if

growing there, and then went clanking in among the rusty tokens of many a bygone deed of vengeance or blood.

Yes, here indeed was a scene to touch the imagination, and one that showed that while Japan is the home of the sword, and often of the murderer's sword also, it is the home of conscience. The agony of the human spirit is known here, nor does the Japanese heart differ in its workings in the island empire from those in the world at large.

Here lay, and had lain for centuries, the blades, once crimson-stained, of the murderer and assassin, and of the avenger of blood as well as of the killer of man for sport, or for treachery, or in mistaken honor. While Japan proudly boasts that hers is the "country ruled by the slender sword," in contempt of the heavy, cleaver-like blades of the Chinese and barbarians, yet that sword in the hands of individuals has been too often drawn in hasty wrath, in hot hate, and in cold treachery.

This shrine, with its hundreds of old sword blades, some of them hardly more now than masses of rust, testified to the power of conscience. It showed that men heard the voice of God, — call Him by what name we will, — and that this voice spoke with no uncertain sound. On the bare rock in winter, half buried under the snow, in summer kissed by the breezes that blow over all lonely places, exposed to

rain and sunshine, were hundreds of sword blades. They were cast down on the earth that had drank the blood once foully shed by men who in some cases brought these proofs of a lashing conscience hundreds of miles. Here the pilgrim, tormented by remorse and seeking surcease of agony, had finished his pilgrimage, and calling on the gods for forgiveness had flung away the hated blade in expiation of his crime.

Had they tongues, what terrible tales some of these bits of steel edged iron could tell! How significant were these blades of the fact that the barbarism of the past, the devilish pride that cherished the sword as the main source of manly spirit was over! How prophetic of the new era was it that, amidst the relics which for a thousand years had symbolized at once Japan's highest pride and oldest methods of war, there should lie to-day the shining steel barrels, the silver-mounted handle, and the American stamped letters telling of new lands, new forces, and new ways of taking life, while yet the old conscience should burn and sting!

It was some weeks after this episode of the pocket pistol, cast ex voto among the samurai's swords on the lonely mountain, that Masaro met and called upon Clarence Burnham.

As the conversation went on, both men found themselves in a mood to gratify their desire for a

little literary dalliance, so that when Clarence proposed a way to spend the evening, Masaro gladly accepted.

"There is at present in the capital a famous story-teller from Tosa. In addition to the old stock of classic stories he has some fresh ones, famous in southern Japan."

"Let's go and hear him, by all means," said Masaro.

So, mounting the train for Tokio, the two young men rode to the capital city, and going at once to one of the well-known halls on the Ginza, they heard the following narrative.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DRAGON-GUARDED JEWEL.

ABOUT two hundred people, most of them males, a few of the men in foreign clothes, and all the females in Japanese costume, were gathered to hear the new story-teller in the capital. Clarence could not help noticing the difference in the impression made on him by a bird's-eye view, as he stood up. Instead of the gun-hammer top-knots and shaven scalps always seen in his boyhood's days, when he listened as the hanashiki of Hiogo told their stories, now all the men and boys wore their hair cropped in the Western style.

The story-teller made his bow, cleared his throat, rapped with his fan on his tiny box desk, and prepared to tell of the Dragon-guarded Jewel of a Thousand Rays. His eye caught that of the foreigner among the scores of upturned faces, and with the inner eye fixed upon the possible silver coin to be found among the coppers, when the lacquer box went round for collection, he proceeded. This time, for the foreigner's sake, he made use of more explanation

than was his wont when before purely native auditors. His elocution was as fine as his language was stately and sonorous. All his strong points were emphasized with lively taps of the fan on his desk.

"All over Japan," said he, "the images of the gentle Buddha attract myriads of devotees. Sculptured in stone and set outdoors in rain and tempest, in calm and sunshine, or enshrined beneath golden-fretted roofs of mighty temples, they are always in front of a praying throng. Shaka Muni, the Indian prince who attained to Nirvana, the state in which all passion is absent, is the person thus represented in bronze and stone. The dream of perfect peace is upon the calm features, the hands are locked, and the thumbs touch in the abstraction of thought. Covering the otherwise naked head are the thousand curls. These represent the mass of cooling snails which were sent to protect the exposed head of the meditating prince. Resting upon his limbs, with crossed feet, their soles upward to the sky, the figure is that of him who sits, not to move, but only to be lost in thought.

"While both the praying devotee, who, boasting his birth in our holy country would know the history of his cult, and the honorable alien, who admires our Oriental and native art, alike note these points of which I have spoken, that which most strikes their attention is the jewel set in the forehead of Great

Buddha. From this, to the enraptured worshipper in hours of ecstasy, flash the radiant beams which betoken answer to prayer. It is the symbol of illumination, of perfect freedom attained, of Buddha's being made the recipient and distributer of blessings. On the great bronze image at Kamakura, I may add, the huge silver boss on the head measures over a yard in diameter, and contains thirty pounds of the white precious metal.

"Yet of all the gems or studs, gold or fringing jewels, which art and devotion have set in the images of Buddha in Everlasting Great Japan, none can for a moment, throughout all the ages, be compared with the resplendent jewel in the forehead of the Buddha in the Temple of Illustrious Joy in our mediæval city of Nara.

"This was a crystal of purest water, with a radiancy like fire, containing within itself an image of Shaka Muni, the features of whom, turned in whatever way, could always be seen. No matter to what point of the compass, or to what direction of zenith or abyss the holder should turn the precious ball, the benign image of the Buddha smiled on the spectator. No wonder it was called the 'thousand-faced gem.'

"How it came to Everlasting Great Japan is told in the story, now over a thousand years old, related for centuries in Tosa, under the paper-shaded evening lamp or around the mid-floor hearth, and handed

down to delighted generations. No copy, my honorable auditors, in print, is known ; but the manuscripts have been the joy of scholars and copyists for centuries. The artists of the Tosa school, with their brilliant and miniature-like finish, have revelled in depicting its marvellous scenes. Variant as are the details of the story, the true version, the classic narrative, is that which I give herewith.

"Long, long ago, when the precious doctrine of Shaka was new in the realm of our Lord, the Mikado, whose rule is unbroken from ages eternal — "

"Banzai! Banzai!" shouted the whole assembly in chorus, while two small boys waved the sun flag.

The story-teller smiled to the people, and bowed toward the imperial palace. Then he resumed : —

"When both scriptures and images of the Eternal Buddha were rare, there lived in Nara a great noble of high rank and of immemorial lineage. Dressed in flowing robes, and with tablet of pure white wood on which to note down every command and desire of the Emperor, he was regarded with veneration by all the court and people, and received distinguished marks of honor from the son of the gods, who made him his prime minister. His name was Kamatari. Being a very pious man, he made a pilgrimage to the far east of Japan, on the great plain on which Tokio now stands, but then a very wild region. In a dream he was commanded by the Kami, or god, to bury or

lay in store, in the hillside, a precious sickle which he carried with him. He did so, and his descendants ruled the district of Kamakura, or sickle storehouse, for many generations.

"Kamatari had a daughter whose beauty and accomplishments were the pride of Nara. The great Chinese Emperor, Tai Tsing, of the ever famed Tang dynasty (618–905 A.D.), hearing of the fair lady, sought her hand in marriage. And so the maiden crossed the stormy seas, and amid great splendor and pomp was married to the sovereign lord of the Middle Kingdom and became Empress of the realm. Yet, far away from her beautiful home-land, the princess at times yearned for a sight of the solemn groves and pretty flower-gardens of Nara, and longed again to be under her father's roof. To heal the cravings of homesickness, she resolved to found a temple in her native land and dedicate it to Buddha. The diversion of collecting rare and beautiful objects to adorn the temple would thus occupy her mind and drive away that heart pain, which every son and daughter of our beautiful Japan feels when absent from our holy country.

"So for years she gathered rare treasures together. Whenever she heard of the work of a famous artist, or carver in jade or crystal, or precious gems and metals, near or far, she would call him to the palace to see his work, often making choice of what was the

costliest and hardest to obtain. Fortunately, she heard of the wonderful jewel in India which contained the thousand-fold view of the Eternal Buddha, and secured it; and this completing her treasure, she determined at once to fit out a ship and send it to her father in Japan.

"For this purpose she selected the most faithful and trusted of her retainers, whose name was Manko. He, on his part, vowed in presence of the princess, and in the names of all the gods of Everlasting Great Japan, to defend the jewel from all enemies above or below the surface of the sea, and to deliver it safely.

"Yet, even the bravest of men cannot foresee the future. No sooner was it known that this jewel, renowned throughout all India and China, was to be made an offering in the temple of the Holy Sage and to be set in the forehead of his image, than the monarch of the world under the sea was roused to jealousy and wrath. Kai Riu O, the dragon sea-king, reigned over the empire of Riugu, which was beneath the waves. His host consisted of thousands of dragons, each one able to sink a ship and devour its crew. Some of these terrible creatures were a hundred feet long and breathed fire out of their mouths. With claws like steel, and tails with the power of a windlass wound by a thousand men, they were besides equipped with every means of defence known to bird, beast, or fish. The dragon-king, irritated and envious,

even made alliance with the king of the demons in the lowest hell, called Asura, and resolved to capture the jewel. Instead of gracing the image and temple of Buddha for the blessing of mankind, Kai Riu O determined that the thousand-rayed jewel should adorn his shrine in Riugu. Thus would he add to the treasures which every year came to him by shipwreck and loss, for Kai Riu O was and is no friend of man."

"Ay, ay, true, true," spoke out not a few in the audience at this reference to the very much alive and active being under the waves.

"Namu Amida Butsu" (save us, Eternal Buddha), murmured a score of voices, and one old woman actually took out her beads to pray by counts.

Piously bowing, the story-teller, glad to be thus interrupted, continued: —

"So amid the plaudits and good wishes of the Empress's Japanese servants left behind, and sped by her prayers, Manko hoisted sail and made toward the rising sun. Escaping first the dangers of the sea, he reached a famous place between the two countries to which shipwrecks, many and sad, had given an evil reputation. This time, however, the alertness and skilful seamanship of Manko were bringing his vessel safely through all natural dangers, when, suddenly, the ship was attacked by a host of demons.

"Without quailing for an instant, Manko and his men, armed to the full, joined battle with the demons, and with their trusty blades put the infernal host to flight. Then, victorious, the ship moved on, and soon the green shores of our Four-countries Island loomed up before them. Already they were beginning to smell the fragrant odor of the woodfires wafted seaward from the cottages. In imagination they even feasted, amid home joys, on the tender young rice, when a strange object upon the water met their view."

At this point the narrator made a dead pause and down came his iron-riveted fan with a tremendous whack upon the desk. "Now, honorable sirs," said he, "all who would hear what next happened will kindly cast their gifts into the lacquered box which my attendants will present."

"It is a case of 'to be continued in our next,'" said Clarence Burnham to his companion. "Well, here goes ten *sen* (a dime) to cheer the old fellow up."

Casting a glance at the offering, the story-teller's face beamed at sight of the silver. Bowing low in thanks, he resumed: —

"It was only a log." Here all faces fell in disappointment. "But it had such a curious look that the sailors, despite their eagerness to get home, stopped the vessel and brought the timber on board.

With one blow of the axe, the tree trunk was split open, when, lo! a lady of amazing loveliness, attired in the splendor of court robes, stepped out."

At this all faces lightened.

"Manko, the captain, saluted the maiden with the gallantry of a true soldier, and at once looked to her comfort. Strange to say, however, the winds which had thus far been favorable now blew into their faces, and the ship lay tossing about in front of their native land ten days. The sight was tantalizing to the seamen. But as for the captain, he was so wrapped up in the strange guest that had come to him from the sea, that in his passion of love he forgot all about his home and his charge. Instead of being a vigilant officer, he was now a hopeless lover. Indeed, delay seemed only to increase his passion.

"The fair lady, with all the charms of the skilled coquette, put him off, even professing that her religious views would not permit her to accept his offers of marriage. All this time, however, Manko was becoming more hopelessly a slave to his infatuation. Without knowing it, he found that he would give anything in his own possession, or intrusted to him, in order to win her hand and caresses. The artful stranger, luring him on to betray his trust, made request to look at the precious gem. Mad with love, he permitted her to enter that part of the vessel where blazed the sacred jewel in its holy shrine."

Down went the faces of the serious in the audience, including an old priest, and eager — even to the opening wide of many mouths — was the desire to hear more. The story was getting hot!

"So artfully had the siren, for such she was, wrought her fell purpose that even after permitting her to gaze upon the flashing jewel, Manko took no further precautions. Unsuspicious of danger, he gave himself up to the companionship of the fascinating lady, and would think of nothing else.

"Alas, alas! on the morning of the fourth day, on going to look at the shrine, the jewel was gone! The woman, too, had disappeared. A thorough search of the ship failed to reveal her presence. The truth was now out. The dragon-king of the world under the sea had sent one of his fairest slaves to accomplish his horrible purpose. Where the force of the demons had failed, the wiles of a woman had won."

"Namu, Amida Butsu," groaned or murmured the hearers.

"For Manko, there was nothing to do but to go with a face of shame to Nara and, crouching at the feet of his august master, tell the whole story. As for Kamatari, though speechless with grief and unable to find comfort in talking with any one else, he still cherished hopes of winning back the jewel. Resigning office and honors, he left the imperial capital and went down to the place strangely named

Happy Point, near the beautiful Inland Sea, and not far from the place where the jewel and the siren had disappeared.

"Coming as a stranger into this fisherman's village, he lived quietly in retirement, telling no man who he was. Every day he would beguile the time by going down to the rocks on the seashore. There witnessing the wonderful skill of the female divers, he was seized with a new idea. These ruddy-cheeked and black-eyed maidens, marvellously lithe in limb, seemed at will to sink like lead or float like feathers on the surface, as they leaped and disported both above and beneath the waves. Diving down, they brought up great treasures of mother-of-pearl shells and feasted upon their contents. For their dress, while diving, they had nothing but a girdle of woven straw around their waists, while their long black locks, as they rose from the sparkling waves, flashed in the sun-rays.

"The thought struck him — Can I not find one of those fisher maids, who, for my sake, will be brave enough to dive to Riugu and bring up for me the precious jewel?

"Praying to the gods to direct him in his choice, he became acquainted with a young girl of great beauty, who excelled all the other female divers in courage and skill. He made love to her, and they were married. For three years the pair lived happily together, and then Kamatari, believing it was

time to propose the daring venture, disclosed to her the secret of his rank.

"Meanwhile a son had been born to them, for whom the mother expected nothing else than a fisherman's life. When, however, she found her husband was a great noble, with the blood of the gods in his veins, she was filled with shame. Why should she live with so great a man? For when he should return to his palace in Nara, and to the company of the lords and ladies of the court, would he not cast her off? In spite of all her husband's entreaties, she resolved to end her life.

"Kamatari, unable to turn her from her purpose, now made revelation of the object of his marriage, telling her that if she still persisted in ending her life, it were better first to attempt the recovery of the gem, and not to sacrifice her life uselessly.

"'Procure," said he, 'the Thousand-rayed Jewel, and life will be well sacrificed. Buddha will surely take to his bosom one who has perilled her all in behalf of his glory and honor. Furthermore, if successful, our son shall be made a noble, and inherit name and rank!'

"This appeal and promise touched the fisher girl's heart. Without speaking a word, she rushed up to the cliffs and leaped into the sea, the sparkling waves closing over her. Hour after hour passed over the anxious watcher on the rocks. Sunset came, and

yet his wife was invisible. The next day there was no sign, and so the sun rose seven times, and was again nearing the western sky, when suddenly there rose up from the water his wife. Haggard, weary, exhausted, and in despair, she had come back alone. With empty hands and weeping eyes she told the sad story. She had found out where the jewel was preserved, far down in the realm of the dragon-king of the world under the sea. Horrible dragons guarded the shrine, and none could approach because of their fire-breathing eyes and steel-like claws.

"Nevertheless, Kamatari gratefully thanked his spouse, and, cheering her, led her home and to rest until her strength was restored.

"The noble lord, not yet disheartened, gave himself up to thought. He considered every cunning plan to beguile the monsters from their vigilance and to decoy them from the shrine. He knew that music had a marvellous effect upon dragons. Whenever the musicians of the imperial band played, the dragons, visible or invisible, were sure to gather from all sides to gambol and play in unison with the notes. So, redoubling his exertions, Kamatari secured from Nara a company of the imperial musicians, who with flute and drum and flageolet and dulcimer made sweetest harmony. He had a phœnix-prowed barge built, on the deck of which were properly set up and hung, from the wings of the phœnix prow to the

inside dip of the long tiller, the brocade curtains, marked with the Emperor's crest exactly as in the Mikado's palace. Arrayed in their sun helmets and in their official robes, the musicians gathered on the bow, near the crest of the phœnix, and prepared to render their sweetest strains.

"The diver-wife on her part, being now restored to perfect strength, accompanied her husband in a fisherman's boat of the ordinary build. She had on only her straw girdle apron, but to the belt she fastened securely the end of a long rope, which her husband and his assistants were to hold, while she dived down into Riugu. For illumination under the waves, she set a light-giving crystal in the hair of her forehead; in her right hand she grasped a long, double-edged knife. Then all being ready, and the choir of musicians upon the phœnix barge bursting out with their sweetest strains, she plunged beneath the sparkling waves.

* * * * * * * *

"Another offering, gentlemen, else I cannot go on. It is a great strain on voice and emotions to tell this story of the Thousand-rayed Jewel. I alone in Tokio have the correct manuscript." With a bow and a rap of the fan, the story-teller again launched forth the money-scoop, which, after a few minutes, returned to port with a cargo of copper, richer than before. He at once resumed.

"At the first sound of the music, which penetrated below the surface of the sea to the lair of the dragons, these monsters, both the sentinels before the shrine and the reserves, swam upward and gathered on all sides of the floating barge whence the music proceeded. There they listened and played. So utterly fascinated by the sweet sounds were they that they forgot all that went on below in Riugu.

"The diving mother swam downward beneath the waves, on and on, for thousands of leagues. The jewel in her forehead shone by its own light, illuminating her path, until at last, in eagerness and still in strength, she reached Riugu. She entered where the temples and pagodas stood, adorned with the shippo, or seven precious jewels, — pink, coral, amber, mother-of-pearl, emerald, agate, pearls and crystal, besides gold and silver. It was entirely deserted. There in the centre flashed out the thousand-rayed jewel stone. She seized the precious gem, swam out, and hastened to return.

"Alas! soon she felt her woman's strength was failing. To make sure of success, she pulled violently the rope attached to her waist, as a signal that she needed help. Yet though Kamatari and his servants hauled in the rope with all their might, it seemed to the almost despairing woman that she could not succeed. Though she could hear the music still playing, there was a horrible dragon, many

rods in length, which, returning from afar to the shrine and finding it empty, sped after her to seize her. Death in the monster's jaws seemed to be imminent. Already she could feel his fiery breath upon her bosom.

"Suddenly it occurred to her that the gods of the sea have a great horror of corpses. Even a dragon will not touch a dead body. Riugu, while always welcoming the wrecked ships and the costly merchandise destroyed by the storms raised by the dragon-king of the world under the sea, does not care for dead bodies. Many a time had she seen the sailors of shipwrecked vessels and the bodies of passengers, instead of being received by the dragon horde, spewed out. Floating on the waves, or lining the shore, these corpses showed with what disgust the dragon-king and his dragon host regarded bodies in which life was extinct.

"The thought then nerved her to the dreadful deed. If she killed herself, she knew that the dragon would not pursue her any farther. By sacrificing her life she could save the jewel and please her husband, and, it might be, attain to Nirvana with Buddha.

"So, gratifying herself for a moment with an exulting laugh and defiant leer at the fire-breathing dragon, she grasped the hilt of her knife, and, blade upward, thrust it into her side. Then, in the deep incision,

she hid the precious jewel within her own body. The flesh closed over the wound, but the red blood upon the water gave signal to the dragon that it was a corpse he was pursuing. Instantly turning, he left her, and before a poisoned fang had entered her body, Kamatari and his servants drew up his wife. To their horror, it was but a corpse that appeared.

"Groaning, and in sincere grief, the nobleman laid the body of his beloved wife upon the deck. Forgetting the object of her descent, he mourned over her as lover and friend. Suddenly he noticed under her bosom a deep gash, and, on wiping away the blood, he saw, shining amid the flesh, the precious jewel. Reverently taking it forth, he gave his beloved wife burial. Dismissing the musicians with abundant thanks and reward, he hied to his home in Nara. There his son, in due time, was made noble and heir.

"So, at the price of a woman's life, this thousand-rayed jewel was ransomed from the power of the infernal demons, from Kai Riu O, and from all the dragon hosts of Riugu, and was ready for its resting-place. On an auspicious day, with all solemn and holy ceremonies, including the reading of the sacred sutras by a thousand priests, richly robed, the precious gem was fixed in the brow of the image of Shaka Muni, in the Temple of Illustrious Joy. There for centuries it remained, the peerless treasure of the Three Countries. In India, China, and Japan, there

was no brow-jewel like it, while for ages it beamed in radiant light upon the myriads who daily sought help and surcease from sorrow, before the image of the Eternally Enlightened and the Boundlessly Compassionate."

Down went the fan with a clap. Low bowed the head of the narrator, as the crowd broke out in sighs of relief, or pious offerings of praise and prayer to the holy lord Buddha. "Namu Amida Butsu," "Namu miyo ho ren gé kio" (Glory be to the holy book of the law which brings salvation), murmured one and another of the more pious, according as they belonged to this or that sect. More practical folks made at once for refreshments — the dumpling, broiled eels, and fruitstands — and regaled themselves; for long listening makes one hungry.

"Do you know, friend Burnham," said Masaro, "that this story, which I have heard for the first time, has a moral to me?"

"No, I cannot guess what it is. Tell me."

"I think of my country, Japan, as a fair fisher-girl, diving into the deep sea of new experiences, making her way in danger of the dragons or what is worse than these. Then, after seizing her rightful prize, she is beset and pursued by a superior force. She is perfectly willing to die to her own ambition, and to lose her life, in order that her child may find it in larger measure.

"To give up the prize won in the war at the behest of the three greatest military powers of the world, and because of the most formidable alliance recorded in history, is a very flattering proof of the power of Japan and the skill shown by our land's defenders. For the time being, we have driven the knife into our hopes and killed the body of our ambitions. But, when there emerges again Japan's thousand-rayed jewel, our country's glories will shine, not in war, but in peace; or, if in war they must glitter, may the greater glory be in peace. In any event, our soldiers will never be afraid to penetrate to the dragon's lair. Yet, if Japan conquers China the second time, may it be by winning her into the paths of progress and the world's civilization."

"Amen!" said Clarence.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN CHINA AFTER THE WAR.

WE shall tell, farther on in our story, how the ferment of ideas, generated in Japan after the astoundingly successful war with China, affected the Japanese, including Masaro. Let us now look in Peking, to see how the obtuse-nerved Chinese and the Manchus, proud, insolent, and densely ignorant, took their beating — most of them by growing new callosity.

By this time Marian Hopewell had become thoroughly accustomed to the daily grooves of duty in her new work and home. Yet the keen sense of novelty, in all that she saw, was scarcely blunted.

Nevertheless, she found it beyond her powers to fathom the depths or to explore the recesses of the Chinese mind. The "yellow brain" was not hers, nor that of the men she knew well. Her psychology learned in college, enriched by reading and study in the best place to observe certain phases of it, in the nursery, failed to yield an X-ray. To her, the "sacred river" of cogitations flowing out of the

ganglions formed in Chinese brains during thirty centuries

> "ran
> Through caverns measureless to man,
> Down to a sunless sea."

But in the region of the human heart, her explorations were more successful and her discoveries more joyous.

She liked the girls for their docility, quick obedience, and a keen sense of personal modesty that seemed innate. She quickly picked up much of the spoken language. For practical purposes, she was able to do this far more rapidly by taking the words as they fell naturally from the lips of the pupils than from her language-teacher, whose material and methods of speech were more formal. She soon learned also a dozen or score of the jolly jingles, or "Mother Goose" nursery songs, with which the little folks delighted themselves. She gained more slowly some knowledge of writing. Even the strange Chinese characters on the scrolls and wall pictures began to glow and bloom with meaning. She began to understand how it could be that the book language meant almost nothing to the ear and almost everything to the eye, and why it was that only ten per cent of the Chinese men could read a book, and only about one in ten thousand of the women.

Outdoors the shops and shop-signs, the buyers and

sellers, the animals and vehicles, and odd ways of doing things amused her. In dry weather, the donkeys in the carts and the long trains of shaggy, funny-faced camels made dust that soon became disgusting. She soon learned to tell the men from different parts of the empire. The Mongols from the plains, though very good-natured, looked quite uncouth and uncivilized in comparison with the Pekingese. She could quickly discriminate also between the Tartars, or Manchius, and the Chinese.

Six millions of the people who in 1621 marched into China from Manchuria, now govern the three or four hundred million Chinese. Powerful as cavalrymen, they quickly overran the empire, forcing the Chinese, who until then wore topknots, to wear their hair in a queue. Then the rough riders out of the plains established themselves in Peking. Gradually they yielded to luxury, intermarried with the natives, lost their language, and became to all intents and purposes as Chinese as the people they conquered.

"To the end of time, the Chinese will conquer every conqueror that conquers them," was one of Dr. Clinton's favorite remarks.

Marian learned to distinguish them not only because nearly all the military officers and most of the soldiers were Tartars, but because of their striking difference in face and figure. The Chinaman tends to roundness, has a creamy color of skin, and a quiet

eye. The Tartar is swarthy of complexion, has high cheek-bones, is more restless, and his eye seems more alive and in motion.

What seemed very strange was that while there was war going on, and such heavy fighting on land and sea reported, with the loss of whole fleets, armies, forts, and cities, Peking was very quiet. From the home newspapers and from Japan, all the foreigners learned vastly more than could be found in the English sheets published in the ports. Only a little that was trustworthy could be learned from the people in Peking. Marian inquired the reason of this from her friend, Dr. Clinton.

"Poor China has no nerves, and the body of the giant cannot feel quickly. The people in the interior cannot get at the truth, even if they should really want to know it, which I doubt. China is like an alligator. I imagine one could cut off the tip of the reptile's tail, before its brain gave notice by a thrill of pain."

"The telegraph will supply China's need in time, I hope."

"Yes, wires will be as nerves and railways as muscles. Until then, truth will have no legs to travel on. As for the war, it is in reality only the struggle of a few coast provinces with the Japanese. Even yet, I am sure, millions of Chinamen do not know there is war going on."

"What?"

"Or, if they do, they will misunderstand it in their own oblique way. It would be nearly impossible either to transmit or to receive a perfectly plain account of the battle or campaign. The illiterate Chinese in the interior — there are only about ten per cent who can read — want color, embroidery, exaggeration. The war now is practically over; but do you know how the average people in the empire read its results?"

"They know in general, I suppose, about the defeat of Li Hung Chang's drilled army and the loss of their fleet, do they not?"

"Not at all," said Dr. Clinton, as his eye twinkled. "This is about the way that one of the learned men or literati in the villages will tell the story, and also, most probably, the way it will take form to posterity. Let me read you from some imaginary popular book of the future. I'll shut my eyes so that I can see it more clearly — that is the way of the literati," and the doctor laughed. "Hear ye from the 'Yang-tse Pow-wow' of 1910 A.D.

"In the reign of our illustrious sovereign Kwang-Su, the Japanese, or dwarf barbarians of the eastern sea, made piratical expeditions, first, into our little frontier state of Korea, and then into our northeastern borders of Manchuria. Made bold by their first successes, they even pressed impudently toward the capital.

"But their insolence soon met with deserved rebuke. The viceroy, Li Hung, called out his ever victorious army, and, sending his bravest generals, drove back the Japanese, drowning thousands in the sea. The others were only too glad to get back to their poor country. Even from Manchuria our heroes, with the friendly help of the northern, bearded barbarians, called Ruskies, expelled the dwarfs, and so the whole land had peace once more."

"How extraordinary! What a joke!"

"Yes, but to the average villager it will be as solid truth."

"How can such things be possible, and especially in a country which used to be thought a land of sages?"

"This is possible," said Dr. Clinton, "and so also are the awful superstitions possible, because the most ordinary commonplaces of science, which in our country are familiar to our little boys and girls, are unknown and unsuspected even by learned men in China. These literati are wonderfully erudite in texts, letters, and books, powerful in style and rhetoric, but hardly yet in the kindergarten of science. If the learned are so crassly blind, what can you expect of the masses?"

"Why in the world are they possessed with the idea that we want their children in order to dig out their eyes to make chemicals for photographs?"

"Plainly, they think part of their body or soul goes into the picture made. Then, further, because the eye is like a mirror and reflects. On the eyeball of your friend, as you look in his eye, you see your own reflection or photograph. No wonder this part of the eye is called the pupil.

"The Chinese imagine that we possess the secret of making a plate sensitive for the camera, by extracting the virtue out of young folks' eyes, because these are so much more lustrous than those of older persons. They are too ignorant of chemistry to know about nitrate of silver."

"Is there nothing in the variety of color in our eyes so different from their uniform black to support them in their theory?"

"Decidedly so. They make of this difference a reason good in their view. In the interior of the country they believe that all foreigners are blue-eyed, and that only black eyes will make the proper drug for the photographers."

"Do the eyes of the dead serve any other purpose?"

"Yes, our 'Dick Deadeye' is as funny, in their Chinese notions, as in 'Pinafore.' He can turn lead into silver."

"Is there anything for which our blue eyes have to suffer in China's esteem?" said Marian, looking instinctively at her own in the mirror.

"Oh, yes," said the Doctor. "Pardon me and don't feel offended, but since the pig's eyes are blue, the usual sign of an alien in Chinese caricatures — often too obscene to describe — is a pig. Horrible to think of, these pagans suppose that our Saviour, though we know he was a Hebrew and a Syrian, had blue eyes. Hence their most common caricature of our religion is a pig nailed to a cross."

"How horrible!" and the young girl shuddered.

"But to change this painful subject, consider how our triumphs of applied science must seem to the illiterate. They see steamers moving in the water against the tide without wind or sail, and swifter than eagles. They hear of railway trains rushing along at the rate of sixty miles an hour, or a mile a minute, and their wonder increases when they see no power or motor. It is not strange that the same Chinaman who on the Pacific steamship burnt incense and prayed to the walking-beam of the engine, saw, when in Chicago, the cable cars dashing along at a frightful speed, and was even more amazed. He cried out, 'No horsee, no smokee, no lokee, and go like lightning all the same.'

"Think of people in a village, hardly one in a thousand of whom has ever been five miles from his rice field, hearing of these white men able to see millions of miles in the sky, or listening to tales about looking into a microscope and seeing a flea

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as big as an elephant. Imagine their wonder when in the surgical ward they see legs and arms amputated, and not only tumors removed from the outside of the body, but even the interior opened, cut, cleaned, or parts removed, and then behold the patients out, well, and strong again, in a few days' or weeks' time. Since their own geomancers pretend to gaze at the precious metals which are down deep in the earth, how much more they are likely to believe that our people can see the gold, silver, coal, and iron in the earth."

"And indeed they can," said Marian, "by the eyes of that faith which science gives. Then think of the X-ray. I once broke off a needle, and it fastened itself among the muscles of the base of my thumb. The X-ray revealed it with perfect clearness, though it gave the doctors much trouble to get it out."

"Yes, the miracle of yesterday becomes the commonplace fact of to-day. Instructed in the principles of science, we not only understand the phenomenon, but we expect every day even greater wonders. Education for ages, and certainly since the Reformation, has been preparing us to stow away in our understanding what were once miracles, as easily as David put pebbles in his shepherd scrip. But to the Chinese, credulous to the last degree, ready to believe anything and everything, we must seem like terrible magicians. Hence among their ignorant

masses the man who by magic or witchcraft is able to compete, as it were, with the Westerner, soon finds a following."

"I can see," said Marian, "why a Chinaman seems to us to be made up of a mass of incongruities. The most opposite traits of character seem to exist alongside of each other in him. Probably that accounts for the fact that while with us two and two make four, with them it seems to make three or five."

"Yes, they call us the 'crab-writing barbarians,' because we do our writing and things generally the other way, or upside down or backward. A mode of arguing or reasoning that would lead us to go north, would start them in a southern direction. You know while our compass points north, theirs is the 'south-pointing chariot.'"

"When do you suppose the Chinaman and Western man will see eye to eye?"

"Certainly not while the Chinese holds to his theory of the universe. Science and education must give him a new mental outfit. Christianity must supply the spiritual impulse, lift up his moral life, and purify his spiritual vision. When the mind of our Chinese brother is so filled with God that there is room for nothing else, then the demons that over-populate his air and earth and sea will vanish. When both look out on the universe and hear a voice saying, 'I am the Lord, and there is none beside me,' then

the white and yellow man will understand each other, and live in peace, striking hands together to make China and the whole earth a better place to dwell in."

"Do you hold Confucius responsible for the superstition that fills China and degrades the people?"

"Yes, in part at least. It would not be fair to charge to the great sage the abominable sorcery, idolatry, and the craven fear of demons which degrades the Chinaman, nor to charge this teacher with the witchcraft that everywhere prevails; but he certainly cut the tap-root of all progress when he left God out of his scheme, and especially in his famous exhortation."

"What is that?" asked Marian.

"It is this, 'Honor the gods and keep them far from you,' which the Chinese have interpreted to mean, 'Be polite to what is supernatural, but have nothing to do with it.' Thus taught the great agnostic, Confucius. And so aspiration was cut off from the poor Chinaman. Instead of giving a system of life fraught with aspiration, hard indeed to live up to, but charged with the seeds of everything good and blessed, such as Jesus taught, Confucius shaped the ancient traditions so as practically to leave out their soul. He framed a system which is practical, easily carried out, serves admirably its purpose, but which has left the poor Chinaman exactly where he was a millennium and a half ago, and where he is to-day."

CHAPTER XIX.

A BATTLE WITH THE BOXERS.

THOSE end-of-the-century years which Marian Hopewell lived in Peking were crowded with startling incidents, both in her own life and in the great empire in which she lived. As in a storm the pulse of the ocean "beats with low rhythm" not only on the beach, but also in the inland air, and as the salt spray can be almost tasted and its ozone discerned some distance inward from the shore line, so the movements of the outside world were felt, at least, a little way inside mighty China.

The Japanese war had exposed to the world, as nothing else could have done, the military weakness of China, and this meant the sliding forward of the Russian glacier, the entrance of Germany as a land seizer and owner, the occupation of one of the "gates of Peking" by a British garrison, and the attempt of Italy to gain the control of a marine province. Yet all this was on the outside.

Inside the country the literati, the great opposers of progress, remained, in their attitude to whatever

was outside of China, the same owls and bats that they had always been. Terrified one moment by impotent fear, they were the next moment boiling with rage because they could not stop the ocean wave of Westernization. To them the entrance of science, Christianity, machinery, or anything foreign, meant loss of power, place, and income. That "knowledge is *power*" was a wise saw which they translated to mean prey and booty. "Though an eagle be starving, it will not eat grain." They had fattened too long on the carcase willingly to yield their quarry — the common people.

"How do the literati, with their peculiar ideas of education, look on us?" asked Marian Hopewell one day of Dr. Clinton.

"Well, you know they call us 'devils,' and we are very strange objects in their eyes. Do you remember the gargoyles and the grotesque creatures that are sculptured on Gothic cathedrals, representing the demons, exorcised by the prayers of the holy? Such are we in their eyes."

"Does this view of us and our ways account for the riots which were so numerous seven or eight years ago?"

"Fully so, I think. Let but some high mandarin issue a lying book against us inflaming the public mind, and let the roughs start a riot, and the fire of destruction is begun. You will find that the local

magistrates keep away till the affair is over. Then they send soldiers, who, as likely as not, join in the mêlée and plunder."

"Are these secret societies, 'Triads,' 'Sect of Heaven and Earth,' 'White Lotus Flower,' 'Elder Brother,' 'Long Sword,' and what not, that I hear of, organized especially against foreigners?"

"Oh, not necessarily. Some of these fraternities are very little different from those we have at home. There are people all over the world, you know, who are fond of mystic ceremonies; and there are others who like to manufacture and keep secrets and guard them with mysterious performances more or less solemn or ridiculous; but in China, apart from these innocent orders, there are some that are hostile to the Peking dynasty, which is Manchu. A few years ago we had the tail-cutting mania."

"The what?" asked Marian.

"Scissors and knives might have been their emblems and Delilah their patron, for the strength of the Manchu is in his hair, and the Chinaman's queue is the symbol of loyalty to the powers in Peking. To cut off the queue is an insult to the Emperor. So the anti-dynasty men went around with sharp scissors and snipped off the queues of gentlemen, rich merchants, and occasionally even high mandarins. Thousands of the common people lost their queues and were disgraced."

At this Marian laughed hilariously, for the picture in her mind was as mirth-provoking as any cartoon in *Judge*, *Puck*, or *Life*. In China, a man without his queue would be much like a gentleman on Broadway without collar or necktie, or with only one leg on his trousers. To think of a pompous mandarin falling asleep and waking up queueless, put Marian in mind of a chicken running around with its head off.

A few days after this conversation the Mission Home was in a joyful state of excitement, tempered with trepidation. It had been announced that the great reformer and scholar, Dr. Kang, summoned from Canton by the Emperor, was, in company with the United States envoy, to inspect the various schools, hospitals, and other benevolent institutions conducted by Americans in Peking, and that he would visit the Mission Home.

This was the time of bright promise to all who hoped for a new and better China, because the young Emperor was leading a movement which meant a reconstruction of Chinese education, if not of the whole social order. Indeed, so many were the new changes and enterprises, that one wise man called the imperial scheme a "pagoda of many stages."

Although so many of the literati or "educated" Chinamen, that is, ponderously learned men, who

could not add up a column of figures, or pass an examination in science that would satisfy a primary school-teacher in America, were still playing the rôle of the owl and the bat, yet there were a few earnest Chinese scattered over the country who had opened their own eyes, and were trying to get others opened. They realized what had happened to China at the hands of Japan, and what the foreigners' science and religion, as well as their predatory instincts, were.

At Shanghai a noble band of merchants and missionaries, working in harmony, had scattered all over the empire honestly written histories of the war, besides pamphlets and books which taught the commonplaces of science, giving facts and news of the world beyond China. These publications had been eagerly read, and something like a party which might be called "Young China" was beginning to form.

In the capital, reform clubs were organized. Some of the brightest men in the academy of scholars, called Hanlin or Forest of Pencils, openly advocated following the methods of Japan. Best of all, the young Emperor, hearing of these books, had begun to read them, to inquire of men of the new order of mind, and to plan for freedom. Had he been a stronger character, he might have been the Luther of China. He called the reformers to him, took their advice, and ordered more books for his own reading.

Soon the Chinese world was startled by edicts that meant change and reform. Old conservatives held their breath and wondered if the Son of Heaven was mad, while the friends of progress rejoiced, some, indeed, with trembling.

Alas, the man's "ride on the dragon" that soars and blesses was succeeded by a woman's "ride on the tiger." If the Emperor and the reformers wanted things new, the Empress Dowager and her adherents resolved to have things old.

We all know the story of how the lights of hope, which the reformers kindled, were quickly quenched in their own blood. Six were beheaded. The others fled for their lives. A great storm of reaction broke, which blasted the budding hopes of enlightened patriots and left ruin in its path. Like a fair garden, in which spring flowers had begun to appear, there remained after the wrath of the Empress only the blackness and death of untimely frost.

The entire scheme of reform vanished, only one flower in the garden being spared. This was the plan of a new imperial university, urged by Li Hung Chang, and for which the silver had already been set aside. It was now started under the auspices of an honored American, who had given a lifetime of service to China.

So came and went the months that melted into years, until the penultimate year of the century had

come. In that province of Confucius, Shantung, disorders and commotions were frequent. One looking at a map of China may think of a round-bodied teapot, of which this is the spout. Out of it now issued proofs of the tempest within, this time not of petty proportions, but one that was to rouse the world. Shantung produced Confucius, agnosticism, and the Boxers of 1900.

Marian Hopewell heard rumors and detailed accounts of these outbreaks and outrages, — the burning of churches, the insults and injuries to foreigners. She often talked about them to her friend, Mrs. Drayton, wondering whether anything like these disturbances could or would ever occur in Peking. She asked one day a scholarly gentleman, who had been in China fifty years, and he promptly answered: —

"Never, I could not imagine such a thing."

A few days afterward the ladies at the Mission Home were talking over the approaching shadows of great events.

"Who are these men that make these disturbances?" asked Marian.

"They are called by the foreigners 'Boxers.'"

"Are they athletes? I never heard of Chinese men boxing."

"No, nor I. Athletic exercises, outside of the soldiery, are practically unknown. These fellows are associated together under the name 'I Ho Chuen.'"

"Why, that sounds like a sneeze, doesn't it?" said Marian.

"It does, and their motions are about as violent and unexpected as if caused by catarrh snuff. The first character in the trio means 'volunteer,' the second, 'combined' or 'associated,' and the third, the 'fist.' Can you think of a fraternity meaning Volunteer Associated Fists, or, to give the name the significance which it has in their minds, the Holy and Harmonious Smiters? But why do you laugh at the name?"

"I did not," said Marian. "I was thinking of my notions, when I first heard the name Boxer, and of my association of ideas — the same I imagine that our friends at home will have. I remember once being on a college campus, when a company of young athletes, with tense muscles and scanty garments, were out cultivating their physical life by running on a paper hunt. You know that it is not exactly 'spicy breezes' that blow out of gymnasiums, or softly over the hills where human beings are exercising their muscles. As I was walking along with the professor of English literature — a gentleman who narrowly escaped being a genius — he mildly tweaked his own nose, as the young men passed by, leaving evidences in the air of their presence, briefly remarking, 'Well, I am glad I'm not *strong*.' So, in our American newspapers, I can imagine our friends at home thinking

of Chinese pugilists doubling up their fists for an encounter in the ring, or indulging in the manly art of self-defence. But what do you suppose is the real object of these Boxers?"

"I am convinced that hatred of the foreigner and all his ways and works is at the bottom of their actions," said Mrs. Drayton. "They are exactly like the old *jo-i*, or foreigner-haters, who tried to terrorize Americans in the early days of our residence in Japan. These island braves used to cut down aliens from behind, burn the foreign legations, and keep up a series of assassinations and incendiarisms, with the idea of driving the 'barbarians' out of the country. They thought theirs the holy land, and the alien as defiling it. Over and over again they tried to get the Mikado to lead them in sweeping the hairy-faced foreigners into the sea."

"Do you mean to say that the progressive Japanese, and their liberal and enlightened Emperor, ever had such ideas?"

"That is exactly what I mean. For years it was the hope and aim of a majority of the Japanese political leaders, and of men educated in the old style, to shut out all the world and go back to their isolation. This is exactly what the Chinese want to-day. It is their dream and hope. The same silly conceit, the same ignorance that passed for learning, the same idiocy of pride in thinking that Japan was the one

country favored of Heaven, and that the Western men were as beasts and vermin, once possessed the Japanese."

"How different they are now!"

"Yes, they call themselves 'frogs in the well' and laugh at their old manners and customs, conceit and folly. They see the Chinese as they themselves were, and this was one spring of their zeal and valor in the late war. In fact, none outside of China can know and understand the Chinese as the Japanese can."

"Were there any riots in Japan during the early years of intercourse with foreigners?"

"No, and there is the difference. There were individual outrages, and there were combinations to effect political purposes, including the expulsion of foreigners, but these were entirely by the samurai or gentlemen. There were no mobs, never any popular outbreaks, for most of the common people, I think, had no objection to foreigners. Furthermore, a Japanese can think by himself, individually; but the Chinese can think and act only in a mass. The average Chinaman will be a quiet and inoffensive person one moment, a raging demon and a destroying terror the next, and then again, after a few minutes, he laughs and is the same quiet man as before."

Early in the spring of 1899 Marian Hopewell and her friend, Mrs. Drayton, went down to the city of

Pao-ting, only a few miles east of the capital, to spend a few days with friends in that city. While there they made the acquaintance of Mr. Wheeler, an English missionary. This gentleman wore Chinese clothes, in order to attract less the attention of the crowd while travelling, and because also he thought that such a costume would disarm prejudice, open the way to the reception of his ideas and teachings, withal finding such clothing very serviceable and comfortable.

To go and see one of the villages, not many miles distant, the party took the ordinary vehicle of the country, a two-wheeled springless cart covered with canvas stretched on a frame. They suffered rather than enjoyed the ride, but the soft spring air and tender green of the springtime charmed them.

Without expectation, they came into a hornets' nest of the Boxers.

"Here is a 'Boxer placard.' Let us read it." Driving their cart close to the fence near a Taoist temple, Mr. Wheeler cried out: "They have actually called in the muses to assist them. Here is a poem, written in lines, as you see, of three and of seven characters. The rhyme is quite perfect, and such a song could be easily learned by the people.

"God assists the Boxers,
The Patriotic, Harmonious Corps;
It is because the Foreign Devils disturb the Middle Kingdom,

Urging the people to join their religion,
To turn their backs on Heaven;
Venerate not the Gods and forget the Ancestors.
Men violate the human obligations;
Women commit adultery.
Foreign Devils are not produced by mankind.
If you doubt this, look at them carefully:
The eyes of the Foreign Devils are bluish.
No rain falls.
The earth is getting dry.
This is because the Churches stop the Heaven.
The Gods are angry.
The Genii are vexed;
Both are come down from the mountains to deliver the doctrine.
This is not hearsay.
The practice will not be in vain.
To recite incantations and pronounce magic words.
Burn up the yellow written prayers;
Light incense sticks;
To invite the Gods and Genii of all the grottoes (Halls).
The Gods will come out of the grottoes,
And Genii will come down from the mountains,
And support the human bodies to practise the boxing.
When all the military accomplishments of the tactics are
fully learned,
It will not be difficult to exterminate the Foreign Devils then.
Push aside the railway tracks,
Pull out the telegraph poles,
Immediately after this destroy the steamers.
The great France
Will grow cold and downhearted;
The English and Russians will certainly disperse.
Let the various Foreign Devils all be killed
May the whole elegant Empire of the Great Ching dynasty be
ever prosperous."

The boys of the town had been assembled in companies and were being drilled by a man who kept a writing school. He was one of that very numerous class in China — the literati without office. He had been more than once rejected at the civil service examinations, and so, following the usual alternative of his fellows who were similarly situated, he had settled down to make a livelihood as a private schoolmaster.

He was known to be a bitter hater of everything foreign, whether animate or inanimate. The drill, if such we may call it, consisted in making the boys go through peculiar motions that we might call calisthenics; but the purpose seemed to be to get the boys able to stand a certain amount of tenseness, even rigidity, of muscle, and to be able to continue a certain gesture or motion for many minutes at a time.

"There," said Mr. Wheeler, "see that man. I know him well. He is making Boxers out of these boys. He is training them, not only in muscle and limb, but by and by he will get them so that he can hypnotize them, that is, make them fall into a trance at his will."

"What is the object of that?" asked Marian.

"Well, first to show his power over them and then also because those who are thus treated become clothed with a bullet-proof atmosphere, so that they can then stand up against foreign musketry and

receive shot, shell, or bullet without injury. Then there is a sort of spiritual or rather spiritistic side to the delusion."

"Ah, what is that?"

"Nothing more nor less than witchcraft, except that the Chinese variety is a little different from that fashionable in our own Middle Ages, when we European Christians used to burn, drown, or behead thousands and tens of thousands of poor people accused of being witches. It is good to look in the looking-glass of history once in a while," and the Englishman smiled a smile that seemed to go up to the edge of his rimless cap.

"What is the Chinese variety of witchcraft?"

"Instead of attenuating themselves and drawing their bodies through keyholes, or crawling in through the crevices of doors and windows, the Chinese spirits come down from the sky. The Boxer theory is almost equal to that of the old Mormon notion, in which there are millions of souls already yearning, through polygamy, to be incarnated. The Chinese believe that up in the sky there are many tens of thousands of warriors waiting to be incarnated in patriotic Chinese. It is only by a course of exercises such as the Boxers practise that the celestial spirit warrior can get into the terrestrial Boxer, that is, during a trance. This is the object of all this drilling and hypnotism."

"Have you ever witnessed any of their incantations?"

"Yes, I have actually seen one of these 'mediums,' as we should call him, order out of the ranks a man, evidently a good 'subject,' as we should say. Then, after gestures made toward the sky, the leader waved his sword over the man's head and down along his legs and body. Then he would go over his face, just as I have seen mesmerists do. After that, the man's limbs stiffened, his eyes were fixed in a stare, and he tumbled on the ground, and would lie there until the leader, by more passes and strokes and waving of the hands, would wake him up. From that time the subject was supposed to be bullet-proof."

"How very much like the witchcraft and exorcism in vogue among certain Buddhist sects in Japan," said Mrs. Drayton, who had both heard and seen similar phenomena in the Mikado's empire. "Only, often, instead of a celestial warrior which has entered the person, — usually a woman, however, — it is supposed to be a fox, but the priest generally succeeds in getting the creature out again."

"How much the same the primitive paganism that lurks in us is all over the world," said Mr. Wheeler, musingly, "whether it be a fox, or a spiritual warrior, or the mediæval devil, or a supposed old woman with pins or on a broomstick, the witchcraft of every

age and country is, in my estimation, about the same — the outgrowth of rank superstition."

"Do you find the notion of witchcraft in one form or another very prevalent in your special field of labor?" asked Mrs. Drayton.

"I do," he answered; "I believe it is the greatest of all obstacles to the spread of the Gospel everywhere. In all the earth, perhaps, there is nothing so opposes the spread of the truth which Christ taught. I am sure we are only safe when —"

Here the fluent talk of the earnest Englishman was interrupted by something that went crashing through the timber frame holding the canvas, sending the splinters all over the occupants of the cart. One of them, several inches long, tore the cheek of the Chinese driver and stuck itself, as if it were a javelin, into the flank of the horse.

The animal, infuriated with pain, leaped forward, knocking the Chinese driver out upon the street. The Englishman strove to stop the animal and even leaped out on the shaft to catch the horse by the mane or ear, but losing his balance, he also tumbled off. With a lightened load, the horse made faster time and dashed ahead, never stopping until the cart was stopped in a crowd of Chinese quite close to the gate of the Roman Catholic Mission.

During these exciting moments the two ladies were so terrified by their danger that they had not heard

the sound of firearms which had been going on steadily around the Catholic Mission quarters, until it became a lively fusillade, making a battlefield.

On that day the red-belted Boxers had come to town in little squads, here and there, and by different roads, so as not to excite attention. Assembling, according to a previous programme, in front of the big Buddhist temple, they then started out, evidently in collusion with the local mandarin, to seize and kill all the native Christians, who in that village were all Roman Catholics.

They expected the same easy work which they had found in other places. They hoped, in every case where victims were not shot in resistance, to make a Christian kneel, and while one Boxer held up his queue, to have another, a swordsman, take off his head with their clumsy-chopping weapon, which in shape reminds one of a cleaver or a plough-share. In case of the women, it was first robbery of their clothing and then a spear thrust.

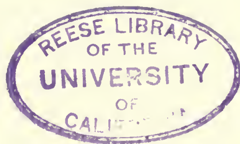
But this time the biters were bit. They found something that could show teeth. Warned by wary watchers, the Christians had fled with their wives and children into the "compound" of the French priests, though not all had arrived in time. Before the gates could be shut, there were still many of the Christians running up the street toward the gateway on the farther or western side, when the Boxers marched

down from the temple, having gathered their forces in full.

Knowing what was likely to come on any day, the French priests had, weeks before, gathered a store of old chassepot rifles, and, with plenty of cartridges on hand, had drilled all their male converts above fifteen years old to handle their guns expertly. Moreover, there were about ten repeating rifles in the hands of the Frenchmen and the best-trained converts, and when the Boxers charged on a run, yelling, "Kill the Christians!" at the top of their voices, the French fathers mounted the corner of the wall on the eastern side and laid five or six of the Boxers low, before these could get near enough to use their long spears.

The open gateway was on the farther or western side, and while the women and children were still running in or toward it, about twenty Chinese Christians with their chassepots, led by two of the fathers with repeaters, took their places in a line, with their backs to the streets up which the fugitives were coming. Soon the deluded fanatics who believed that because they had on the red-trimmed coats of the "Harmonious Fisters," who had taken their "degree," they were invulnerable to the foreigners' balls, charged boldly on the line of fire with their long spears, terribly broad-bladed, sharp on one side and hooked on the other. Within three

"THE BOXERS CHARGED ON A RUN."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minutes the place looked like what it was, a battle-field. At least thirty Boxers were lying on the ground, some of them writhing with their wounds, others face downward and dead, since they had fallen when running.

The repeating rifles at the angle of the compound had wrought the most mischief. Yet not even the terrible charge of the Boxers, who kept in the front of the fight, some of them climbing over the dead bodies of their comrades, could break that line of Christians fighting for their wives and children. Nevertheless, one of the converts had his rifle knocked aside and received a sweeping blow from the sword in the right hand of a Boxer, that cut deeply into his neck. This was the only one of the Christians that received a mortal wound.

The panther-like fanatic hoped to break through the line and cut from behind, but was instantly shot dead. Two other converts were frightfully wounded by thrusts of the clumsy but terrible halberds of the Boxers. Unable to make any impression on that gallant little line, and getting so terrible and unexpected a taste of lead, the Boxers broke and disappeared.

It was one of the first shots of the repeating rifles that had crashed through the framework of the cart in which the visitors were driving. It was within a few seconds after the Boxers had retreated, that their

maddened horse came within sight of the line of Christian defenders and among the people running toward the shelter of the mission. Seeing the white ladies in the cart, one of the converts, rifle in hand, stood before the frightened animal, holding his weapon crosswise, not shouting, but uttering a sound of encouragement which calmed the beast, so that he was easily stopped and led into the compound. The shattered timber of the frame, the splinter still sticking in the side of the animal, which was profusely bleeding, and the well-spattered shaft told the whole story.

A moment more and Mr. Wheeler, who from the firing had divined what was the matter and had followed up, keeping sight of the fast-moving cart, arrived to open his eyes very wide at what was before him.

Indeed, even the French fathers and the militant Christians paused for a moment, less attentive to the possibilities of another Boxer attack, or the needs of the moment, than to watch the behavior of three Buddhist priests who had issued from the temple, which, by the way, bears to-day the mark of those chassepot bullets that went wild. With the Boxers' badges upon them, the bonzes went around among the corpses, apparently to bring them to life. Each dead man was turned over, and the priest put his hand over the hole whence had oozed the red life stream.

With motions up and down, he pretended to extract the balls, or, when the body had been wholly perforated, which the priest could see by turning the corpse over, strokings were made over the body in the form, to foreigners, of a cross, but in reality to accord with the four points of the compass.

"That's just what I have heard of these priests," said Mr. Wheeler, who, after seeing that his lady friends were safe, had come up and saluted the French father, even while he was holding the repeating rifle. The Englishman explained how and why one of their first shots, that must have gone over the low house roofs, had accelerated the horse's pace and brought them all unexpectedly there.

"Those Buddhist priests will circulate the story that these Boxers lying dead here will be alive in three days, because of the incantations they are making."

"Yes," said the father, "but no one will ever look upon these men again. But now let us give attention to the wounded. Pray, sir, will you and your party stay wth us and refresh yourselves? Of course, we do not know what the rest of the day will bring forth, or whether the Boxers will return; but we shall inform the magistrates, and they will doubtless furnish you an escort of soldiers to return to-morrow if you must. Meanwhile, what we have is at your service."

Long disciplined to self-control by frequent sights of disease and misery in Peking, Mrs. Drayton and Marian Hopewell took part in helping to make the wounded, both Christian and pagan, comfortable.

There were thirteen of the Boxers bleeding, but living, and in one of the storehouses of the compound a rough hospital was extemporized. The physician and surgeon of the Mission was kept busy for several hours in dressing the wounds and mending the bones of the misguided fanatics. The two ladies assisted to make them comfortable, and then prepared to spend the night in the Mission quarters.

The local Chinese magistrate did indeed appear with some soldiers on the scene, — about an hour after the last shot had been fired, — and after a parley with the principal of the French fathers, the bodies of the dead were removed to be disposed of under the direction of the Buddhist priests. The manner of carrying away the corpses was to call up a gang of laborers, each pair of whom had a stout bamboo pole. Laying three ropes on the ground, they placed a dead Boxer face downward, and the pole lengthwise on his back. Then the ropes were tied and the pole shouldered by the two men. The bodies were carried off to the cemetery in which the paupers and, in time of famine or pestilence, all the dead were buried in mass.

The next morning the driver of their cart put in

an appearance, with no greater damage than a bruised shoulder, recovered his property, took in his fare, and the party again returned to Pao-Ting. Thence they made their way back to their home in Peking, giving their shocked nerves rest and recovery.

This affair in a village near Pao-Ting was as "a leaf in a storm" that was to burst in Peking. Nevertheless, both the women still rested in the belief of the veteran American educator, who had been in China during well-nigh a cycle of Chinese years, and who declared on the very day of their return —

"I fear nothing. Peking is the safest place in the world."

Nevertheless, the foreign ministers, before it was too late, took the alarm. They ordered up from the men-of-war at Shanghai guards of marines, numbering about five hundred men. These arrived by rail. They saved the situation.

On the 15th of June pandemonium broke loose in Peking. The Boxers entered the city in force. The missionaries and native Christians not already slaughtered gathered in the Legation quarter. In a space of about ninety acres, between the imperial and the Chinese city, they made defence by building barricades, and strengthening walls and houses with thousands of sand-bags, sewed together by women, filled and placed by the men. An American missionary, who in Ithaca and at Cornell University had lamented

his waste of time in previous study of engineering, was made superintendent of fortification. With his bicycle, this "limited omniscience," as he was dubbed, watched every point, night and day, not taking off his clothes for fifty-six days.

For ten days the siege was by tens of thousands of Boxers, but as yet it was ostensibly only the work of a mob. After the attack on the Taku forts by the allied Powers, except — be it said most honorably — the United States, the Peking government, taking the act as a declaration of war, let loose the Manchu soldiery; from June 25, the siege was by the regular army of the Chinese Empire.

Already sufficiently warned by what they had seen of the Boxers, Mrs. Drayton and Marian, with all their household, made early entrance within the Legation enclosure. Their pupils assigned with the native Christians, the two ladies took up their quarters with the other American missionaries in the chapel of the British Legation, and at once began cutting material — canvas, burlap, satin, brocade, embroidery, and old garments, cheap or costly — and sewing sandbags, while the men made bomb proofs and barricades. Fortunately good stores of food and ammunition were on hand.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SIEGE IN PEKING.

IT is not for our pen to describe the fifty-six days' siege, of which so many eye-witnesses, who underwent its terrible experiences, have fully written, except so far as relates to the heroine of our story and her friends pressing to the rescue.

The slow days and hours passed away, and within that regular enclosure of Peking were still nearly three thousand hoping and waiting souls. In three thousand human hearts the strings were so tense that every breath of news, every omen of cheer or discouragement, was like the sound that rises from a wind harp when swept by the breeze. Some were given over to gloom, and like the doleful whistling buoys that float or sink on the waves, they gave out mournful groans or less noisy sighs as they rose and fell on the unquiet waters of their own emotions.

From one point of view it was a strange situation, for the ear dominated all senses. No eyes were strained during the daytime, at least, to watch the coming of a relief force, or catch the first glimpse

of the stern radiance of bayonets, for walls and houses shut in the vision. Yet, on one night, it was thought that flash-light signals of relief were made, and on another the rockets of the Japanese were seen in imagination.

Nor could any of the other senses, save one, be exercised. That sense was hearing. It seemed as though with hundreds, and especially among the women, this avenue to the soul was made an unusually straight path, and its powers became almost preternaturally sensitive. Women who had never in their lives heard a hostile shot soon learned to distinguish the screaming, the tearing, the singing, or the whizzing sound of the different kinds of missiles that desolated the air.

Marian Hopewell's powers were quickly cultivated in this direction. With the help of a music teacher, who was more expert at notation than in fine distinctions recorded by the auditory nerve, she constructed a chart or page of "music" in which both the single shots, the volleys, and the fusillades were represented to the eye. She had taken a hint from a book representing in our musical score the various twitters, bird-calls, songs, carols, and choruses heard in central New York.

"If I only had a phonograph, I should record some of these hours, when the concert of iron and lead is particularly lively."

"As for me," said the music teacher, "I certainly should like to have caught that symphony which took place the other night during a thunder-storm. I have been in Boston Music Hall and at the great chorus singing in New York, but this excelled all for sublime noise, if not music on a grand scale."

"Did you enjoy it?" asked Marian.

"Indeed, I did. When the thunder was bursting, rolling, and rattling, the lightning most vivid, and the rain coming down, first in drops, then in sheets, and finally in floods, and the reverberations came back from the hills, you know how dreadfully, at that very time, the Chinese cannon and rifles broke out in full play. It certainly was a symphony."

"Yes, that's the Chinese idea to swell the volume of noise, for evidently they hoped to win victory in this way; but did you hear nothing else?" asked Marian.

"Why, no, — I think not."

"Why, there were trumpets and gongs and tom-toms and other noises which I could distinguish very clearly, in the intervals between the different sorts of thunder in heaven and earth. One would have thought that there was an eclipse of the sun, and that the Chinese were at their old business of pounding drums and raising a general calathump, in order to drive away the dragon that was swallowing the sun, and make him disgorge his prey."

Marian soon became quite proud of her book of "Music in the Air," as she called it. She had got into the habit of whiling away the hours of certain days by jotting down in her journal the sound records. Yet on some days the firing was so light, or the lulls were so long, that "silence like a poultice came to heal the blows of sound." The "brilliant flashes of silence," strange to say, seemed almost painful to bear. Indeed, they caused a feeling of alarm such as one has when at night in mid-ocean the machinery stops and the passenger wakes up fearful and foreboding.

It is a curious fact that during some of these long stretches of silence the falcons which for centuries have acted in the streets of Peking as scavengers and that had been driven away by fire, smoke, and noise of war, came back to pursue their wonted tasks. Along with the song of the canary, that thrived despite the lack of rape and hemp, Marian was able to enter new varieties of notes upon her page, wherever the falcons disagreed over their banquets.

Some of these falcons that had feasted on the abundant garbage of the Chinese city had become quite tame. The American marine in Fort Myers, which was a strong place of sand-bags and brick ramparts, reared on the city wall, had become so accustomed to the falcon's call that he easily recognized it. Once, as soldiers will, — for I have known men who, during the battle of Fredericksburg, stopped to

shoot rabbits,— after a long period of inaction, when there were no Chinese in sight, one of the marines had actually tested his marksmanship by firing at and bringing down one of these falcons, calling down also a reprimand from his officer for wasting a single cartridge. But what good soldier with a conscience, what thinking man behind the bayonet, but wishes to make amends for delinquency?

So this same marine, being on the wall a few nights later, after a day and early evening that had been unusually quiet, heard below him, somewhere among the rubbish at the base of the ponderous wall, a sound that was like a falcon's suppressed or distant scream, but which the soldier could hardly believe was the real bird. At any rate he became suspicious and resolved to explore. Peering down, still unable to see anything, he heard again what he was persuaded was an imitation of the call of a falcon. Holding his rifle so that he could sight and fire it in a moment if necessary, he listened again, straining his ear toward the point whence the sound proceeded. In a moment more, instead of a bird's voice, he heard in subdued and almost audible tones the words: —

"Good Melican man, no shoot. Hab got chit. Thlow piecee rope. Topside belong."

The marine took the hint at once. Calling a comrade, he told him to report to the officer on duty and to bring a rope. A few minutes later, taking the pre-

caution to post two men with cocked rifles and a reserve on the wall in case of treachery, by order of the officer a rope was lowered by two stalwart men, who in the darkness could barely make out something down below, thirty feet or so, that gave a mild pull as the rope was caught, while they heard a voice saying, "All light, wait awhile."

In about a minute more they felt the signal and heard: —

"Pullee up topside. All light."

The two strong men hoisted up their burden, pulling the rope hand over hand, while something of at least a hundred pounds' weight was heard scraping against the stone wall, though below hands and feet were vigorously used to protect somebody's face and skin. Then the bundle was landed on top of the wall, but there was no use for sword or bayonet, nor indication of treachery. Without lighting a lamp or lantern, however, the man, for it was a man, was led down the ramp or buttress to the tent pitched by the wall. There by the safe light of a lamp screened from any possible Boxer sharp-shooter, they saw a smiling and happy young fellow of about twenty, who, in such English as he could command, told in outline his story.

Hoping to get more news from the world beyond, the marine officer sent for one of the many missionaries who could understand the Chinese language, and

they heard the man tell in full his experiences. In fact, Dr. Clinton quickly recognized this visitor, who, though now in beggar's rags, seemed an angel of light. Though not one of his flock or member of the church, he was often present as a hearer and always friendly. He was a woodworker by trade, and had supplied various household articles to the Mission Home.

Ah Hoy was his name. He told the story of the advance of the allied army from Shanghai, and the assault and capture of Tientsin, narrating among other incidents what he had heard of the valor of the Japanese soldier at the gate, the bravery and slaughter of the American soldiers in the rice field, and the death of Colonel Liscum. They questioned him on many points, but some of these questions he was utterly unable to answer. Yet he gave in general a clear and consistent account of what he had seen.

"How were you able to get through our line of pickets after being among the American soldiers?" asked the cross-questioner.

"Oh," said the Chinaman, and we shall here put his own words into good American speech, "it was I myself that offered to carry a message into Peking, and this officer, Mr. Burnham, who seemed very happy at my proposal, agreed to pay me well, whether I succeeded or failed, and a double reward of ten taels in

silver if I got back to him, and five if I succeeded in delivering his letter."

"A letter! Have you a letter?" asked Dr. Clinton.

"Oh, yes, and here it is," taking out an old wooden bowl from inside the breast of his dirty blouse and rapping on the bottom of it as if he were playing a tambourine, "it's inside that."

Dr. Clinton took the bowl and struck it, but it did not sound as if it were hollow. Although extra lanterns were brought "to throw more light on the subject," as Dr. Clinton said, neither he nor any one else could discern any marks of a crack or opening.

"Break it carefully," said the Chinaman, "or let me do it."

They handed the bowl back to him, and he, holding it firmly on the edge of a big stone, rent the bowl as young Samson might have torn asunder the lion's jaws, and in a trice the black varnished vessel showed the white wood inside. Sticking out from the bottom of one half was a piece, or rather a packet, of tough white paper which bent but did not tear, and was easily lifted out from its enclosing timber. It was not bigger, and not much thicker, than a "clean Mexican" dollar. On the outside of the cover, carefully, firmly pasted together with a grain or two of boiled rice, was the superscription in a bold, manly hand, — "Miss Marian Hopewell, of the American Mission Home, Peking."

The letter was immediately despatched to the young lady by one of the marines, and as he is on his way to play the joyful game of letter carrier, let us hear further concerning this messenger.

It was the man's thorough knowledge of the customs of his own country, joined to wit and good sense, that had made his journey and entry successful. Knowing the multitude of beggars and the enormous number of people in Peking who are blind, not only through neglect of eye disease in infancy, by accidents, and by dust storms, but also by the self-inflicted injury and loss of sight caused by putting quicklime inside the eyelids, in order to play upon the compassion of the public, especially of the women visiting the temples, the young Chinaman, Ah Hoy, resolved to attempt the hazardous mission.

He had donned the filthy and ragged garments of a beggar, had pretended to be blind, and had even with easily known drugs scarified the outside of his eyelids and portions of the skin around the eye sockets so as to make them blister and even suppurate.

While undergoing this temporary disfigurement, he had bought at one of the junk shops a wooden bowl, such as beggars generally use. Being himself an expert woodworker, he had with a fine thin tool bored, scraped, and gouged out enough space from

the solid bottom to make room for a letter, which he told the sender to make of particular dimensions and circular shape.

Receiving the precious missive, he had, by dint of patience and skill, worked it inside of the hollow receptacle so as to fit snugly. Then, with that nicety of fitting which distinguishes the woodworkers of China, he had cut a plug of well-dried wood which exactly fitted the orifice. He had so squeezed the lower inner edge of the plug that, after scraping out slightly the solid wood inside, so as to make a bevel, the fitted piece when forced in and then dampened, expanded, making a flange which, fitting in the bevel, could not again be forced out. Then, scraping the entire outside of the bowl clean, he gave the whole a fresh coat of varnish, so that the color in every part seemed perfectly uniform. What with the expansion of the plug and the sinking in the seam of the varnish, several coats being applied, it was impossible for the keenest eye to detect where the opening had been. Nor would any suspect one. It was easy enough then to rub the fresh varnish into dulness by means of dirt and grease, while the experiences of several days' journeying might be trusted to give the utensil a sufficiently antique and battered look, as of a veteran in a beggar's service.

So as a sightless mendicant, as but one among a myriad ever roaming up and down the country, seek-

ing food or the garbage and refuse which the poor and starving make substitutes for food, Ah Hoy started out.

At three places he was challenged and searched. At both Yangtsun and at Tung Chow, he was stripped and his clothes carefully gone through by skilled searchers. Even the soles of his shoes were ripped open to see if he had anything contraband. Before he could get into the Chinese city at Peking, his new shoes, which had been given him after the others were cut to pieces, excited suspicion. Though he was not stripped this time, these were again torn open, and his queue was unplaited to see if anything was hidden there; but in every case neither his eyes nor his bowl were especially looked at.

Blindness, beggary, and bowls were too common to excite scrutiny or interest, and glass or false eyes were not frequent enough to become, as is told in a tale of South Africa, the receptacles either of diamonds or epistles. So he was able not only to get to Peking, but once inside the Chinese city, which he knew as his native place, he had no difficulty under cover of the night in reaching that part of the city wall beyond the space occupied by camps, batteries, and sentinels, and in crouching in the shadow among the rubbish under Fort Myers.

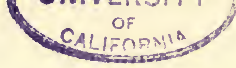
The coming of the blind beggar was like a great burst of sunshine through a rift of clouds to the

whole community of besieged, but to Marian Hopewell it was as the dayspring of a long, bright day of blue sky, ushered in by golden horizons and balmy air and the singing of June birds. Carefully cutting open the outer envelope of the round, flat package, which was as a silver dollar in size, but as sapphires in value, she read on the thin, French "correspondence paper" the following, written with a fine steel pen of the crow quill sort: —

"CAMP LISCUM, OUTSIDE OF TIENTSIN,
"July 15, 1900.

"DEAREST MARIAN: Here I am, and within eighty miles of you — so near and yet so far. I am coming to bring you my life, if God will, and to offer it wholly to you, or else to leave my body here on the soil of China in the hope and prayer that God will give this nation a new birth of civilization, of science, and of salvation.

"You know how six years ago we parted: you to follow an inward voice, and I to live not without hope, for you asked that five years might pass by before I should come to you again. More than that time has elapsed. I could not come on the day, or hour, and you know why. When my hopes of being a life-long student and an author were dashed through my mother's death and my father's decision to make me a business man, I tried, after my brief



adventures as war correspondent, to settle down to the office, to the market, and to the trade, but I failed — with fault, it may be, and perhaps I deserve condemnation. Even now, should God bring us out of this hell of war into 'the days of heaven upon earth,' into our own homeland, I could not promise you wealth or luxury, but only that simple competence which every man can earn in our America, the land of golden opportunities.

"You know how my father failed in business, and how, on going back home, I tried this and that career, only to find myself a failure. Without help or cheer from my father, my mother dead, and the one woman of all the world far away, carrying the cross of conscience and of consecration, — so that when I needed most her encouragement I had to do without it, — what could I do but become a soldier? I did so and enlisted in the army as a private in the Ninth Infantry regiment of the regular army.

"Once I should have looked upon such a step with horror, but now I am happy to say that our United States army is, in its rank and file, far more worthy of the attention of native-born Americans, yes, even of young men proud of their descent from the pioneers on the good ship *New Netherland*, or from the *Mayflower's* company, or the Puritans, or Pennsylvanians, and no man has now a right to call an American soldier in the ranks 'either common or

unclean.' There are no 'common' soldiers any more, except as the men choose by liquor or bad conduct to make themselves vulgar or beastly. So in deliberate choice I can truly say that, without making a virtue of a necessity, I became an enlisted man even before the oceanic event of May 1, 1898, gave us our Eastern possessions in the Philippines. Now I can every day thank God that I was sent to the Philippines, for that has brought me to China. As an American and an individual, I am proud of our little army, as well as of the government and people whom I serve.

"About a year ago I passed the examination allowed to a private, and was almost immediately appointed to a vacancy, receiving my commission of lieutenant. So here I am, leading my own comrades to the rescue not only of my fellow-countrymen and to the prisoners of Christendom, — which paganism and Manchu savagery have shut up, — but I am also coming to the rescue of the one whom I love best in all the world. Oh, Marian, pray hard, not that the Judge of all the earth, who never makes any mistakes, will do for us exactly what we want, but that He give us rather what we need, and that we may gladly do His will. Whether one or both of us are to yield our lives, with the others, for the making of the Christian China that is to come, or both are to live, we cannot foresee; but whatever befall us, may

we be one in hand, and heart, and life. After our duty in China is done, may we here and now on this solid earth be joined as husband and wife and walk together through the coming years.

"Tell all the Americans and others now besieged to keep up hope, for we shall soon be there. I cannot believe the rumors of Boxer-Manchu success. We shall yet rescue you. There are eight nations of us, but we all have one heart and purpose. I cannot tell you how proud I am of my Japanese soldiers. I say 'my Japanese soldiers,' for Masaro, my dear friend, is one of them, and they are to me as brothers. To see my countrymen and the Mikado's men marching as comrades, and more, that the Japanese lead the van of rescue, delights me daily. I almost feel like singing 'Onward, Christian soldiers,' as indeed hundreds of the Japanese soldiers and sailors and officers from corporal to rear admiral are. Forever and to 'ages eternal' may the sun banner and the flag of the stars and the stripes be joined for the good of the world, and the United States and the Empire of the Rising Sun have their links of friendship forged afresh in these war fires, without possibility of ever snapping asunder!

"We have an awful country to march through, flat, dusty, and uninspiring, with filthy water in the Peiho River, and very little fit to drink that is not

also hard to get. Yet if we can only keep up with the Japanese, we hope to get into Peking in ten days. God keep you — and me.

"Ever and forever yours,

"CLARENCE BURNHAM."

"My brave! God bring you in safety to me. Heavenly Father, speed him. Make me worthy of his valor. Save us all."

This was Marian's prayer — a quick and silent one, for even in her eagerness she would not keep her friends near her too long waiting. She soon communicated to them the substance of the message.

It was a strange, calm sleep that Marian slept that night. In the garden of dreams, arrayed in summer's snowy garb, she wandered amid daisied paths.

The sunny fields, the fruit-laden trees, the grand mountains, the familiar paths, were those of home in the Hudson valley. With her walked a handsome officer in blue, on whose head was a white linen helmet with resplendent frontlet bearing the figure 9. Though it was summer, one tree was still in bloom, and the petals that dropped from it over her head and into her hand were orange blossoms. Then it seemed she was in a procession moving into the church, where, at the end of the aisle below the pulpit, her father welcomed her — and him, with a beaming smile.

There, with Clarence Burnham, she stood and heard the words: —

"The Father of all mercies, who of His grace hath called you to this holy state of marriage, bind you in true love and faithfulness, and grant you His blessing."

After this she turned around to leave the church. She leaned on the arm of her husband, and, behold, all her Chinese girls were there smiling congratulations out of their eyes.

But it was only a dream. She woke up to a fortnight more of monotony and strain, while without the relief column crawled on. As the slow, hot days passed she thought —

How shall I welcome him? At least a cup of hot tea and some delicacy from the chafing dish might refresh a tired soldier. And, indeed, despite all the blood and slaughter on the walls, where the brave defenders were steadily fighting, and, alas, hourly falling, there was comfort within the main area and the various Legation quarters.

The ladies wore their bright fresh dresses, as if at home, and the men were in clean white. There were yet good supplies of food and drink. The real danger was in the depletion of the guards, for the siege had filled the hospitals and made graveyards. The possibility of the Manchus concentrating and with a rush and ladders storming the

enclosure was great. However brave, how could the defenders keep off a horde numbering tens of thousands of men?

It is now time to tell how Clarence Burnham and Masaro came to be in the army of rescue.

CHAPTER XXI.

"EXPANSION" — JAPANESE AND AMERICAN.

THIS is the young man's century in New Japan, for "new measures require new men."

In old Japan, the older men ruled, but the revolution of 1868 was a student's movement. In its constructive features, at least, it was largely the work of young men trained for the most part by American missionaries, or educated in Europe. Not a few of the clansmen most active in bringing about the restoration of the Mikado to full power had inherited the ideas of enlightened fathers or kinsmen, who had absorbed some of the science and culture of Europe through the Dutch at Nagasaki. Probably a majority were able to read Dutch.

Suddenly called from the work of destruction and overthrow to that of building up a new government, and making a nation that should be able to compete with the proud peoples of the West, these youngsters would have been glad to utilize the wisdom of experience. Had the older men come forward to help them

with that kind of knowledge required by the times and the new situation, they would have gladly listened. Yet this combination of years with insight was lacking, and so the young men had of necessity to fill the high stations of responsibility out of their own number. They, perforce, shaped the new civilization of Japan, depending first upon the missionaries and then upon such men of talent and expertness as they could invite from beyond sea to assist them wisely.

Nevertheless, while employing foreign advisers numerously, they kept all the power in their own hands, sedulously refusing to imitate blindly, or to become copyists or passive recipients. They directed, controlled, and thought out their own problems, "adopting nothing, adapting everything."

Yet from time to time there were reactions. Conservatism tried to bring in the old forces and figures. When armed rebellion in the field was crushed, the owls and the bats, the Chauvinists, the Soshi (stalwarts), the pro-Chinese and champions of Confucius, and the old order tried to capture the schoolroom, and Masaro, as a young man at the end of the century, saw some things in civil life as others had seen in war, when straw mats were made armor against rifle balls.

In the late seventies, the fanaticism of reaction had sent into the field thousands of misguided men

with beetle-headed helmets and armor of hide, lacquered paper and iron, laced together with silk and cords, to face rifled artillery firing shrapnel. With spear, sword, and bow and arrow, these who trusted in things ancient went out to fight drilled soldiers armed with American rifles.

Not more curious, however, was the attempt of paganism to regain from idol worship and priestcraft the positions won by a purer religion in harmony with science by importing from India relics of the Buddha, and by "starring" processions of the local gods and idols. Nor any the less grotesque were the attempts of teachers of Chinese ethics to win back the mind of Japan to mediæval systems of morals, and to cramp once more and hinder from further growth the expanding and the expanded intellects of the nation. Masaro saw the curious spectacle of old gentlemen in ancient garments and big horn-rimmed eye-glasses, sitting in schoolrooms furnished in modern style, trying to train the young mind in Chinese methods and systems.

It was all of no use. Somehow the air of the nineteenth century was withering to the Chinese exotic. Exit antiquity, enter a new opposer of progress, this time masquerading under the name of patriotism.

Yes, it was "nationalism" this time. The wave swept over the land, playing havoc with much of good that had been wrought by the foreign teachers

and the wise natives. For a while the doughty champions of "Japan for the Japanese" hoped to have a Japanese religion, Japanese ethics, Japanese art, and in general a Japanese theory of the universe. For at least two years after the war with China the average Japanese suffered with the disease known as "big head." It was an epidemic that included nearly the whole nation. How the heathen did rage! How the little animals did frisk! Some of them really thought that their little Japan was going to dictate law, manners, morals, religion, diplomacy, and pretty much everything to mankind and the universe at large.

Gradually it dawned upon these insular gentlemen that all this was simply Chauvinism, and that Japan's life must flow into that of the world at large, if her people were to hold and keep the treasures of civilization already won. The wisest among them saw clearly that the adoption or the adaptation of Western principles and practice availed nothing against the strong nations of the West, unless with these came new moral forces and new spiritual power.

Masaro, though hating war, and equally a hater of paganism and priestcraft, detested that sham Christianity and pure hypocrisy which seemed to him so often the mainspring of Western diplomacy and policy in Asia. Studying the career of Great Britain and of English-speaking nations, he saw a race which

in the unfolding of its own genius attained to liberty and governed itself by constitutional forms, its struggles being mainly with its own kings and rulers. He could not admire the Latin races, because they were too much like the weaker sort of his own countrymen. They seemed to crave logical and ready-made systems.

In Germany, he saw a historical yet artificial creation of government, where the rights of the individual were less considered than the good of the state and the bonds of duty, the basis of all being the army, by which national greatness had been obtained. Strong nationalist as he was, he was led to believe that this idea, rightly applied and limited, would be the best force in making Japan a world power. Through the overmastering influence of the American missionaries, who were the real tutors of New Japan, Masaro's country had become the virtual companion and ally of the Anglo-Saxon peoples. He thought it best that this development should be modified, at least, by the modern Germanic principle.

With him, conviction meant action. Entering the military school and toiling through his round of studies during three years, it was his joy in due time to receive appointment as lieutenant in that army which is virtually a great school. The assignment of his position was to the second battalion of the Eleventh Regiment of Infantry.

During all this time Masaro and Clarence Burnham had kept up a regular correspondence. The letters of the latter show that after the blowing up of the United States battleship *Maine* in Havana harbor the young patriot became a soldier. A former college chum in Rutgers, now captain in the United States marines, had called his attention to the fact that privates stood a fair chance of promotion to commissions, and that already over twenty sons of officers, unable to get into West Point, were in the ranks hopefully awaiting opportunity.

This decided Clarence Burnham, who enlisted at once in the Ninth Infantry, saw service in Cuba at San Juan Hill, and later went to the Philippines, where, soon after passing examination, a vacancy offered and he was made lieutenant. Early in 1900 he wrote to his friend Masaro as follows: —

"I see that while we have the assassins and snipers in the Philippines, China has her Boxers. How curious it is that while no one here seems to think anything of this fanatical movement, I cannot help believing it the beginning of big troubles that may call for foreign intervention. Wouldn't it be odd if we should meet in China? It would be a happy day for me if I could see the stars and stripes and the banner of the rising sun joined in brotherhood together, and the Emperor's and Uncle Sam's soldiers marching as comrades together. Then Japan would

show the world her true spirit, and even, if necessary, proclaim the reality of her civilization from the dragon throne in Peking. 'Banzai! Banzai!'"

Turning back to "the wonderful year of 1898," we see that it was filled with surprises for others than our heroes.

It was for the American people as if a majestic vessel, long and carefully sheltered in a great ship house by the river or the ocean shore, had suddenly had the ropes cut that bound her to the land. Long habituated to her first enclosing and environment, it must have seemed a wonderful experience — a golden shower of honor, as of the mighty Jupiter upon lovely Danaë, had she been conscious, to have suddenly stand upon her deck a company, not of the workmen that had wrought upon her ribs and sides, but of those most concerned about her future. Then, with stays and shores knocked away, and the clamps and binding ropes removed, "with a thrill of life along her keel," to find herself in new element, and with a new and larger career before her.

It was like a change of worlds. Yet to leave the old and enter the new with grace and power, and to feel that she was fitted for her new environment, yes, girded with power and a mistress, and no longer a servant, must have seemed like life that is life indeed.

Are we foolish in our imagination? Yet what

son of a sailor, and heir of the Devonshire kings of the sea, can think of a ship other than as a fair woman?

So felt the American people when Spain, by the savagery of mediæval methods in war and government, almost as atrocious as those of Boxer or Manchu, compelled them to leave their old environment and to launch out into new seas of the unexpected. Destiny seemed to bid the United States stretch out a strong right arm in the West Indies and with the left to take hold of the Philippines.

Willy-nilly, our country became a world power, while yet our people listened to hear the clear ringing warning of the greatest of Americans against "entangling alliances."

To hold the Philippines it was necessary to send an army of occupation. When Manchu rulers of China, with intelligence about equal to that of Apaches or Comanches, defied the world, in June, 1900, two years had passed by since our brothers in blue had lived amid bamboo groves, in villages with cathedrals and churches of Spanish architecture, amid friars and Filipinos, among water buffaloes and innumerable insect pests and vermin. Clarence Burnham, both as private and as officer in the Ninth United States Infantry, learned new phases of life in the Orient, in an archipelago where corrupt European civilization and sham Christianity had helped to make a tangle

which will tax the resources of American statesmen, for generations to come, to unravel.

When the Boxer uprising in China put the legations of Christendom in peril, it became necessary for our government to send succor as fast as brave hearts with their servants, steam and electricity, could bring it to the beleaguered representatives in Peking — an oasis of moral force in the great desert of paganism's savagery. So while the telegraph whispered under sea from Washington to Manila ordering General Otis to send the gallant Ninth immediately to the work in China, the famous Sixth Cavalry, with infantry recruits, marines, and sailors, was sent direct to China in the transport *Grant*.

The expeditionary force of twenty-five thousand men was put under the command of Major General Adna Romanza Chaffee. Once an American boy, educated in the public schools of Ohio, Chaffee entered the United States army July 22, 1861, as private, serving in the Civil, Indian, and Spanish wars. Brave, kindly, chivalrous, what American soldier did not burn to serve with such an officer in China?

So while the *Grant* was speeding across the Pacific, her management and outfit proving that the Americans could beat even the long-experienced British in the management of "troop ships," the boys of the gallant Ninth were moving northward up the ocean now and to be the centre of the world's future

story. Our United States sailors and marines had shown valor and won fame in Chinese waters ; but now for the first time soldiers of our regular army were to set foot in China and march against the dragon throne. At Tientsin they met the great international force, with which eight civilized nations were to confront the eight banners and host of the Manchus.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN CHINA.

THE Ninth United States Infantry arrived July 12th, after the Taku forts had been attacked by the allies, and the Chinese had therefore taken the offensive at Tientsin, where fourteen thousand allied troops were soon to be assembled. At first the foreign troops were without artillery, while the Chinese had abundance of cannon of all sorts. So the bayonet had to come into play. Our marines, aided by English and Japanese, stormed the arsenal and destroyed the batteries.

The fortified part of the city was not to be taken so easily. Twelve feet high and wide, and bristling with cannon, was the wall. It was arranged that while the Russians stormed the east gates, Americans, British, and Japanese should attack on the south side. To the Japanese was assigned the task of blowing up the south gate. Then all three detachments were to rush in.

No troops ever fought more bravely than our Ninth at Tientsin. One battalion saved the day for

the allies by dashing across a bridge in a critical moment and securing a strong position. The other battalion, assigned to a position amid swamps and watercourses, ran against a group of fortified houses, and in the terrible storm of lead and fire lost nearly one-fourth of their number and among them their brave Colonel Liscum. Without reënforcements, and obliged to wait behind graves and in mud and water till merciful darkness fell on the field, they withdrew for shelter behind the mud wall encircling the whole city.

Had the Chinese been men of initiative and energy, the whole allied force, clearly defeated as they were, would have been annihilated. All day long on the left had hovered a large body of Chinese cavalry, and although watched by only one company of our marines and a troop of Japanese horsemen, they made no approach.

Our wounded were not left uncared for, although in the moonlight the Chinese kept up their fire. The Japanese had themselves lost heavily, but they attended not only to their own maimed men, but also to ours. Under night's pall of mercy, as our men went over the field, gathering up the wounded, they found one man who, by the light of the dark lantern, they saw was still living. He was horribly mauled by Mauser balls, that had struck him not only from the front, but even as he was falling more leaden

missiles had torn lengthwise through flesh and bone. The man seemed unable to speak, and uttered no word until the surgeon, having completed his inquest, gave as his verdict: —

"It's no use doing anything for him. Let him lie quietly. He'll soon be dead."

At this the man's half-shut eyes flew wide open, and with what breath he had, he called out: —

"Doctor, give me a chance."

"But, my poor fellow, you're hit in four places, your bones are shattered, and you're awfully torn outside and inside. You can't live."

"Doctor, have my knapsack brought here."

The words came out slowly, with labored breath.

The knapsack was found and brought after some minutes, and opened for the wounded man. He put his hand on an old pocket-book, which seemed to have been made and done service in his grandfather's day. Then very slowly fishing out a dirty five-dollar greenback, he unfolded it, smoothed it out across the pocket-book laid flat, and with hardly breath enough to utter a word, said with defiant cheerfulness: —

"Doctor, I'll bet you five dollars I'll live."

With a hearty laugh and in warm admiration for his pluck, the doctor took the case, knowing full well that will and courage are sometimes more than surgery or medicine. The expert with the scalpel and

forceps and needle did what he could with the patient on the field. He sawed him off, sewed him up, trimmed and bandaged him, and though his was a story of a year in hospitals, the man recovered. Presented with a new leg and arm by the United States government, he still "fights his battles o'er" and illustrates the truth that "the life is more than the meat and the body more than the raiment."

We have tried to brighten this dark page in the story of the first engagement of American infantry in China with an anecdote, showing that a plain man in the American ranks may have the spirit of Lawrence, the hero, who cried in death, "Don't give up the ship;" yet the night of July 13 closed in gloom. The allied Americans and British were defeated. Wearily they lay down to rest under the shelter of the outer mud wall of the city. Here they were safe from the fire of the Chinese, who occupied the fortified city, defended as it was with brick and masonry on which the British artillery had made slight impression, though the Chinese loss of life from the liddite shells and the Russian machine guns was frightful.

Clarence Burnham and Masaro had not yet met, though both were anxious to see each other. That evening, as the Americans were carrying away their wounded, before retiring behind the wall for the night, they halted where the main road led to the south gate. Clarence heard a voice.

"Hi! Burnham San — how are you?" It was Masaro's. Then followed congratulations in Japanese, on his being alive.

"Yes, my friend, I'm alive yet; but a few hours ago I didn't expect to be. How have you fared?"

"Fearfully cut up. We've lost about fifteen per cent of our force engaged."

"You're all alone. Where's your men?" asked Clarence.

"They are up near the moat, lying under shelter of graves and embankments."

"Going to stay there all night?" asked Clarence.

"Yes, comrade. We are going to keep wide awake. It is our business to blow up the south gate. You Americans and British expect it of us, and we are going to do it. Our engineers have sent back for materials to bridge the moat, and we'll get across before morning. But I obtained only two hours' leave of absence and much over an hour of it is gone already. Besides, I am in command of the company. The captain was killed this morning. So farewell, we may meet again to-morrow."

"Possibly," said Clarence. "Good-by. 'Banzai! Banzai!'"

"Thanks, comrade. 'Banzai' to the Great Republic," and Masaro saluted the furled and cased flag of stars and stripes, as it stood in the centre of the line of stacked rifles.

Masaro hastened to return to the very front of the firing line and to a very wide-awake body of soldiers. Clarence with his weary fellows threw himself on the ground to sleep.

Let us now look at the little brown men and see what sort of soldiers they make.

History will record the fact that during the battle summer of 1900 the Japanese in China saved the situation. While other nations could send only single regiments or various small, mixed bodies of marines and infantry, Japan promptly despatched a whole division of sixteen thousand men, including every branch of the service, — infantry, cavalry, artillery, engineers, — and with all the modern scientific equipment of telegraph and signal. The Japanese were ever ahead on the march. They first scaled the walls of the Taku forts. In the assignment of positions, during the attack on Tientsin, they were joined with the British and Americans.

Finding themselves on a narrow road passing through the swamps, the Japanese were obliged to move in columns, a formation which exposed them to heavy loss, and also to cross a bridgeless stream on their route. Naturally, they expected that the bridge over the moat in front of the south gate, which they were ordered to capture, would also be destroyed, and that they would be obliged to build a

new one under the fire of the enemy. With British and Americans, they suffered a severe repulse on the first day; but as an American officer has written, "After the allies had re-formed behind the mud wall after dark, the Japanese were the only troops with any energy left."

Holding the ground already gained till nightfall, they sent back, as we have seen, for materials to build the expected bridge, and this under the constant firing of the Chinese, for the moonlight aided the garrison. When before daylight, about 2 A.M., the engineers moved to the edge of the moat, to build a bridge, they found that the permanent bridge stood intact; so the chances to blow up the gate with high explosives were good.

Masaro, returning from his interview with his American friend, took his place as commander of the company lying nearest to the engineers, whose work it was to destroy the gate. In the dim light he watched their repeated attempts to blow up the gate. Without artillery it seemed impossible to succeed. Man after man was shot down as he tried to cross that zone of fire. Finally one party, in the nick of time, just after a Chinese volley and under its very smoke, dashed across the bridge, despite the storm of belated fire, and reached the slight shelter of the projecting masonry of the archway. Placing two hundred pounds of gun cotton against the heavy

timbers, they quickly ran out their electric coil and exploded it, the timbers flying inward.

Seeing the red fire of the explosion and hearing the awful blast, Masaro took it as a signal for assault and called on his men to follow him. At once, not one company, but the whole battalion moved to charge through the gate into the city. In this they were at first sadly disappointed. It was "out of the frying pan into the fire," or, as the Japanese say, "The bee stung a crying face."

The gateways in Tientsin were built like those in the old castles of Japan, that is, on the "box plan," with two gates, one being behind the other, with the masonry extending along the space between both. The soldiers found themselves in a huddle. In the space between the walls and the two gates were packed scores of Japanese, while the Chinese above were pouring in their bullets or showering down stones and tiles. There was no retreat, for the soldiers in the rear kept pushing forward. The situation seemed as hopeless as it was horrible.

At this moment a sergeant and two soldiers saved the situation. Making their way into the guard tower beside the gate, they rushed up, charging upon the Chinese near by, who, probably thinking that a hundred more enemies were coming, broke and fled. One of the three men was shot, but the two others cut the bar of the gate, threw it open, and then the

Japanese thronged in. They divided into three parties, one going up the main street and the other two passing up along the walls.

The awful bombardment, especially by the Russian and British artillery, and the sweeping of the tops of the walls by machine guns on the 13th had begun, and the night attack of the Japanese and the explosion at the south gate finished, the demoralization of the Chinese. They fled by the northern road, leaving ten thousand dead men on the walls and in the streets.

As usual, the Japanese were ahead. Heaven's Ford had been crossed. Now for the dragon throne! The Japanese bugles played "On to Peking."

CHAPTER XXIII.

TO THE RESCUE OF THE LEGATIONS.

DURING the twenty-two days that the allied army remained at Tientsin, Clarence Burnham and his friend Masaro saw a great deal of each other.

The world at a distance wondered why the great host gathered by eight nations did not make greater speed and hasten to the relief of the beleaguered legations, — so much easier is it from afar to find fault than on the spot to make haste wisely. "Wings for the azure. Boots for the road."

In the first place, the whole situation was altered. Before the attack by the foreigners upon the Taku forts, the country was disturbed by a mob only. When Admiral Seymour advanced with his ill-prepared but noble band of two thousand rescuers, it was at first difficult to find any natives with arms in their hands. The only opposition was from the Boxers, who were also " snipers."

After the foreign powers, with the exception of the United States represented by the American admiral,

had made war on the government of China, by overt attack, the situation changed instantly. The country from that moment swarmed with armed Chinese, for now the Peking government had let loose its whole army upon the invaders. Admiral Seymour was compelled to turn back. Hoping to be able to reach Tientsin with his wounded, he halted at a place called Siku, a few miles above Tientsin, and there captured the arsenal. With its arms and stores, he was enabled to hold out until the second relief force reached him on the 21st of June, when all returned to Tientsin, our American loss being four killed and twenty-seven wounded.

Now that the walled city of Heaven's Ford had been taken and occupied by the Americans, English, French, and Japanese, the larger Chinese city outside having been already burned by the allies, the sight presented was one of the most awful seen in modern times. In the streets, on the walls, on the battlefield, the dead were lying in heaps. Not to count those that were wounded, at least ten thousand Chinese had been killed. The allies lost nearly two thousand in casualties of all sorts. The blackened and deserted streets were choked with rubbish from houses demolished by exploding shells. From a grand city of a million people, Tientsin had become a heap of ruins.

Yet we do not hear of the Christian people of

America giving the American admiral a reception such as they would give a fighter who fought without regard to scruples. Yet, what officer of the United States navy thus representing his country abroad better embodied the noblest traditions of American principle and policy and the teachings of Washington than our Admiral?

As though the slaughter and destruction of Tien-tsin were not enough, the city was given up on the 14th of July to loot. The men of Christendom, reverting to savagery, shamelessly robbed houses and people, until "the Spanish fury" in Antwerp, of which we have so often read, paled in its horrors.

Happily, however, this lasted but a day. Then the city was patrolled, and the people were invited to return to their homes and assured of protection.

"It's worse than Ping Yang," said Masaro to Clarence Burnham, as they were walking together, some days after the dead had all been buried and the provost guard had brought order to the place. "Now, tell me frankly, which are the worse heathen, we Japanese or you foreigners?"

"I am afraid we are all 'tarred with the same brush' this time, for such thievery I have never seen, nor could I easily have imagined it — but what's this?"

They saw two Chinese coming forward, one with a rudely painted representation of the stars and

stripes, and the other with one of the red sun and outraying bands of the same color, representing the flag of Japan.

Both Chinamen fell on their knees down in the mud, put their heads to the ground, each waving his flag with his right hand.

This was but one of a thousand instances. Making flags of whatever nation had won the most confidence, the Tientsinese folk were returning. Each must find his house, or what had been his house, and begin life over again.

By this time the two young officers had walked some distance out from the walled city, and even beyond the outer low mud wall, when the conversation turned on what was uppermost in their minds. It was just eleven days after the capture of Tientsin.

"When were the 'legationers' in Peking heard from last?" asked Masaro.

"Nothing has come through, I understand, since the day before the Fourth of July, when the Boxers were still bombarding the legations. You know that I have sent a messenger since coming here, — indeed, right after the taking of Tientsin."

Masaro grasped the hand of his friend warmly and said: "Yes, I know. May it get there and we follow it. I hope she is safe. I wish we could start to-morrow."

"And I, too," said Clarence; "but think of moving

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thirty thousand men in this flat country of mud and swamp, without decent drinking water, and taking every ration with us. It may be that perhaps, after all, we may arrive to find the ministers taken away as hostages into the far interior, and all the other foreigners and native Christians massacred. But look! here comes a Chinaman that is moving too fast for a returning refugee. Why, he fairly whizzes. He can't be pursued, for he is within our picket lines."

It was indeed true. A messenger had got through, bringing word from the ministers that they were still living and all in good health, but that food and ammunition were getting low. They might be able to hold out a few days longer. Happily a truce of ten days had been agreed upon.

Inspirited by this good news, preparations were hurried, and on August 4 the relief expedition started, marching on both sides of the Peiho River. Through the vast fields of millet and the thousands of grave mounds, footmen, cavalry, pack animals, and vehicles moved, grinding the soil and sending up clouds of impalpable dust. There were fourteen thousand Japanese, six thousand Russians, two thousand British, twenty-two hundred Americans, and about three thousand French, Germans, and Italians, to pulverize the earth and lift it into the air. A more monotonous country, without one landmark to

vary the flatness, could hardly be conceived. The movement of this allied army during these terribly hot days, along that slimy sewer called the Peiho River, was more like that of a crawling serpent than of a marching host.

There was heavy fighting at Pietsang and again at Yang-tsun. The allies won, but our men lost heavily. It was no picnic promenade—this walk to Peking.

No Valley Forge camp or Gettysburg campaign ever tried more severely the spirits or tested the endurance of the American soldier. Amid swarms of mosquitoes and the horrible malaria, the men pushed on through an area of desolation. Instead of the usual population of many millions, it was rare to see any one but those attached to the army, except of course the hags and crones, — the old men too decrepit to move, — the cripples, and the abandoned children.

On they marched through the terrible heat, through the yellow clouds of dust and the black clouds of flies and mosquitoes, through the millet stalks, ten and twelve feet high, even while their feet sank inches deep into a fine yellow powder, which the tramping of tens of thousands of men and the rolling of thousands of wheels had ground fine. It was impossible for the army to move faster than eight miles a day.

Yet in this terrible trial of human nature, for in

war that article is at its best and worst, the Japanese had their opportunity of showing what kind of people they are.

"I congratulate you, Masaro, that Japan's opportunity has at last come," said Clarence Burnham to Masaro, when they met within two days' march, as they believed, of Peking. "In 1894–1895, the world could only hear of what was done, and see the results, and the foreign correspondents were on the ground only when your countrymen were at their worst and fell from discipline at Wei-Hai-Wei. But now here are many nations as witnesses. Why, just see how your fellows beat ours in marching."

"*You* are not surprised at it, are you? You that have tramped with your Japanese companions hundreds of miles in Japan, over mountains and through valleys."

"No, but our American officers do not know what to make of it, when they see your little short-legged fellows go ahead of ours, while we that have so prided ourselves on our muscle can't keep up."

"Oh! but," said Masaro, "look at our men. They carry only their rifles, ammunition, and drinking water, but just look at those American soldiers there staggering along with forty pounds and more of knapsack and blanket."

"Yes, that's the way. Our men's loads and our wagons are about the same as in the days of the

Continentals, a century and more ago, while everything with you is light and easy."

"Yes, but our real pride is in our field-hospitals and medical staff, as well as our commissariat and army transport. We employ more laborers. All our supplies are done up in easy packages, well covered and with handles, so that on man, beast, or wheel they can be easily carried."

"Yes, that's where your Japanese are reaping the harvest of hundreds of years of skill and taste in making pretty boxes, bamboo and grass work, and every kind of receptacle. So, when it comes to war, you are all ready either to fight or to march."

"Thanks for your compliments, and forgive me if I boast, but then, you know, we Japanese have been for years determined to let you Westerners know that we have a civilization of our own, that we are not as Chinese — rather are we what we are, in spite of what we have borrowed from China. I tell you frankly that we are going to be in Peking ahead of all others, if we can. The first official bloodshed was when the chancellor of our legation was assassinated, and we feel bound to be ahead of our allies and helpers."

"I suppose your general has his dinner appointed for a particular day, hour, and minute in the throne room of the palace at Peking?"

"Well, I won't speak as to minutes, but I have heard him say that he will be in Peking on the 15th

of August, and he is likely to keep his word. May I boast a little more?"

"Certainly, I like to hear it."

"Well, I honestly believe that if we Japanese were allowed to take this contract alone, we should be in Peking several days ahead even of you Americans, or of any and all of the Europeans."

There was no real boasting in this talk of Masaro. The Japanese knew every inch of the ground. Their officers had the only complete and correct military maps of the line of march and the theatre of war. The Japanese soldiers were the only ones that had always plenty of good drinking water, for their field filters went with them, and at the end of the day they were the freshest lot of men in the whole host. Their field-telegraph was the only one that was first mounted and kept open all the time, and in the hard fighting at Pietsang and at Yang-tsun, as at Tientsin, the Japanese field-hospital corps attended to their wounded more promptly and perfectly than any other, and even then they had time and resources to help the British and Americans. In the matter of ammunition supply on the firing line, none excelled them. It is true that the Japanese ration was much smaller than that of the Americans, but then the Japanese thrived as well on the march, always had good water to drink, and lay down at night under a good tent or in the village houses. Too often the tired American

soldier, at the end of the day, had to weary himself to find water. Failing of supply from wells or cisterns, he drank disease and death out of the Peiho River.

Thus the "ten days," within which Clarence Burnham hoped to be within sight of the walls of Peking, dragged out their horrors into thrice that number.

Let us now glance within the citadel of civilization amid the iron storm of barbarism.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE RELIEF OF THE LEGATIONS.

AUGUST had come in Peking, but all signs of relief were failing. Yet the besieged were encouraged by reports of dissensions between the Manchu army and the Boxers.

On the 7th the Japanese celebrated their beautiful festival of Uruban, or All Souls' Day, holding the usual ceremonies of commemoration. Eight new graves marked the resting-place of their compatriots, and on them the green grass was already growing. Having no fresh blossoms or pretty vases, as at home, artificial flowers stuck in empty beer bottles were placed before the mounds, as tributes of affection.

A day or two afterward, the Chinese Christians, listening to the commotion among the besiegers near one of the princely residences outside, declared that the cries of the new recruits which had arrived betrayed their Shansi origin. In this province, fifty missionaries had been slain. Other messengers from the rescuing army arrived. One from the famous Japanese rough-rider, General Fukushima, gave new

courage to the besieged by stating that the allies, two days before, had reached a point nearly halfway between Tientsin and Peking.

On August 8, during the thunder-storm at night, the Chinese fusillade broke out again in all directions. Rifles and machine-guns rained lead. Yet, despite the double noise of heaven and earth, the merry Japanese talked of getting up a Peking Defence Medal. Of all the besieged, they seemed to feel the most certain that their general would be on hand on the day appointed. Nor were they finally mistaken. On the next day, however, the 11th, the spirits of the unrescued fell again, and the hope of hearing the distant roar of artillery was doomed to disappointment.

It was now feared that the Chinese would make a final and determined attack on the legations, because they were warned of the approach of the relief expedition. This expectation was correct. From 5 P.M. until daybreak of the 12th, there was no cessation in the storm of bullet and cannon shots. So, like the waves of ocean, rose and fell the spirits of those shut in and girdled with fire.

The next day, about eleven o'clock, there were unmistakable sounds of artillery in the southeast. The firing was different from that which had been heard for weeks, and Marian's trained ear knew that the rescuers must be near. The Manchus knew it also, for at ten o'clock at night the storm of missiles

increased, while another thunder-storm added to the roar. To show their defiance, our people blew their bugles and raised their war cries. When the firing ceased, they doubled their sentries until daylight, for they feared a rush with ladders. Indeed, it was quite possible that massacre might end the siege before relief came.

It was heavenly music that Marian heard next day at two o'clock in the morning. The rattle of the field-guns and gatlings was as though heaven had been opened and the strains of its music had come down to earth.

There were many hours of fighting, but chiefly by artillery. At eight o'clock, from another direction, sounded the chorus of American cannon. Soon the rumor spread that at daybreak two hundred foreign troops had got within the wall by way of the eastern gate. Those who watched on the wall strained their gaze. Marian hoped they would catch sight of the stars and stripes and our men of the Ninth; but no, they saw a column of dark-faced men dressed in kakhi. It was the Sikh lancers. They had crept under the water gate and emerged in the dried-up bed of the creek, and to them belongs the honor of first opening communication between the legations and the allies.

So at last the rescue was definitely accomplished, and on this wise. The Russians with a mighty force

cleaned the walls with machine-guns. The Japanese with fifty-four cannon demolished the gates. About eight or nine o'clock in the morning, two companies of our Fourteenth Regiment climbed up the old and worn wall, now full of holes made by ends of brick falling out. On the top they unfurled "Old Glory" at the same time that the Russian colors were hoisted on the Tung Pien gate. About noon, through this gate, the Ninth and Fourteenth marched into the Chinese city. Captain Reilly's battery cleared the walls of snipers. The men rested from the intense heat and vertical sunshine, under the shade of the deserted houses.

But where was General Chaffee? Why were not the Americans improving their chance of being first into the Tartar City? Nobody could tell. There, for two mortal, maddening hours, Clarence Burnham waited. Finally the word came to move. The Sikhs crawled through the muddy sluice canal, receiving the first cosmopolitan welcome. At last our men, entering by the same humble opening, were within the dragon's lair — the Tartar City — and soon within the grounds of the British Legation.

What a contrast! The rescuers were dusty, tired, unwashed, unshorn. With a rolled blanket over his shoulder, a belt of cartridges at his waist, grim, determined, intelligent, with a never-say-die look, every inch a man — such was the American soldier.

It did seem strange to see most of the rescued as they really were. From the outside the picture in our men's minds was of sunken eyes and shrunken flesh, of famine-stricken and scant-clothed people long besieged. Instead of this they beheld plump, rosy women, dressed in smart waists and gowns, and men in white clothes. Yet why not? They had had enough to eat, including plenty of pony steak, and as for clothes, they had nothing else but what was neat and clean. Like true Americans, they couldn't tell a lie, by shamming dirt and hunger, when there was no need.

"Why don't they eat cake?" was the traditional Bourbon queen's reply to the complaint that the French peasants "had no bread."

So here there appeared at first some incongruity, but not long. Within a half-hour it seemed as if the days of the Volunteer Refreshment Saloon of Philadelphia and '61 had come again. Cups of hot tea and "tinned" biscuits or thin slices of buttered or jam-covered bread seemed very delicious to our men amid the interchange of congratulations.

For Clarence Burnham and Marian Hopewell, there was a richer feast spread. Dr. Clinton and Mrs. Drayton had arranged that.

To meet, for even one moment, apart from the public gaze, the one woman on earth whom he loved, had been Clarence Burnham's hope for years. Hers

was to see the man who to faithful devotion united loyalty in keeping the seals of silence for the appointed time. This had long sustained her in loneliness and drudgery. Now that he had added to his unswerving love unquailing valor, and stood before her as rescuer from horrible death, what could she do, rather what be to him?

"A half-hour is certainly yours," said Dr. Clinton, as he shut the door of the chapel on them. "Both military and civil authority join to say so, and the music teacher will guard the outside of the door to warn off intruders," said he, with a knowing twinkle.

The door closed. In an instant the young officer was on his knees before Marian.

"No, you must rise. I am the one to kneel to my rescuer."

He rose, but even had she so much as tried to bow head or form, she was not allowed. One long, passionate embrace held her, and kisses in showers fell upon lip and brow and cheeks.

How quickly that half, yes, that full hour sped. Every one was too busy outdoors to heed the lovers within. At last the bugle sounded, and the men of the Ninth must fall in to seek quarters for the night. Yet, before joining his company, Clarence heard from Marian's lips these words: —

"Yes, it shall be whenever and wherever you wish it."

"Here and now, in Peking?" asked he, in beaming joy.

"Yes, my brave. Name place and time."

"I do. In the central hall of the imperial palace in the Purple City, standing before the dragon throne, let us be made one."

"I am ready. I want one friend to stand with me, the music teacher. Being the lady in the case, I claim, of course, the privilege of nominating the parson."

"Who is he?" asked the happy Clarence.

"Dr. Clinton."

"I agree, of course; but let me name my 'best man.'"

"Certainly, and who is he?"

"Masaro, friend and comrade."

Clarence Burnham would have been only too happy to appoint the wedding for the next day, had it been possible, but it was not. Indeed, there were a good many thousands of disappointed soldiers who, during two whole weeks, wondered why the third and fourth of that nest of cities, Chinese, Tartar, Imperial, and Purple, which make up Peking, was not immediately opened. All through the march, when toiling under their hardships, fighting enemies and infuriated by tales of unspeakable tortures of their countrymen, they had thought of this as the crowning victory of civilization over Chinese bigotry.

First loot and then fire was their idea of the eternal fitness of things. In red flame and black smoke, they hoped to see the imperial palace furnish the finest display of Chinese fireworks ever seen. Where had been the birth of treachery, they hoped to see its tomb. Already at Peking the American artillery had begun to make short work of the first three gates of the Purple City, when they were ordered to cease firing and march away. Having lost so many of their comrades, including Colonel Liscum and Captain Reilly, this order was hard indeed to obey.

At such a time delay only nursed superstition and encouraged the Manchus. It was bruited abroad that the "foreign devils" could not enter the sacred precincts of the Forbidden City. The allied generals found that they must give the Manchu dynasty and all China an object lesson of the power of the West. So an international procession was organized. Each of the Powers, eight in number, was to be allowed a small detachment, in proportion to the numbers of troops sent, to march through the chief or Chen-ou gate, over the marble courtyards, and around and past the chief buildings, audience halls, and palace grounds.

On the day appointed, at eight o'clock in the morning, the Russian, Japanese, British, American, French, German, Italian, and Austrian detachments paraded before General Linievitch, the Czar's mili-

tary representative being the reviewing officer. It was hard for those soldiers who were not allowed to enter on that day to stay behind, and happy indeed were those who had the grand privilege.

After the marching into and through the massive gates and spacious grounds had been accomplished, and the head of the column had reached the Northern court of the palace, the impressive ceremonies began. The Russian general and his staff, and the ministers of the various legations with ladies, stood under the northern gate, the Russian band being in the courtyard, while the Cossacks and Russian infantry were ranged as a reception committee round the wall of the court. Then the notes of the sublime Russian national anthem rolled out, and in marched the first contingent, the Russian marines and infantry.

Next followed the Japanese, under their black caps with yellow stripes and in white uniform. They were splendidly equipped, marching slowly and with proud dignity. None in all that international host could so appreciate the significance of the occasion — the entrance into the lair of the dragon — as these soldiers of the Mikado. When Baron Yamaguchi and General Fukushima reached the Russian general, they took their places next to him. The Russian band could not play the Japanese national air, or, what the islanders would gladly have heard, "On to

Peking," but the Russian soldiers cheered themselves hoarse until the last of the little brown men passed by.

Next appeared the British, — including the Welsh fusileers who had fought so splendidly at Tientsin, — the best-dressed men of the host, with the dark-faced auxiliaries from India, the Russian band playing "God Save the Queen." Beside the Bengal lancers, whose coal-black eyes snapped with joy, and whose bag-pipers played like Highlanders, was the Chinese regiment from Wei-Hai-Wei, probably not more glad to fight with ball and bayonet against their Manchu rulers than were the progressive Chinese reformers who, with the pen and in print, had so long denounced the "tigers in Peking."

Next from the Russian lungs sounded the stirring strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner," and first in the great gate itself, and then emerging from shadow into sunshine, appeared its starry folds. In marched our brave fellows selected from the Ninth and Fourteenth regiments. How exultantly did Clarence Burnham's heart beat as the Russians raised their cheers, and he looked for the first time upon the gay and grotesque structures, — the brilliant yellow and green roofs, pagodas, Ming, Mongol, and Manchu, and upon the stone and marble basements and the red lacquered wooden structures rising above them. His eyes dwelt with special interest upon the building which contained the throne room. There

was the lair of the dragon, which for five centuries had barred the way to the influences of civilization.

After the easy-going Americans, with their natural and sensible gait, each man an individual thinking force, strode the Germans. Fine-looking, tall, heavy, they advanced with their extraordinary and very noisy "parade march." After a long swinging step, each foot came down on the ground like a hammer. They seemed to make one machine rather than a company of thinking beings. Despite their fine equipment and excellent drill, their foot motions caused a quiet laugh, which soon gave way to cheers.

With so many nations, it was hard not to make some mistake. The French, few in number, followed the Germans, and had already passed the Russian band before "The Marseillaise" was in full swing. But while this is the national air of republican France, the music is under ban in Italy. The musicians' lungs being at their fullest, when the Italians came in, the Russian general signalled for the bandmaster to stop. This worthy not seeing, the general sent his aide, and suddenly silence fell. The bandsmen quickly adjusted their sheet music, however, so that the neat Italian sailors heard their own national air. The Austrian marines who followed next closed the procession.

Thus were the Tartars humbled in their own walls, and Manchu China punished for her reversion to

savagery. Instead of the eight banners of the old Peking garrison, the flags of eight nations, banded to protect their people, floated on the breeze.

The great metropolis had already been given up to the various conquerors. The Japanese occupied the northern half, and the Russians, the central, erecting their batteries even in the imperial gardens. The looting of the city went on for weeks. The Japanese, knowing the exact points to seize upon, won the lion's share. Though the soldiers of nine nations took part in this license of war, the worst outrages were charged to the Chinese soldiery from Wei-Hai-Wei. It would be too much to expect all men fighting under Britain's flag to show British self-restraint.

Nor was all the courage shown by armed men, rescuers or rescued. Valor behind the gun is entrancing, but boldness without weapons may be even more lovely. Almost before the smoke had cleared away, the unarmed missionary was out of the city and in the villages providing for the poor and needy of his flock. Despite unintelligent, ignorant, and cowardly criticism, and hasty misunderstanding of this course of action at home, our countrymen, who carried neither sword nor gun, equally with our cavalry, infantry, artillery, marines, and sailors, upheld the honor of the flag and adorned the American name in China.

CHAPTER XXV.

A MARRIAGE BEFORE THE DRAGON THRONE.

THE world knows well the story of the rescue of the legations of Christendom in Peking in 1900; but what in the eyes of our readers may be all these facts known to history compared with the main incident of our story? On a certain day it was permitted to the newspaper correspondents to enter with their note-books and cameras the Throne Hall of the proudest dynasty on earth. The sunny hours, from ten till two, were appointed for the privilege of visiting the lair of the dragon.

"This is our opportunity," said Clarence Burnham, as he came to tell Marian two evenings previously, and informed her that, in the capacity of war correspondents, they might both be admitted by getting a pass from the commanding general, which was duly obtained. Dr. Clinton and the music teacher, both occasional writers for the press at home, joined in the application. Of course Masaro, the veteran, followed suit.

It was a glorious morning in September, and the

air was crisp and clear. The sunshine flooded the yellow tiles, made the green roofs glitter, and brightened up even the dull red of the miscellaneous buildings in the purple city. The garish daylight exposed the realities of China even amidst its greatest splendor, for along with edifices that were shining, almost staring new, were others long out of repair. Some looked ready to tumble down before many years. The light breeze stirred to motion the tall weeds which had grown up in many of the least-used parts of the marble roads, arches, and heavy stone railings. In some places the crop was very luxuriant. "It is just as the prophet declared," said Dr. Clinton. "In the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass, with reeds and rushes."

Into the gardens, with the trees five centuries old, their branches held up by supporting timbers, up and over the grottoed slopes, and on the top of Coal Hill, they surveyed the strange scene. It was from the north side of the Purple City, upon which they now looked, that the Empress Dowager and the court had fled. Of the woman the natives spoke as "the rider upon a tiger." It is said that the primitive Mexicans, on first beholding mounted Spaniards, thought that horse and rider were one animal. Foreigners in Peking were puzzled concerning the Empress and her mount, to tell which was the lady and which the tiger.

Purposely our party kept out of the Throne Hall, to which many of the privileged visitors went first, until most of them had satiated their curiosity, filled their note-books, and snapped their cameras. Then they ascended the steps and entered the great hall to which, during five centuries, the tribute bearers, envoys of the tributary nations, from the rising to the setting sun, from sub-polar snows to tropical oceans, had come. Here they had done homage and made the Kow-tow, or nine prostrations, before the dragon countenance in humble submission to China's emperor. It was this humiliating ceremony which the ministers of Christendom and of enlightened Japan had refused to perform.

There was the throne itself, a great three-leaved affair. Over the ample seat in the centre, with a high reredos, two great wings spread off from the central division. All was white marble and jade, liberally sculptured according to the canons of Chinese art. Along the top lay and leered dragons, each one "swinging the scaly horror of his folded tail" toward the central seat, his head projecting outward in the air. Below the throne were the three steps, on the broad second one of which the suppliant performed the nine prostrations or knocks of the head.

All revery was interrupted by Dr. Clinton, who cried out: "Now is our chance. Are you ready?"

"We are," said Clarence, and the whole party mounted the space above the three steps upon which the throne itself stood.

Thus, in the dragon's lair, standing book in hand, his back to the throne of the Flowery Empire, with Marian Hopewell and Clarence Burnham facing the white jade dragons, Dr. Clinton began the marriage service. Marian had given her hat to the music teacher, while she herself held a bouquet, which one of the Chinese attendants in the garden had gathered for Clarence for a piece of silver. The young officer had doffed his white helmet and handed it to his comrade and friend Masaro, who also had removed his cap. Then the service which Marian had so often heard her father, the Domine, read, sounded out in the vast chamber: —

"Since then it is fit that you be furthered in this your work, the Lord God confirm your purpose, which He hath given you; and your beginning be in the name of the Lord who made heaven and earth."

Then their hands were joined together, and in accordance with the old ritual of the Reformed Church, the rescuer and the rescued took the vows of love, the one to "maintain," the other to "serve and assist," and both to keep faith and truth in all things to each other.

Then they knelt down on the marble floor, where for centuries had stood great envoys from many

lands, even from the Chinese "ends of the earth," and the blessing was given: —

"The Lord our God replenish you with His grace, and grant that you may live long together in all godliness and holiness."

* * * * * * *

In due time the government of the United States, true to old, sacred tradition, recalled from China all its military forces except the troops acting as a legation guard, and the Ninth returned to the Philippines. Masaro returned to Hiroshima; and now, wearing the badge of a captain's rank, awaits fresh calls to duty.

* * * * * * *

Clarence Burnham, however, feeling his country's call less pressing, resigned his commission. After visiting Japan with his bride, he settled in one of the pretty cities in the glorious lake region of central New York, whence so many of the heroes of the Ninth had come. He now edits a daily newspaper, which is notable for its intelligent treatment of affairs in the Far East. In their pretty sitting room, Marian Burnham often shows her friends a fine large photograph of the dragon throne of China. It is mounted and hung on the walls, and near it is another.

It is a work of Japanese art, so tasteful that one would not at first think it a monument. The original was reared by the relatives of Jozuna in their ances-

tral burial ground. Sculptured in fairest letters is the now honored name of Jozuna, with the record of his valor at Wei-Hai-Wei. Set in the stone, in the finest of the metal-moulder's art, is a bas-relief of moon and clouds and flying geese. In the eyes of his friends, Jozuna's tattooed breast, picture, poem, and prose inscription are proofs of an innocent, high-souled patriot, who, having fallen under cloud of suspicion, has emerged into the glory of the Emperor's forgiveness. Looking into the mirror of the night sky, they discern also the forgiveness and the vindication of Him who said: "Neither do I condemn thee," and, "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice."

So, underneath the art symbol, for Jozuna's kinsmen are now believers in one God, is chiselled in double script of classic Chinese and Japanese *hiragana*: —

"We all with unveiled face, reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory as from the Lord, the Spirit."

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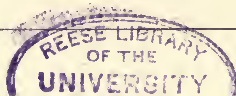
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